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JULY



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Types of American Beauty Drawn by
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The HOME-LIFE of MARY PICKFORD and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS *In This ISSUE*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



A charming Entrance Hall, which has a floor of Armstrong's Straight Line Inlaid Linoleum

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"FLOORS, FURNITURE AND COLOR"

By Agnes Foster Wright

Mrs. Wright was formerly President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York, and her book tells how to use color in home decoration and furnishing. Twenty-five cents brings it to you, postage prepaid. If you desire, our Bureau of Interior Decoration will send you interesting suggestions of color combinations of floor, wall coverings, and draperies. No charge for this service.

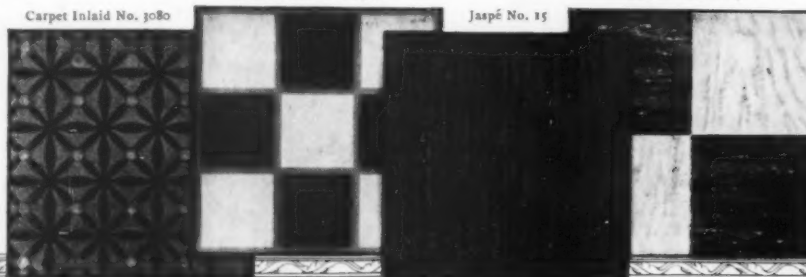
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The Girl in Golden Rags



Jacqueline Ardres,
Robert W. Chambers' new heroine,
in whose veins
runs the blood of
a French princess

Half girl—
Half flower—
Gold hair—
Brown eyes—
A dazzling creature of radiant loveliness—

Such is Jacqueline, lovely, eerie heroine of Robert W. Chambers' newest and greatest novel.

From the very first picture of her in the early pages of this novel, no one could guess that this delicate beauty, so graphically revealed by Mr. Chambers in her setting of wild countryside, was destined to bring such a stir into the great world beyond; that this little ragged girl would some day wield vast power in America's most glittering palaces!

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Only in McCall's can you read this novel or any other works of Mr. Chambers' pen because he writes exclusively for McCall's.

Watch these pages for this latest masterpiece of his—

The Girl in Golden Rags

IN THE AUGUST McCALL'S

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This July issue of McCall's is the first to go to you from our new printing department just completed at Dayton, Ohio. This new plant is one of the largest and best equipped printing establishments in the United States. While it has been in the process of erection during recent months, it has not always been possible to reach all our subscribers on time. This has been due to the many mechanical difficulties incidental to the change into our new home.

These greatly enlarged quarters have been made necessary by the ever increasing popularity of your magazine. We wish to express our appreciation of this and your patience during any temporary inconvenience to which you may have been put.

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Educating Mother

By

Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous Author of "Treckles,"
"The Girl of the Limberlost," "The White Flag" etc.

"The world never has known such a cocksure bunch of youngsters as inhabit it today. They are positive that they are right. Our old fashioned notions about conduct, dress, amusements, religion and education are not only obsolete, but they were wrong from the beginning. So one of the chief industries of the youth today has begun to be to 'educate mother.' As a rule, father has not much to do with it. He is too busy earning the enormous sums to pay the bills."

— Gene Stratton-Porter

RECENTLY a very dear friend of mine delivered herself of the opinion that the chief activity of the youngsters of the present day consisted in "educating mother." The phrase caught my ear and I began thinking on the subject, recalling things, asking questions, and I have reached the conclusion that probably this is the explanation that lies at the bottom of what seems to a great many of the elders of the present day a condition that is becoming, to say the least, alarming. The mothers of the present day were educated by their parents. There was very nearly one fixed and universal law taught to all of us concerning the proper conduct on a given occasion, concerning dress, religion, concerning social customs, and I believe that the mothers of today started out with the intention of rearing their daughters very nearly as they were reared, with the exception of changes made imperative by new discoveries and inventions and rapidly changing living conditions.

I think I, with a great many other mothers, feel that we lost our grip and that things went very largely as we would not care to have them go, during the war. The mental stress of that period was so terrible, the financial stress so exacting, the demand that each and every one do and give so overwhelming, that we relegated everything else to the background, even our children. For almost four years women sewed and knitted frantically, attended committee meetings, met trains, cooked for soldiers, took up an unaccustomed routine of house work in order to free their cooks and housekeepers for work in shops, in stores, in positions that men heretofore had been filling; so all children everywhere were neglected. They were left too much to their own devices. And during these four years, the young things, the pliable things, literally grabbed the bait and they plunged into an uncharted sea and daringly struck out to make their own way. Freedom such as they never before had hoped to enjoy was theirs. Together these boys and girls discovered a world of liberty unheard of previously. During those four war years, thousands of children escaped from the control of their parents. During the latter part of the war period there came abruptly the complications of prohibition. Only God knows why women who always had stood for prohibition, at that time permitted a young distillery to be set up in the basement of their homes, and whether they allowed it or not, and whether they knew about it or not, son and daughter went to the basement and sampled the bottle of home brew and filled flasks which boys, and in many instances, girls also, carried in their pockets.

NOW that conditions are beginning to settle and men and women are coming back to sanity and reason, I find everywhere among both mothers and fathers an expression of horror at the extent to which their children have slipped from their control. They have established a world for themselves. They have decided upon what is right and proper conduct for themselves and they are now busily engaged in "educating" their parents, the mothers especially, in accordance with their ideas. I had thought the woman to whom I referred in the beginning one of the most careful, exacting, and conservative mothers in my acquaintance, but I was dumbfounded to hear her say that she was so glad to get from another woman who had conversed with her daughter, exactly what it was that Sarah thought and felt on certain subjects, since she

[Turn to page 30]



My mother mounted her horse and rode miles to have an hour's conversation with a neighbor

Victrola production larger than ever

In order to insure the greatest possible production from the Victor factories—the largest in the world devoted to musical products—manufacturing schedules for the entire year have been approved earlier than usual. They call for 48% more Victrola instruments than we made in 1923.

Present and future Victrola owners can share our satisfaction in knowing that Victor quality has made such plans possible.

Twenty-one Victrola styles from \$25 up.



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News
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JERITZA
Victor Artist

To hear these Victor Records by Jeritza is to understand at once how, given the necessary talent, a prima donna may today take by storm audiences long used to perfection of performance. Her Tosca, Elizabeth, Elsa are triumphs, and her Victor Records in these roles are no less considerable triumphs for the prima donna and for the Victor.

Tannhäuser—Dich, teure Halle	Double-faced	
Die Tote Stadt—Lautenlied der Marietta	688	\$1.50
Alceste—Divinités du Styx	6375	2.00
Gioconda—Suicidio		
Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete	687	1.50
Tosca—Vissi d'arte		



MARTINELLI
Victor Artist

Are there points of artistry, of voice, of intonation, or interpretation, which distinguish Martinelli from other tenors? Assuredly, but that of itself is less remarkable than that these subtle differences should be contained in a record. That they are contained in Victor Records is evidenced by these:

Lucia—Fra poco a me ricovero	Double-faced	
Lucia—Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali!	6189	\$2.00
Serenata (Mascagni)	6194	2.00
Zazá—O mio piccolo tavolo ingombrato		
Rigoletto—La donna è mobile	733	1.50
Tosca—E lucevan le stelle		

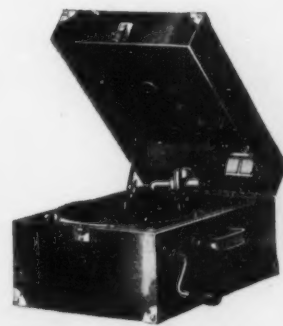


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PADEREWSKI
Victor Artist

Nothing short of perfection satisfies this distinguished artist, whose Victor Records are an epitome of great piano music. They are made with his own piano, a precaution by which Paderewski recognizes that his Victor Records reproduce minutely, tone, technique, and individual artistry. That was the origin of these records:

Minuet in G (Paderewski)	Double-faced	
Nocturne in B Flat (Paderewski)	6232	\$2.00
Polonaise Militaire	6234	2.00
Waltz in C Sharp Minor (Chopin)		
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part I	6235	2.00
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part II		



Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
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Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 210
\$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 240
\$125
Mahogany, oak or walnut

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks



TRADE MARK
Victrola
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



Butterfly Clothes

*should not be washed by
caterpillar methods*

THERE was a time when, without second thought, one could "toss into the general wash" stockings, underwear, nightgowns, shirt-waists, skirts—practically one's whole wardrobe.

But that was the age of lisle, muslin and duck. In this day of lovely silks and delicate woolens, one's garments shrink and fade almost at the very thought of the general wash!

New fashions in clothes have brought a need for new washing methods.

So a gentle squeezing in mild, safe Ivory suds as soon as possible after the garment has become soiled has replaced the old-fashioned practice of letting one's personal garments pile up in a damp, dark hamper, and then washing them by soaking-rubbing-boiling.

And how long one's dainty modern garments do last when washed this way! Just as long, indeed, as the heavy cottons of old.

Ivory suds, quickly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, are as harmless to filmy, delicately tinted silk, and to soft fluffy woolens, as pure water itself. For Ivory is pure! So pure and gentle that millions of women use it every day for the cleansing and protection of their complexions.

If you have a laundress, by all means see that she adopts the Ivory suds method for your delicate things. If you prefer to insure their safety by washing them yourself, you will find the Ivory suds method easy, quick and pleasant. There are full directions on the Ivory Flakes box. Perhaps you will let us send you the booklet offered elsewhere on this page.

Why not have all your washing done with Ivory? Lots of families do because it makes their clothes white-clean, and sweeter smelling than when ordinary laundry soap is used. The cost is very little more.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

*"Would I use this
soap on my face?"*

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes, your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

5 Hints for the safe handling of Silks and Woolens

Silk stockings should be washed in Ivory suds before the first wearing, and after each wearing. The acids of perspiration quickly injure silk.

If stockings have clocks different in color from the body fabric, be sure to stuff cheesecloth or a small towel into the ankle while drying.

Iron dotted swiss and embroidered fabrics on wrong side over thick pad.

Never rub, wring or twist a woolen sweater. When washing, squeeze the Ivory suds through the fabric repeatedly; rinse by squeezing; dry by laying on a towel in the shade.

Too hot an iron will rot silk. If the iron makes paper smoke, it is too hot.

Let us send you a Free Sample of Ivory Flakes

It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 14-GF, Cincinnati, Ohio.



I V O R Y
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Meet Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks

By Roger Lewis

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

They are better known than Napoleon or Buddha—

The two best known persons in the world are the two least known. Millions everywhere on the globe would recognize Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks instantly, walking down the street. But of that happily-married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, they know nothing, for these two guard their privacy as their most prized possession. Few are invited to their home tucked away in Beverly Hills. Of these Mr. Lewis, author of this article, is one, and here he gives McCall readers their first opportunity to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks with the world well lost



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

turing is denied me. I am sentenced to a single topic of conversation. I can either talk on this topic or remain forever silent.

Once I returned from California where I had been making an investigation of the Japanese situation for a magazine. I had gathered some interesting information and wanted to talk about it. But I never got very far. In the midst of my exposition of the plight of the California landowner, someone would say, "Yes—and what is she really like,—I mean Mary Pickford?"

I cornered an old friend in a New York Club, an old-fashioned man who had probably heard of the motion picture industry and that was about all.

He appeared so deeply moved by what I told him about the rising tide of Japanese immigration that I got the impression that he might jump on the night train for Washington and take the matter up with Congress. But what he said was "Quite so. Tell me more about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks."

One final incident left me a defeated man. It was an appointment with one of the Presidential candidates in the

last campaign. I thought we were going to talk about Russia. We did, for a minute or two. Then waving aside all such petty matters in favor of something that was apparently closer to his heart, he said, "Would you mind telling me your honest impression of Douglas Fairbanks?"

There seems to be but one logical conclusion to all this. That is that I stop trying to step out of the role that destiny has carved for me. I am the person who knows all about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. That is my part and I might as well stick to it. I am going to place these two famous characters before the reader as vividly and as accurately as I possibly can. Then, perhaps, my friends will raise the boycott on other subjects and I may be allowed to talk, like other people, about oil and revolutions and future presidents.

TO MAKE this revelation as authentic as possible, I have engaged the assistance of the two greatest living authorities. In other words, the articles that follow will be written by Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks themselves. To this series, the present article may be but a lame preface, but there are certain things I can say about them that they cannot say without the grossest immodesty,—things of which they have perhaps no inkling themselves.

I have in no way exaggerated the extraordinary public interest in these two. It comes from the most unexpected sources, from people who care little about motion pictures and less about motion picture stars. It comes from New York, Singapore and Bangkok. It comes from every nationality and class and creed that walks [Turn to page 52]



HAVE never been able wholly to live down the fact that I once attended a honeymoon party given by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Other things of some importance have happened to me but I am not allowed to talk about them. You, fortunate reader, may interest yourself in what you will, you may conduct conversational skirmishes into politics, literature and prohibition, but all this pleasant adven-

Rags Martin-Jones and the Prince of Wales

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

Author of "This Side of Paradise."

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers



The writer who discovered the flapper tells how one of them acts when she meets a real prince—in this, one of the best love stories of the day

The monocle persistently fell out and she kept replacing it

THE Majestic came gliding into New York harbor on an April morning. She sniffed at the tug-boats and turtle-gated ferries, winked at a gaudy young yacht and ordered a cattle-boat out of her way with a snarling whistle of steam. Then she parked at her private dock with all the fuss of a stout lady sitting down, and announced complacently that she had just come from Cherbourg and Southampton with a cargo of the very best people in the world.

The very best people in the world stood on the deck and waved idiotically to their poor relations who were waiting on the dock for gloves from Paris. Before long a great toboggan had connected the Majestic with the North American continent and the ship began to disgorge these very best people in the world—who turned out to be movie queens, missionaries, retired jewellers, British authors, musical comedy twins, the Duchess Mazzini (nee Goldberg) and, needless to add, Lord and Lady Thingumbob, of Thingumbob Manor.

The photographers worked wildly as the stream of passengers flowed on to the dock. There was a burst of cheering at the appearance of a pair of stretchers laden with two middle-westerners who had drunk themselves delirious on the last night out.

The deck gradually emptied but when the last Poirot Madonna had reached shore the photographers still remained at their posts. And the officer in charge of debarkation still stood at the foot of the gangway, glancing first at his watch and then at the deck as if some important part of the cargo was still on board. At last from the

watchers on the pier there arose a long-drawn "Ah-h-h!" as a final entourage began to stream down from deck B.

First came two French maids, one carrying a pair of minute dogs and the other bearing an enormous green parrot in an enormous red cage. After these marched a squad of porters, blind and invisible under innumerable bunches and bouquets of fresh flowers. Another maid followed, leading a sad-eyed orphan child of a French flavor and close upon its heels walked the second officer pulling along three neurasthenic wolfhounds much to their reluctance and his own.

A pause. Then the Captain, Sir Howard Deems Macdougall appeared at the rail, with something that might have been a pile of gorgeous silver fox fur standing by his side—

Rags Martin-Jones, after two years in the capitals of Europe, was returning to her native land! Rags Martin-Jones was not a dog. She was half a girl and half a flower and as she shook hands with Captain Sir Howard Deems Macdougall she smiled as if someone had told her the newest, freshest joke in the world. All the people who had not already left the pier felt that smile trembling on the April air and turned around to see. She came slowly down the gangway. Her hat, an expensive, inscrutable experiment was crushed under her arm so that her scant French-bobbed hair tossed and flopped a little in the harbor wind. Her face was like seven o'clock on a summer morning save where she had slipped a preposterous monocle into an eye of clear childish blue. At every few steps her long lashes would tilt out the monocle and she would laugh, a bored, happy laugh, and replace the supercilious spectacle in the other eye.

TAP! Her one hundred and five pounds reached the pier and it seemed to sway and bend from the shock of her beauty. A few porters fainted. A large, sentimental shark which had followed the ship across made a despairing leap to see her once more, and then dove, broken-hearted, back into the deep sea. Rags Martin-Jones had come home.

There was no member of her family there to meet her for the simple reason that she was the only member of her family left alive. In 1913 her parents had gone down on the Titanic together rather than be separated in this world, and so the Martin-Jones fortune of seventy-five millions had been inherited by a very little girl on her tenth birthday. It was what the pessimists always refer to as a "shame." Rags Martin-Jones (everybody had forgotten her real name long ago) was now photographed from all sides. The monocle persistently fell out and she kept laughing and yawning and replacing it, so no very clear picture of her was taken, except by the motion picture camera. All the photographs, however, included a flustered, handsome young man, with an almost ferocious love-light burning in his eyes, who had met her on the dock. His name was John M. Chestnut, he was already talked of as a risen star in Wall Street and he had been hopelessly in love with Rags ever since the time when she, like the tides, had come under the influence of the summer moon.

WHEN Rags became really aware of his presence they were walking down the pier, and she looked at him blankly as though she had never seen him before in this world.

"Rags," he began, "Rags—"

"John M. Chestnut?" she inquired, inspecting him with interest.

"Of course!" he exclaimed angrily. "Are you trying to pretend you don't know me? That you didn't write me to meet you here?" She laughed. A chauffeur appeared at her elbow and she twisted out of her coat, revealing a dress made in great splashy checks of sea-blue and gray. She shook herself like a wet bird.

"I've got a lot of junk to declare," she remarked absently.

"So have I," said Chestnut anxiously, "and the first thing I want to declare is that I've loved you, Rags, every minute since you've been away." She stopped with a groan.



A shot rang out and then another, followed by a crash of china as half a dozen diners overturned their tables and dropped behind

"Please! There were some young men on the boat. The subject's gotten to be a bore."

"My God!" cried Chestnut, "do you mean to say that you class my love with what a lot of insolent idiots said to you on a boat?" His voice had risen and several people in the vicinity turned to hear.

"Sh!" she warned him, "I'm not giving a circus. If you want me to even see you while I'm here you'll have to be less violent."

But John M. Chestnut seemed unable to control his voice. "Do you mean to say"—it trembled to a carrying pitch—"that you've forgotten what you said on this very pier just twenty-two months ago last Thursday?" Half the passengers from the ship were now watching the scene on the dock and another little eddy drifted out of the customs house to see.

"John," her displeasure was increasing, "if you raise your voice again I'll arrange it so you'll have plenty of chance to cool off. I'm going to the Ritz. Come and see me there this afternoon."

"But Rags—!" he protested hoarsely. "Listen to me. Twenty-two months ago—" Then the watchers on the

dock were treated to a curious sight. A beautiful lady in a checkered dress of sea-blue and grey took a brisk step forward so that her hands came into contact with the excited young man by her side. The young man retreating instinctively reached back with his foot, but finding nothing relapsed gently off the thirty foot dock and plopped into the Hudson River. A shout of alarm went up and there was a rush to the edge just as his head appeared above water. He was swimming easily and, perceiving this, the young lady who had apparently been the cause of the accident leaned over the pier and made a megaphone of her hands.

"I'll be in at half past four," she cried. And with a cheerful wave of her hand, which the engulfed gentleman was unable to return, she adjusted her monocle, threw one haughty glance at the gathered crowd and walked leisurely from the scene.

The five dogs, the three maids, the parrot and the French orphan were installed in the largest suite at the Ritz and Rags tumbled lazily into a steaming bath where she dozed for the greater part of an hour. At the

end of that time she received business calls from a masseuse, a manicure, a beauty doctor and finally from a Parisian hairdresser who restored the French-bob to its original perfection. When John M. Chestnut arrived at four he found half a dozen lawyers and bankers, the administrators of the Martin-Jones trust fund, waiting in the hall. They had been there since half past one and were now in a state of considerable agitation. After one of the maids had subjected him to a severe scrutiny, possibly to be sure that he was thoroughly dry, John was conducted immediately into the presence of M'selle. M'selle was in her bedroom reclining on the chaise longue among two dozen silk pillows that had accompanied her from the other side. John came into the room somewhat stiffly and greeted her with a formal bow.

"You look better," she said, raising herself from her pillows and staring at him appraisingly, "it gave you a color." He thanked her coldly for the compliment.

"You ought to go in every morning." And then she added irrelevantly, "I'm going back to Paris tomorrow." John Chestnut gasped.

"I wrote you that I didn't intend to [Turn to page 32]

One of the Ten

By Robert W. Chambers

Famous Author of "Cardigan,"

"The Fighting Chance," "The Hi-Jackers," etc

Illustrated by Daniel Content

All night long
the lamp in
the living-
room burned
where he lay
in a flowered
arm-chair, all
alone



When a moral law, bigger than themselves, barred the consummation of their love, this man and woman found a greater strength. How they used it in a moment of desperation, makes a powerful and inspiring story—one of the greatest ever produced by this world-famous author, who writes exclusively for McCall's

It proved to be a wretched month in New York, much snow, crystalline air that seemed full of needles, days of boisterous, warmer winds that turned the city to an ocean of slush, which presently froze to receive the next fall of snow. Mr. Fane always did a little walking in the afternoons. He walked ten city blocks to his club, and, in due time, walked home again—nearly a mile of exertion in all. However, for extensive ventilation, the car entailed the least effort.

HE had looked at her half a dozen times before he really saw her. Always she seemed to be reading, or writing. She wore, always, a brown coat trimmed with fur, but she never wore a hat. He began to look for her hat, and finally discovered it, one morning—a small, brown *cloche* turned up on one side with a shower of brown cock's feathers. It lay on the bench beside her. He was relieved to learn that she owned a hat.

"Probably," he reflected, "she's trying out some sort of hair cure." The limousine whisked him on about his business, rather faster than he desired.

He said to his little Mongolian chauffeur next morning: "Drive slowly through the Park, Ono. I like the view." She was not there that morning. "Doubtless," thought he, "she's finally caught the cold that's been coming to her. Probably she'll wear her hat after this. I hope so."

She was there the next morning, still hatless one of the coldest days of the whole winter, and he saw the vapour of her congealed breath floating where she sat with lowered head, writing on her pad. On Riverside Drive he was still thinking about her; and also on the way back. He couldn't understand why she should sit on a park bench in winter. Nobody else sat on park benches in winter. He said to his Mongol next morning: "You drop me on signal, and keep your engine running until I return." But he had no clear idea what he meant to do. However, as his car approached her accustomed haunts he spoke through the telephone. The car, glided up to the icy walk and stopped; and he got out and walked forward, briskly.

WHAT it was that he had in mind he knew no more than his slant-eyed chauffeur who watched him out of sight. He had been walking for some little time before the path curved westward. So far he had done no particular thinking; entertained no purpose. But now the bench where usually she sat was in sight. She was not there. An odd sort of certainty that he never again was to see her occurred to him. He never was destined to encounter this person at close range; never get a good view of her; never learn why she sat, hatless, in the wintry Park.

He seemed to know that it was useless to walk any further. But he walked on. When he came to her bench he paused to examine it, curiously; then he continued on around the curve, very certain she was not there. She was, however. There she sat, writing, bare-headed, swathed in her brown, fur-edged coat, one leg hanging over the other, her pad on her knee. He was conscious of no par-



HE first time he ever saw her was in January, somewhere near the northern confines of the Park. He looked at her as he looked at most objects, that is, he noticed her without seeing her, after the manner of the mindless, the fat-head, or the dreamer. He, however, was none of these; his was a mind fatigued by unremembered perplexities and tired with forgotten griefs. His smart car was going as fast as the Park law allowed. He had only a glimpse of the solitary figure on the bench—noticed that her blond head was bare in the biting wind—sped on through wastes of snow and naked trees.

At One Hundred and Tenth Street his car swung westward toward Riverside. One window of the limousine was wide open. He needed an airing and so he travelled in the wind, and with it, and always as swiftly as he dared.

The next morning the temperature fell to zero; the sky had hardened to an icy blue. The sun, a colourless glare, betrayed faithfully to its Creator every dingy disfigurement and wanton deformity of the man-infested world which once He had created so perfect. Even Mr. Fane was depressed by a landscape full of railroad tracks and gas tanks.

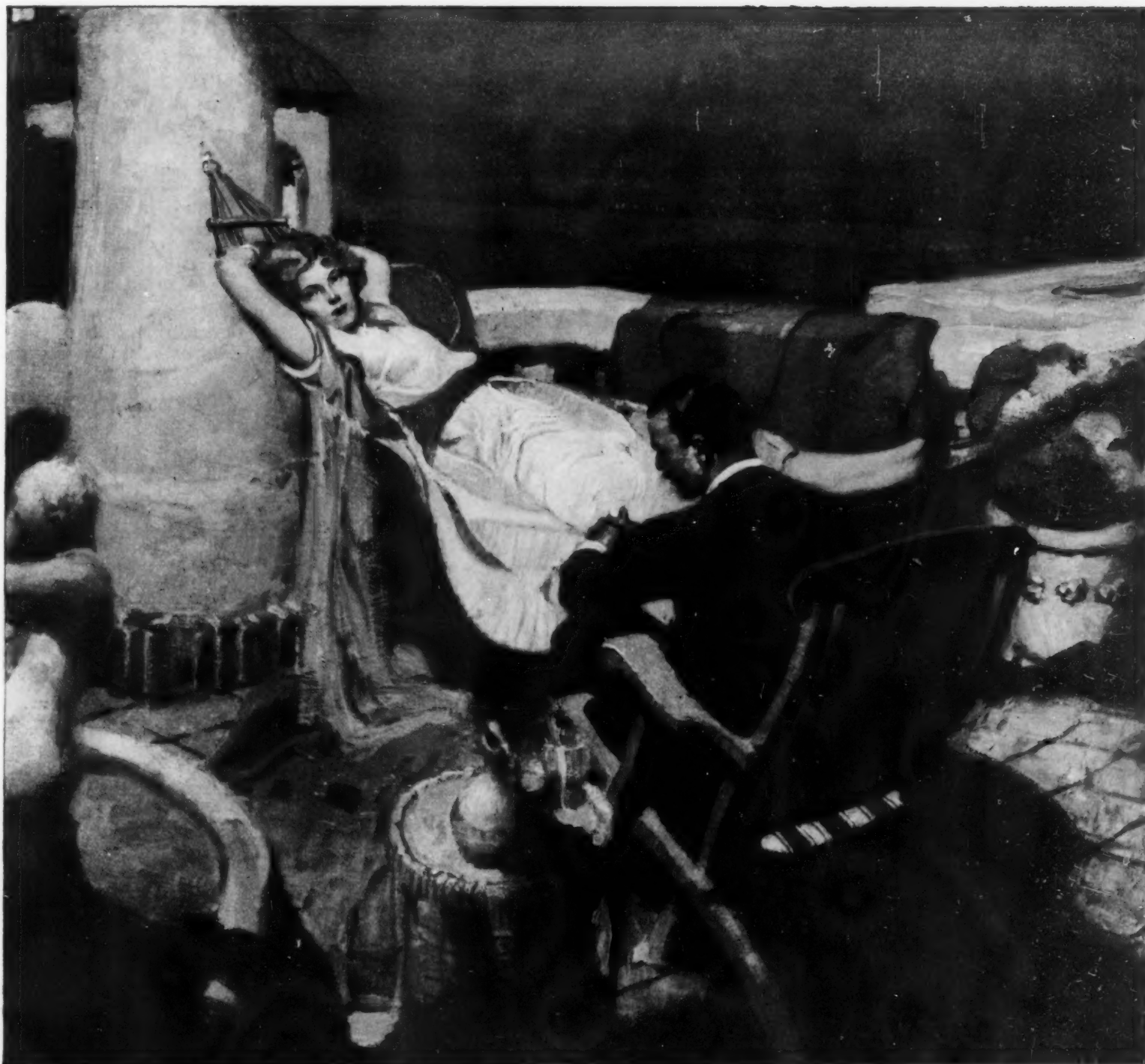
But Mr. Fane also remained obsessed by a mania for self-ventilation—as though the four winds can cleanse the soul!—and he sped on northward along the River. An

hour later he returned through the Park, his dull gaze fixed on nothing. He had plenty to look at, plenty to think about. He noticed everything, saw nothing; thought of nothing, not even of himself. Fur robe and fur-lined coat kept him warm; his remote gaze reviewed the flying and leafless trees.

Where the Park drive curves westward across a bridged brook at the rocky foot of Block House Hill, he noticed the same girl, bare-headed, sitting on a bench and writing upon a pad. One knee dangled over the other. Upon it she rested her pad. He caught a glimpse of her ungloved hand; of yellowish blond head, lowered, intent, of the brown, fur-edged wrap that swathed her, then he was already outside the Park, and already he had forgotten.

THE following morning she was there again, on the same bench. Since it was the second morning he had noticed her he reacted languidly but sufficiently to wonder why she sat hatless, on a park bench, in zero weather. Further reaction, however, brought his mind safely back to customary and incurious inertia.

He looked out at the dirty ice-cakes on the River, at gray gulls flying, at miles of leafless trees and unutterably ugly buildings—saw nothing definitely—for there was nothing in his mind—not even his own indefinite self.



They spent many star-lit hours on the top of his sky-scraper gazing out over the sprawling gloom of the monster city

ticular purpose as he walked on toward her. There was nothing definite in his mind. She looked up when he drew near. He stopped.

"I'm so glad," he said, "that you're all right. I was rather afraid you'd taken cold. . . . I say, don't you think you really ought to wear a hat?"

Self-consciousness developing, now, he began to realize how likely she was to send him about his business. She didn't. She continued to look at him; then her interrogative tranquillity altered, and became slightly friendly.

"Why," she inquired, "do you concern yourself about me?"

"I really don't know," he said. "I drive this way every morning—and it's cold out here—and—I wondered why you sat here."

"Do you wish me to inform you why?" She was amused.

"If you don't mind—"

"I'll tell you. It's T. B."

"What!"

"I have some slight trouble in my left lung."

"Oh."

"Do you understand?"

"Yes." He looked away in troubled comprehension, looked again, presently, at her clear, rosy face and charming blue eyes—and at the lips that suddenly seemed too vivid. Then he put on his hat, slowly; sat down on the bench.

"So that's the reason," he said, half to himself. At that her smile verged on laughter.

"That is the reason, sir."

"That's why you sit here without a hat and read and write in this wretched weather."

"I am becoming accustomed to it."

"Have you done it very long?"

"Just this winter."

"Then—it's not far advanced—your trouble?"

"I don't think so."

"I believe," he said, "it would be better for you to go to a Northern region for your cure."

"Yes, it would be better."

"Why—" but he checked himself.

AT that she ventured to laugh a little: "It's really very amiable of you," she said, "but I couldn't arrange to go away. So, you see, I do the next best thing; I try to cure myself here." There was a silence. After a moment she bent over her pad and crossed out a word. Presently she looked around at him, guardedly polite.

"I mustn't interrupt you," he said.

He got up, took off his hat: "Would you mind if I stopped and spoke to you tomorrow?" She looked at her pad. "I mean—just a word—"

There was some hesitation—another upward survey of him: "I suppose you know we have no business with each other," she said.

"I hope you won't send me about my business."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because," he said, "I haven't any."

At that she smiled. "I have, though," she remarked. After a moment's silence: "When you pass again—yes—speak to me," she said.

FEBRUARY began in a miserable way. The first week it rained. She did not come to the Park. He knew neither her name nor address. He haunted the place in his car on a chance of seeing her, yet convinced that she was ill. It rained dimly. The second week in February everything froze up and snow fell—was still falling when he stopped his car and walked forward toward her bench, convinced that she was not there. She was there, reading, and gave him a subdued but pretty welcome. It was only when he seated himself beside her that he knew how uneasy he had been. "Wasn't it horrid," she said, "that I couldn't continue my cure? I don't like to remain indoors, but I didn't quite dare sit here in the rain."

"I've been worried," he said.

"Why?"

"Well, can't you imagine? I couldn't even telephone you."

"But—why should you?"

"Because I was afraid you might be ill."

"That is very friendly of you to remember me at all."

After a few moments' silence: [Turn to page 26]



Mother O'Day

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Arthur Keller



HIS is the table that was reserved for you, sir," said the head waiter. And when Clifford was comfortably seated with his back against the wall upholstered in wine-colored velour: "Yes, sir I'll tell Mrs. O'Day at once that you are here, sir."

Wondering more than ever why Mrs. O'Day wished to see him, and why she had insisted upon her café as the place of her appointment, and why she had fixed upon one o'clock in the morning as the hour, Clifford swiftly took in the high spots of the Rivoli. The walls of the great room were painted with simple startlingly colored designs in the new Russian vogue; the orchestra was the jazziest, most highly paid café orchestra in the city and was now singing its resistless invitation to the feet. Without doubt, of all the many dance resorts in this region where life begins at midnight, Mrs. O'Day's *Café de Rivoli* was the

smartest, the gayest, the maddest, the most expensive. And, according to rumor, the daringest, the naughtiest.

Twice Mrs. O'Day passed Clifford's table, without seeming to notice him, although a little earlier he had seen the head waiter announce his presence to her. He had heard much about this woman, but had never spoken to her. Now, in preparation for his coming interview he studied her intently. He guessed her age to be around forty-five; her erect figure in a severely plain, high-cut evening gown was a bleak and stiff contrast to her colorfully garbed women guests. In her bearing there was no ease, no graciousness, no humanity. Her face was colorless, almost forbidding in its aloofness.

She lived solely for money, so Broadway rumor had it. She was making a small fortune each year out of the Rivoli, and had been making a small fortune annually for the past twenty years since she started out as the manager of a popular dancing resort down on the Bowery. But

What strange tie was this that bound Mother O'Day, owner of the gayest, most daring of Broadway's cabarets and lovely Mollie Kendall, daughter of aristocratic Park Avenue, and the most sought of the debutantes? The answer is here in this, the most revealing story of New York's wealthy "flapper set" that has appeared in current fiction

despite all this growing wealth she ever wore the plainest clothes, and she lived in two small dark rooms in the cheapest of East Side tenements. Her personality and her parsimonious manner of living were generally explained by the fact that she was the most grasping and cold-blooded of misers. Spending her life amidst gaiety and good-fellowship, she herself was frigid and sombre; unloved and unloving; friendless and desiring no friends.

Clifford recalled another item about her: behind her back she was commonly known as "Mother" O'Day. Just how she had acquired that title he did not know; he merely remembered vaguely that it had accompanied her from the Bowery. But in this world between two worlds in which she lived, "mother" was either a word of love or of a vague, sinister opprobrium. In her case "mother" had this darker and uglier meaning.

JUST then four new arrivals sat down at the table, evidently reserved, at Clifford's left. Of the two couples Clifford knew by sight one person, a girl of possibly twenty, Miss Mollie Kendall, of one of the oldest and most exclusive families. Mollie Kendall, the gently nurtured, in a wild resort like this! It sent a shiver through Clifford. The men gave their orders to a waiter, and then the two couples moved out upon the dancing floor. Mollie Kendall's partner was a lithe, darkly handsome man of around thirty, and he quickly showed himself a most unusual dancer. He saw affectionate glances pass between the two; then he saw the glitter of a ring on the girl's third finger. So, then, Miss Kendall was engaged, and obviously to her escort.

When the four returned to their table, the dark man drew out a silver flask, poured liquor into glasses, and added mineral water from the bottles the waiter had

brought. The four glasses were at laughing lips, when the black, sinister figure of Mrs. O'Day appeared beside the table. Her eyes fixing on Miss Kendall, she said in a cold, level voice which carried throughout the room, suddenly silent at the unprecedented sight of Mrs. O'Day speaking to a patron: "You people will oblige me by leaving at once."

Color flooded the girl's cheeks. "What's that?" she demanded haughtily. "And why should we leave?"

"Because, Miss," the cold, even voice replied, "I do not wish any half-grown school girls in my place."

Mollie Kendall came furiously to her feet. "Why, you—Mother O'Day!"

"Get out, all of you," cut in that implacable, carrying voice. "And you, miss, go on home and don't come here again. Don't wait to pay any bill. That's on the house. Walk out or be thrown out, you have thirty seconds to make your choice."

"I do not wish any half-grown school girls in my place!"



Even as the pistol was leveled, she had thrown herself between the two. "You rat, don't you dare!"

For a moment longer the gaze of the girl and the woman clashed. Then the girl broke.

"Let's go," she said to her party; and the four marched out, Mrs. O'Day bringing up the rear. All the crowd in the cafe, suddenly silent, watched the strange procession.

FOR a long moment Mrs. O'Day said nothing, but he'd her hard eyes—they were a cold gray—penetratingly upon Clifford. He knew he was being sized up, weighed, dissected by the scalpel of that gaze. Instinctively Clifford studied the office, to which he had been summoned by a waiter. It was as grim and harsh as its mistress: the desk, a safe, the two chairs, a meager bed-couch upon which he guessed, and rightly, she sometimes slept during a stormy night, that was all. The sole non-utilitarian object he saw in the room was a time-yellowed photograph in a silver frame which stood upon the desk. At length Mrs. O'Day spoke: abruptly, in her cold, almost toneless voice. It seemed to Clifford he had never met so hard, so emotionless a woman.

"I asked you to come because Judge Foster recommended you as the best possible man. He is my attorney," she explained. "He has handled all my private affairs for twenty years."

Here indeed was a surprise for Clifford: that a man like ex-Judge Foster, of the very highest personal and professional standing, should be the personal attorney for a woman like the notorious Mother O'Day.

"There is a certain thing which should be done," the toneless voice went on with the precision of a machine. "I can not do it. Judge Foster is so situated that he can

not try to do it. He has picked you for the job. Perhaps when I have finished you may refuse to undertake it. Before I go any further, I want your promise to regard, in any and all circumstances, whatever I may tell you as strictly confidential."

"You have my promise."

"Of course you noticed that scene a few minutes ago? It was carefully planned in advance. I may mention that the table reserved for you was purposely next the table that had been reserved by those four. I wanted to learn what kind of material was in that girl. I had a further reason in being rude to her: I insulted her in public as I did with the purpose of making her ashamed of ever again coming into my place or any place like it."

"You may have succeeded in your plan, Mrs. O'Day," he said. "But also in making a lifelong enemy."

"It's likely. Do you know who that girl is?"

"Certainly. She is Mollie Kendall, an orphan, the niece of Mrs. Hendrick Kendall, who brought her up from an infant. Mrs. Kendall died some six months ago. That makes Mollie Kendall the last of her branch of her family, and also her own mistress."

I SEE you really are well informed, Mr. Clifford. Do you remember what that girl called me?"

Clifford rather hated to repeat the girl's taunt; "Mother O'Day," he said.

"She spoke the truth. To her I am really Mother O'Day. I'm her mother."

Clifford could only stare at the cold, hard face which had not changed even in this moment. The shadowy fragment of an old story came back to Clifford. "I remember now that you did have a daughter who died when she was about two. That must have been eighteen years ago."

"Mollie Kendall is the daughter who died eighteen years ago. Only she didn't die. Tonight you saw me speak to my daughter for the first time in eighteen years." Mrs. O'Day handed Clifford the silver-framed photograph from her desk. "There's her father—Nonpareil Jack."

THE yellowed photograph showed a man of perhaps thirty, the face handsome, spirited, reckless, yet giving a sense of solid courage and dependability. The likeness was so great that there could be no doubt that this was the girl's father.

Mrs. O'Day went on, "He was murdered. Twenty and twenty-five years ago the Nonpareil Cafe had the name of being the wildest of all the wild Bowery joints. But Jack would never let anything be pulled in the Nonpareil that wasn't on the square. A man tried to put over something crooked on a decent girl. Jack interfered and the man shot Jack. That's how Mollie's father died, trying to save a girl. She was just three months old then, Mollie was. He was one hundred per cent man, Jack was. A square sport, if ever there was one."

She paused a moment, then her emotionless voice went on. "If you are to help me, I must tell you the whole story. I'll make it as short as I can. After my husband's



"Early tomorrow morning Mark and I are motoring out to Stamford to be married!"

death, I found I was in a bad way financially. Jack was always helping out people in hard luck who never paid him back; also he had the gambler's itch, and he was the sort that rarely won. I knew no trade. I wanted to keep Mollie, and I wanted her to have a chance. So I decided to try to run the Nonpareil. I was better at business than Jack. A little later I was making money. And I had kept Mollie. In the old Bowery days they stuck nicknames on a person. Because I was forever with Mollie, and made such a fuss over her, people began to call me 'Mother O'Day.' The name stuck. That was long ago, and Broadway, of course, doesn't understand."

THE emotionless voice went on steadily, "I grew up in the Bowery. Everything has seemed all right for me, and good enough for me, and I'm exactly what I am. But two years after my husband died I was making lots of money. I began to think of Mollie's future. I wanted her to have a chance. But the only way I could pay for her chance was to stick right there in the Nonpareil, which was the only place I could make money. That meant Mollie and I would have to part. And then it came to me that since I was going to give her a chance anyhow, why, I'd give her just as good a chance as any girl had, for I had the money. My hunch came. I knew that some of the biggest families were going broke. My idea was that I'd put up the money to save a good family, and in return Mollie was to be brought up as one of that family.

"I went to Judge Foster with my plan. He was against it, but he had to give in. The plan, as we worked it out, was for him to be the trustee of the estate of an orphaned infant, the fortune being in bonds and such things. The income from this fortune was to go to the person, to be used as that person saw fit, who would take the child into his or her home and raise the child exactly as his or her own child. Judge Foster finally picked out Mrs. Kendall. Mollie was taken on a visit to Pittsburg, where she died; and after a lot of careful manoeuvring she appeared in Mrs. Kendall's house on North Washington Square as Mrs. Kendall's niece, the daughter of her sister, who, together with her husband, an Englishman, had just died abroad. An that's how Mollie O'Day became Mollie Kendall. Of course, Mollie was too young to remember anything, even her mother. But I used to slip up to Washington Square and watch her with her nurse."

PARDON me if I seem too personal," said Clifford, amazed at this story of mother love, "but do you mind telling me how much this plan for your daughter has cost you a year?" "About twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, I guess."

So that was how Mrs. Kendall had kept her place in her high world—out of the Nonpareil and the Rivoli! "But how much are you worth now?" "I'm making plenty of money, but if I had to close down tomorrow I'd be just where I was when Nonpareil Jack was shot twenty years ago."

"And pardon me, how much have you been spending on yourself?"

"On myself? I've had to figure things pretty close. On myself I've spent about twenty or thirty dollars a week."

NO WONDER Mother O'Day was a miser!

The emotionless voice went on. "Mrs. Kendall brought Mollie up as her own. She has had the best of schooling and the best of everything else that money could pay for. But when Mrs. Kendall suddenly died, without relatives, Mollie became free to do exactly as she pleased. She drifted into the fast smart young set, and I tell you, for I know, that the fast smart set of New York can be as bad as any outfit in the world. Three months ago she began to come to the Rivoli with her friends. And the crowds in these joints—classy people, crooks, rotters, they all look alike when you dress them alike! And what does a young girl know?"

Without warning that even voice broke. "My God, don't you see it?" Mrs. O'Day cried chokingly. "I put my daughter out of one of my joints eighteen years ago to save her! Eighteen years later she walks into another of them. Don't you see it? Man, don't you see it? Mollie's in the very middle of the life I tried eighteen years ago to save her from! I think she's all right so far, but she and the others of her crowd may be headed straight for a rotten hell! And there's not a living soul to help her! See it?"

[Turn to page 42]

The Unknown Quantity

By Ethel M. Dell

Famous Author of
"Charles Rex," "Tetherstones," etc.

Illustrated by H.R. Ballinger

THE BEAUTIFUL Jeannette Wyngold is on the very threshold of a life of social triumph and radiant happiness. She has just become engaged to marry Lord Conister, one of England's proudest noblemen. Her father, a great banker, has made her a present of a large fortune and vast estate. There is no flaw in her happiness—except possibly the sad, disconsolate face of Buck Wetherby, a former suitor. Suddenly, however, all the glittering dome of Jeannette's future crumbles. For, called mysteriously to her father's room, she finds him dying of a self-inflicted bullet wound.

LET me come!" said Lady Varleigh. She swept Buck aside and bent over Jeannette, sunk in a deep chair in the curtained recess of the hall. "It's all right, darling. I'm here," she said.

Great shudders were shaking Jeannette. She looked up at Lady Varleigh, her throat worked spasmodically but no sound would come. Lady Varleigh bent lower over the girl and gathered her close into her stout warm arms. Jeannette hid her face, trembling, against the motherly bosom that had never sheltered a child of its own.

"You will be better soon," murmured the tender voice above her. Then commandingly, on a note that was almost harsh: "Is that you, Philip? Don't come here! Keep everyone away—except Buck! I have sent him for some brandy."

There followed a vague confusion of voices in the distance, and at length, after repeated effort, Jeannette managed to speak. "I think I must go and see those men—I ought to see them again. Something is being kept back—something he knew, and I—and I—have got to know."

"My love, I will tell you everything—" declared Lady Varleigh, struggling with her distress. "I knew there was something wrong when I came. There were rumours about. It was the bank. Someone had said it was not solvent. And now we know the worst. The doors closed this afternoon. And they—those men—came down to-night with a warrant."

"A warrant!" said Jeannette.

"To arrest your father," said Lady Varleigh.

The girl's white face contracted. "But why arrest him—even if the bank had failed? That—that isn't a criminal offence—surely!"

Lady Varleigh shook her head. "My dear, don't ask me! Please don't ask me!" She broke off with a choking sound.

"I will ask Buck," said Jeannette, with calmness. She turned with the words, aware of his entrance. He looked straight at her, and she noticed the relief in his face when he saw that she was sitting up.

"Buck, I want to ask you a question." She looked him boldly in the eye. "Why—why did these men come here to-night to arrest my father?"

From the doorway Buck spoke with a harsh honesty. "Your father was a thief, Jeannette."

Jeannette did not answer immediately. Then she said, very softly as though to herself, "And so, he killed himself—to escape—the consequences."

"Yes," said Buck.

"Thank you," said Jeannette. "Is there—anything else I ought to know?"

He shook his head. "Do you want to send for anyone?" he said.

"I don't think so. We have no near relations—none that count." She paused to fight back another chill shudder. "I think everybody ought to be told to go," she said.

"I will tell them," said Buck. He turned to depart. "There is no one you want to see?"

She made a quick gesture, waving him away. "No one—no one!" she said. "I couldn't—see anyone—yet."

They passed out through the heavy curtains into an atmosphere weighted with tragedy. Sir Philip was there, and a few men were waiting about to take their women-

"Hugh, I can't marry you. I think it was magnificent of you to stoop so low. But well, it can't be done"



folk home. They all drew back at sight of Jeannette, silently making way for her.

At the head of the stairs a man stood waiting, grave, self-contained, almost grim in his aloofness. He bent towards Jeannette and spoke under his breath. "I have been wondering if you would like me to go with the rest."

She met his look, her brows slightly raised. "Please!" she said.

Just the one word spoken with a regal simplicity. He made a small gesture as of protest. "You are sure? I will stay if you wish."

"Quite sure," said Jeannette.

She turned along the corridor. He stretched a detaining hand. His eyes held deep compassion. "When may I see you again?" he said.

"To-morrow," said Jeannette. And then she added with grave courtesy, "Good night, Lord Conister!" He bowed without speaking, as he might have bowed to Royalty, and she passed upon her way.

THE next morning Lord Conister arrived unexpectedly before she had time to lay her plans. He came straight to her where Jeannette sat with folded hands, looking at him.

"My poor child!" he said.

She shivered a little as if a sudden draught had caught her, then quietly she rose and faced him. "It was kind of you to come early," she said. "Has everyone gone?"

He looked at her white face and the tired eyes that had not closed for so many hours. "Jeannette!" he said.

She smiled at him faintly, but there was restraint in her smile. "We are going to look at this from the sensible point of view," she said. "You realize—of course—that there can be no further talk of marriage between us, don't you?"

Plainly he had not expected that from her. He replied with dignity. "My word is my bond, Jeannette. I have come to offer you my help—and the shelter of my name as soon as you like to avail yourself of it."

She walked out onto the terrace where he followed. He watched her uneasily. Was she going to break down?

After a moment he continued. "We will go away at once. And by the time we return—say, in a year from now—you will have an established position as my wife and very few will take the trouble to remember who you were previous to your marriage."

"You are making the suggestion of a hurried marriage in order that I may lose my identity as soon as possible!" she said.

He answered her gently, but quite definitely. "My dear, I think it is essential—for your sake as well as mine—that you should do so."

She drew a hard breath. "Hugh, I can't marry you. I think it was—magnificent of you to stoop so low. But—well, it can't be done."

He looked at her in astonishment. "Are you in earnest?"

"Very much so," she said.

In the silence that followed something happened. It was as if in some inexplicable fashion they receded from each other, though neither moved. It meant—it came to Jeannette afterwards—that they had been nearer to a complete understanding than she had imagined possible, or than they ever could be again.

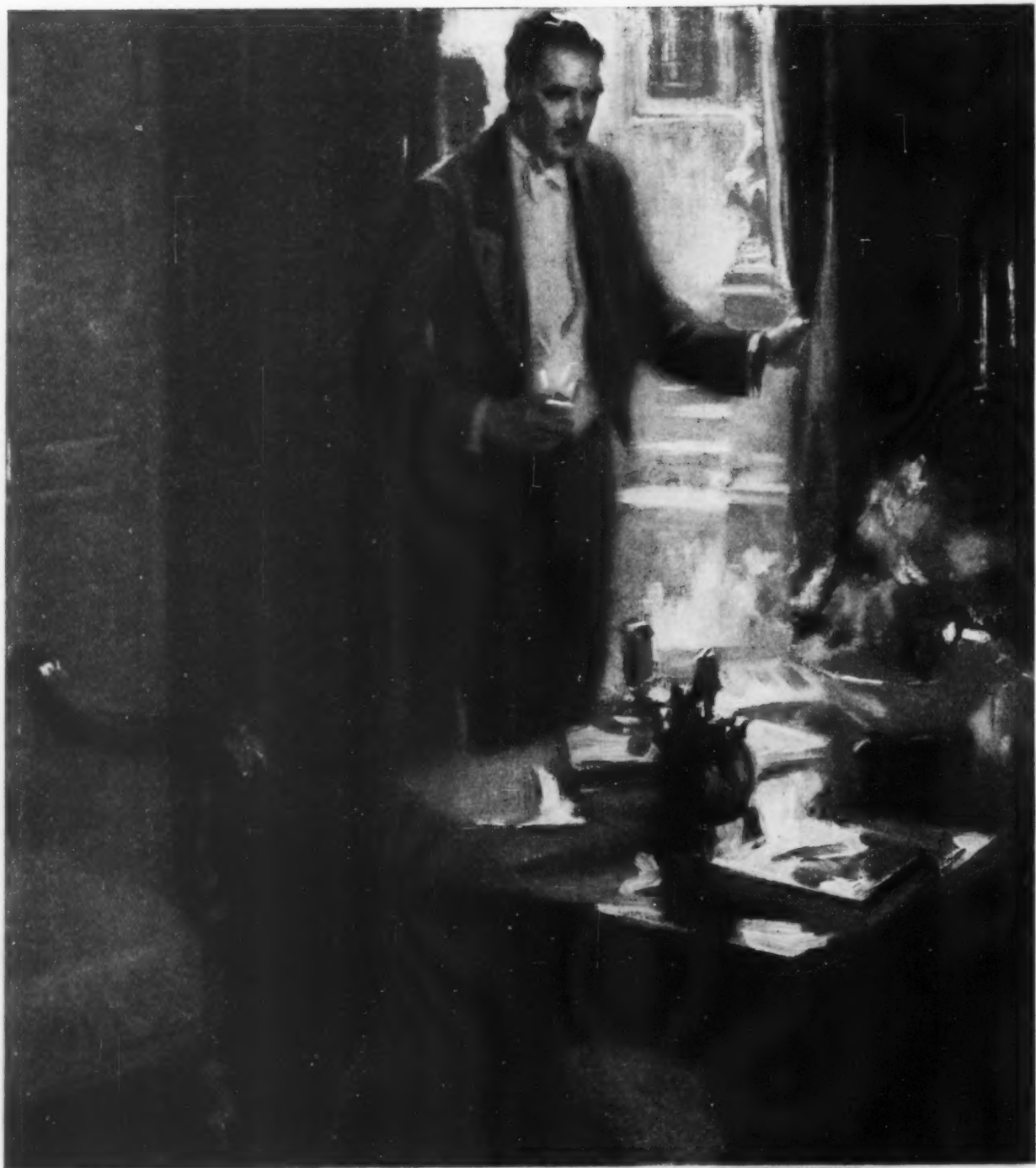
The man spoke at length with a deep sigh. "Well, Jeannette, I am bound in any case to submit to your ruling." He made a gesture as of one surrendering to the inevitable. "Jeannette, do you think me very despicable?"

The humility of the words surprised her. She had always regarded the slight haughtiness of his demeanour as one of his main characteristics. She gave him her hand immediately.

"I think you are—very wise," she said.

She was alone. A long, quivering breath broke from Jeannette. She went back into the reception room, and leaning her head against the woodwork, closed her eyes. During the few moments that followed, it was as if life itself had stopped. Then there came the opening of the door behind her.

"I hope I am not disturbing you." It was Buck. "I knocked, but I don't think you heard."



From the doorway Buck spoke with a harsh honesty. "Your father was a thief, Jeannette."

His grey eyes met hers with business-like directness. Clearly he had not come to offer condolences. "I called just to ask if I could help in any way," he said.

"Thank you," said Jeannette. "There are—one or two things that I thought I might consult you about—if you don't mind."

"I will gladly do anything in my power," said Buck.

She went on, with growing effort. "You realize—of course—that when I was keeping those men out, I had no idea of—of—"

"Of course," said Buck.

SHE clasped her hands very tightly on her knee. "I have not been told anything—naturally. I look to you for the truth. Will you tell me all you know?"

"You already know the main points. The bank has failed. It has been run on fraudulent lines for a considerable time. Trust money has been appropriated. Accounts have been falsified. Stupendous efforts by means of wild speculations have been made to regain lost ground, but they have only resulted in more and more heavy liabilities. It is early days yet, but I am told it is doubtful if any of the customers receive a penny of their money back."

"Were you a customer?" suddenly asked Jeannette.

He conceded the matter without protest. "I placed some money on deposit as a temporary measure at four per cent interest a short time ago. It was not a large sum—nothing to worry about. I imagine that he did not realize how near the whole thing was to crashing. It was bound to come sooner or later, but he did not think it would come so soon."

"What is the good of saying that?" said Jeannette, with an odd touch of impatience in the midst of her despair.

"Because I believe it," said Buck. "I believe that he hoped, almost to the very last, to tide things over until—"

"Until when?" questioned Jeannette, as he paused unexpectedly.

"Until after you were married," said Buck.

"Ah!" She unlocked her hands with an almost feverish gesture. "Well, thank God it happened first!"

"Yes," said Buck.

"Thank you," said Jeannette. "And—the funeral? Can we make arrangements for that?"

"I believe so," said Buck.

"There is one thing more," she said. "There will of course have to be a meeting of creditors?"

"No doubt," said Buck gravely. "Probably more than one."

She nodded. "I thought so. And you are one of them. Well, I say this to you now, I shall say it later to Mr. Fothergill and to any whom it may concern. I do not know in the least to what extent I am entitled to the money my father settled upon me yesterday or to any private property he may have left to me. But I shall not touch one penny of it. His debts are now mine, and I shall never look upon anything as my own while they remain unpaid."

"Forgive me!" Buck said. "But I hope you will change your mind as regards that, for it is utterly unnecessary, and I doubt very much if you would be permitted to do it."

"Oh, don't be silly!" said Jeannette. "Of course I shall do it!" She turned from him with impatience.

How did he manage—even in moments such as these—to be so prosaic, so ordinary?



She answered very softly, as though to herself, "And so—he killed himself—to escape the consequences"

From behind her came his steady, rather monotonous voice. "In any case, there is no need to come to any decision on that head now. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Jeannette, without turning. "I should like to be alone." She heard him go at once to the door, and then her heart smote her for her ungraciousness. She wheeled swiftly.

"Buck!"

He stopped short. She was aware of an odd gleam in his eyes that was certainly not a smile, but she remembered it later rather than noticed it at the time.

She came to him with outstretched hand. "Good-bye! And very many thanks!" It was an echo of the old Jeannette whom the sea of adversity had not yet wholly overwhelmed, slightly arrogant, plainly superior, conscious of conferring a favour.

He bent a little over her hand. "Good-bye! And remember, I am at your service—always!"

AFTER the funeral Jeannette and the small party in attendance returned to Varleigh Park, depositing the kindly clergyman on their way. He tried to murmur a few words of comfort to Jeannette at parting, but when her haunted eyes looked up to his he somehow failed to utter them.

"God comfort you, my child!" was all he found to say. At Varleigh Park they went to the library with the old lawyer who was understood to say that he had a statement to make regarding the will.

"I probably know what Mr. Fothergill has to say," Jeannette said, smiling faintly. "I suppose what my father left to me was not legally his to leave."

The lawyer bowed profoundly. "I fear that is the exact case," he said. "At the same time, the money settled upon you on the occasion of your coming of age is, I believe, clearly your own, though there may be some question of death duties. That money was kept separate from all the rest, and was in no way connected with—er—recent unfortunate business transactions."

Jeannette was standing by the table, one hand listlessly leaning upon it; but at his words she suddenly straightened herself, as though at the tightening of a spring.

She faced Mr. Fothergill with eyes that burned with a strange pale fire. "Do you actually think," she said, "that I would touch that money—one penny of it—whatever its source? My father's liabilities are mine. Whatever he did—" she held herself proudly—"I am prepared to answer for to the utmost of my power."

Mr. Fothergill made a deprecatory gesture. "I am sure no one would expect that of you," he said, "or hold you responsible in any way."

"But I am responsible," said Jeannette.

She was breathing quickly. Lady Varleigh came and put an arm around her. "Don't upset yourself, dear," she said tenderly. "There is no need for anything of this sort. We will take things as they come and hope for the best. Now darling, come with me and we will have tea together!"

But Jeannette resisted her. "Forgive me, Lady Varleigh!" she said. "But I can't submit to this. There must be no

misunderstanding in this matter. I tell you all—and I mean it—I am prepared to swear it—that I will take nothing either in money or property that may be legally mine. Everything I possess will go towards the payment of my father's liabilities. I will touch none of it."

"But, my dear, my dear!" remonstrated Lady Varleigh. "There are limits to everything. You must think a little of yourself—your future."

Jeannette turned to her. "I am thinking of myself," she said, and her voice trembled slightly for the first time, "and of no one else. Can't you see how tremendously this matters to me? How could I possibly bear to live with this gigantic mill-stone round my neck? Don't you realize that this is my job—the only thing left to me to do? I owe it to myself. It may not mean very much to all those people who have lost their money, but it means everything to me to restore what I can."

Lady Varleigh turned and looked from Sir Philip to Mr. Fothergill and back again.

"Philip," she said, "Jeannette and I are going to have tea upstairs. Come, my darling, you have had enough. Let us go!"

She spoke with urgency, and Jeannette yielded; but as she went, she threw a few words over her shoulder very clearly and decidedly to the two men she was leaving.

"Please remember that my mind is quite made up, and nothing will induce me to change it!"

Up in her room, Lady Varleigh waited upon Jeannette with great tenderness; but the girl seemed scarcely aware of her ministrations. She sat before the fire wrapped in thought.

"There is a letter for you, darling," said Lady Varleigh presently, and Jeannette roused herself to receive it, though without much interest. She opened it, and sat with it in her hand, obviously not reading it, while several quiet minutes passed.

Lady Varleigh leaned towards her at last and patted her arm. "Won't you read it, love, and see what he says?"

Jeannette started a little, and regarded the paper that she held with a faint smile. "It is from Captain Friar," she said. "It is very kind of him, because I refused him that night of the ball. He asks me to reconsider it, but of course I can't. It really is very good of him, considering his mother."

"Darling, I should reconsider it if I were you," said Lady Varleigh.

"Why?" said Jeannette.

"Because, dear, he would make you a very good husband," stoutly replied her friend. "He loves you, and he would do his very utmost to make you happy."

Then it was that Jeannette rose with the dignity of a princess and looked her friend in the eyes.

"Lady Varleigh," she said, "please put all idea of my marrying out of your mind entirely! It is utterly impossible for me to think of it for a single moment, just as impossible as that I should keep anything that I now possess. I am not going to sell myself to any man in return for a living, for that is what it comes to. I don't love Jack Friar. I don't love Buck, nor Bandy, nor Lord Conister, nor anyone else."

LADY VARLEIGH met the challenge in the grey eyes, and rapidly changed her tactics. "My darling, I am very glad," she said. "Now I shall be able to keep you for myself."

Jeannette's mouth quivered a little. "How dear of you!" she said. "But I can't do that either."

"Stuff and nonsense, sweetheart!" said Lady Varleigh.

"You'll have all my property when I die, so you may as well enjoy a little of it before."

Jeannette knelt suddenly down beside her. "Oh, that is so like you she said, and real feeling was in her voice at last. "But—darling Lady Varleigh—don't you see I could never do that? And even if you left me all you have, I couldn't keep it. Whatever comes to me will go—where everything else goes—to pay my father's debts. I am going to make my own living."

[Turn to page 64]



With him beside her, the feel of his familiar tweeds against her shoulder she was able to evade the mysterious loneliness that dusk always brought her

ALL the way home from the Mothers' Meeting, at which she had been quietly and helplessly bored, Nance Duggan was thinking to herself, what a lovely clear-skied afternoon it was, why did Mothers have to hold meetings, how amusing a Children's Meeting would seem, at which to consider the Care and Feeding of Parents. Weren't children after all, just as much entitled to a little privacy in their affairs, as the groping, clumsy grown-ups who perpetually pried and meddled and put up sign-posts along the way they themselves had none too successfully travelled . . . and (drawing a long breath and coming to the surface like a swimmer rising from bottomless cloudy depths)—what a perfect sunset there would be by the time she and Philip could drive out to the Bluff overlooking the river.

Philip was her husband, a tall, lean, whimsically grave young man who enjoyed already something of a reputation down-town, as a criminal lawyer. That afternoon drive was almost an institution with him and Nance. Looking at the sunset together seemed to relax their separate souls; to flood the tired places with beauty, like the tide coming

in over a marsh; to make a tender breathing-space between daylight and dark. Nance depended upon it, perhaps more than she knew. A freer air blew across the Bluff than stirred the leaves of the sycamore trees before her darling little gray house. The river's resistless brown current, swirling and eddying and sliding so silently between willow-hung banks, took away some of Nance's own restlessness.

She ran up the walk between the blossoming larkspur and sweet alyssum, turned on the threshold to wave to Philip junior, yelling like a happy Comanche in the little park across the way, caught open the door and entered her ivory-walled living-room with a sharp, sweet sense of peace at coming home. She never failed to feel it—a sort of caress in her heart—when she opened the door on her beloved amber-colored curtains; her blue Chinese rug that Philip had given her out of his first sizable fee; her bowls of marigolds and larkspur; her wide fireplace, with its shining brass fire-dogs and tongs; her books, red and blue and dully golden in the long ivory shelves against the wall. The piano was open, gleaming darkly invitational, a pile of new songs on the rack, things that had come in that

Cafard

By Fanny
Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

morning's mail. Nance passed them with a devotional touch on an open sheet. "Tonight—" she thought, "I'll run over them tonight, that new one of Dubussey's—ought to be wonderful."

The walls of the room were like arms around her. She swept the place with a possessive glance. Just behind the deep chintz-covered sofa for which she had saved and planned a good round year, stood her most recent acquisition—home only that day from the shop—a floor-lamp, tall and slender and graceful, with a stem of wrought-iron, a shade of dully rich brocade. A bit exotic perhaps but undoubtedly charming.

Nance twitched the little chains that dangled from its globes and a soft light diffused itself, goldenly, through pleatings of the orange and argent fabric. She gave a sigh of pleasure. Just right! An exquisitely right note in the room. She turned away from it, satisfied, settled a heavy-headed marigold back among its fellows in a low black bowl on the table, hummed an airy tune to herself. Wonderful, the sense of rest and security the little house bred in her, like a nest, to a bird, like a cloak against the wind. She hugged it around her, very nearly. She loved every trick and trinket in it, absurdly. How could one be so in love with Things? The color of a curtain, the softness of a cushion, the tempered glow of a lamp?

"Well—there you were!" she thought. "That made home—that sort of feeling."

Still humming, she went through the dining-room with its slim, wax candles in jolly old pottery sticks, its silver bowl of fruit in the middle of a satiny gate-legged table; through the pantry, white-shelfed and tidy, into the warm and pleasantly odorous kitchen. Beulah, the languid mulatto maid was slicing carrots into a casserole brimming with savory stew.

"Beulah," said Nance, standing in the doorway, "Beulah, did anyone telephone while I was out?"

"Yas'm," said Beulah pleasantly. "Mistah Duggan, he 'phone. I say—jes' lak yo' tell me—yo' gwine be home dinnertime."

"You told him I wouldn't be home till dinner?"

"Yas'm—lak yo' tol' me."

"But Beulah—I didn't know Mr. Duggan was going to telephone. I meant that for anyone else."

"Ain' nobody else 'phoned," said Beulah serenely. She went on slicing carrots with a

Wertherian calm. Nance bit back a searing comment on her handmaiden's intelligence. Servants were not easy to get in these days and Beulah had in the brief five weeks of her incumbency shown marked culinary talent.

"What did he say, Beulah—exactly?"

"He dun' ask me whar yo' is," supplied Beulah. "Ah tol' him I dunno—but yo' wuz gwine ter be home in time fer dinner. Des lak yo' dun tol' me," Beulah repeated with a trace of annoyance. Obviously she sensed some rift within the lute.

"Yes, yes, Beulah!" Nance assured her in craven haste. "I did tell you that. It's all right. It isn't your fault in the least."

SHE went back into the living-room rather more slowly than she had come out of it and stood once more looking about her silently. The watch on her wrist marked five o'clock exactly. Two hours before dinner. The longest, emptiest, hardest two hours of the day, if one happened to be alone in them. Why did people talk about the dark hour before dawn? Nance had never understood. To her,

Does there come a time to all married folk when custom does stale, when distant fields do beckon? And what happens then, if something perilously like fatigue sets in; when "cafard," as the French say, seems, for the moment, to make the marriage bonds restrictive—and does love finally win the day?



"How much did you pay for it?" he asked. Nance told him with a touch of helplessness

the oncoming twilight, the gradual slackening of the day's heat and strain, the muting of busy noises, the waiting for the dark to come, held—almost a sort of terror. She was never alone at that time if she could help it. Depression lengthened for her, with shadows across the lawn, the subconscious reason, doubtless, of her clinging to those sunset drives with Philip. With him beside her, his cool comforting drawl in her ears, the feel of his familiar tweeds against her shoulder she was able to evade the mysterious loneliness that dusk always brought her.

NOT that she had ever discussed it with him. Merely she said day after day, "Let's drive out to the Bluff and watch the sunset—come home for me about five, won't you?" It was five now and Philip would probably not be home till seven. He might have telephoned again. He might have guessed some stupidity on Beulah's part.

She took off her hat and dropped it on the table beside the bowl of marigolds; picked up a book although she knew it was growing too dark to read; went out to sit on the steps and wait. It was cool on the steps and still. Fragrance drifted up from the sweet alyssum. From the

little park across the street came the shouts of Philip junior and his companions.

"It's my turn to pitch—no, it ain't—it's mine! You no good, Shorty—let Philip have it. Yah! go away. I am some good, too!"

It was half an hour before young Philip need come in to have his bath. Nance sat and listened to the shrill ardent shrieks, herself as lonely as a little dipping light in mid-ocean. Young Philip would rightly loathe it if she called him away from his play to sit beside her. Big Philip had forgotten her. Of course he hadn't forgotten her really. But the effect was the same. Dusk deepened like thin veils dropping on the grass. Motors passed the house, all the world on its way home to dinner, all the world with some blithe plan of its own, all but Nance, sitting on the steps alone, sinking deeper and deeper every moment in a bog of self-pity. Philip, whom she had married, for whom she had given up the daring iridescent dream of her girlhood, for whom she had closed her music-books and put away her hope of a career on the concert-stage—Philip, neglectful of her! Young Philip, whom she had brought into the world at the cost of hitherto unguessed agony of the flesh, to whom she had given sleepless nights

and unending watchful days, young Philip, not needing her! Each of them, happy in himself. Building into himself the vital fabric of Nance's being, then going on, without her.

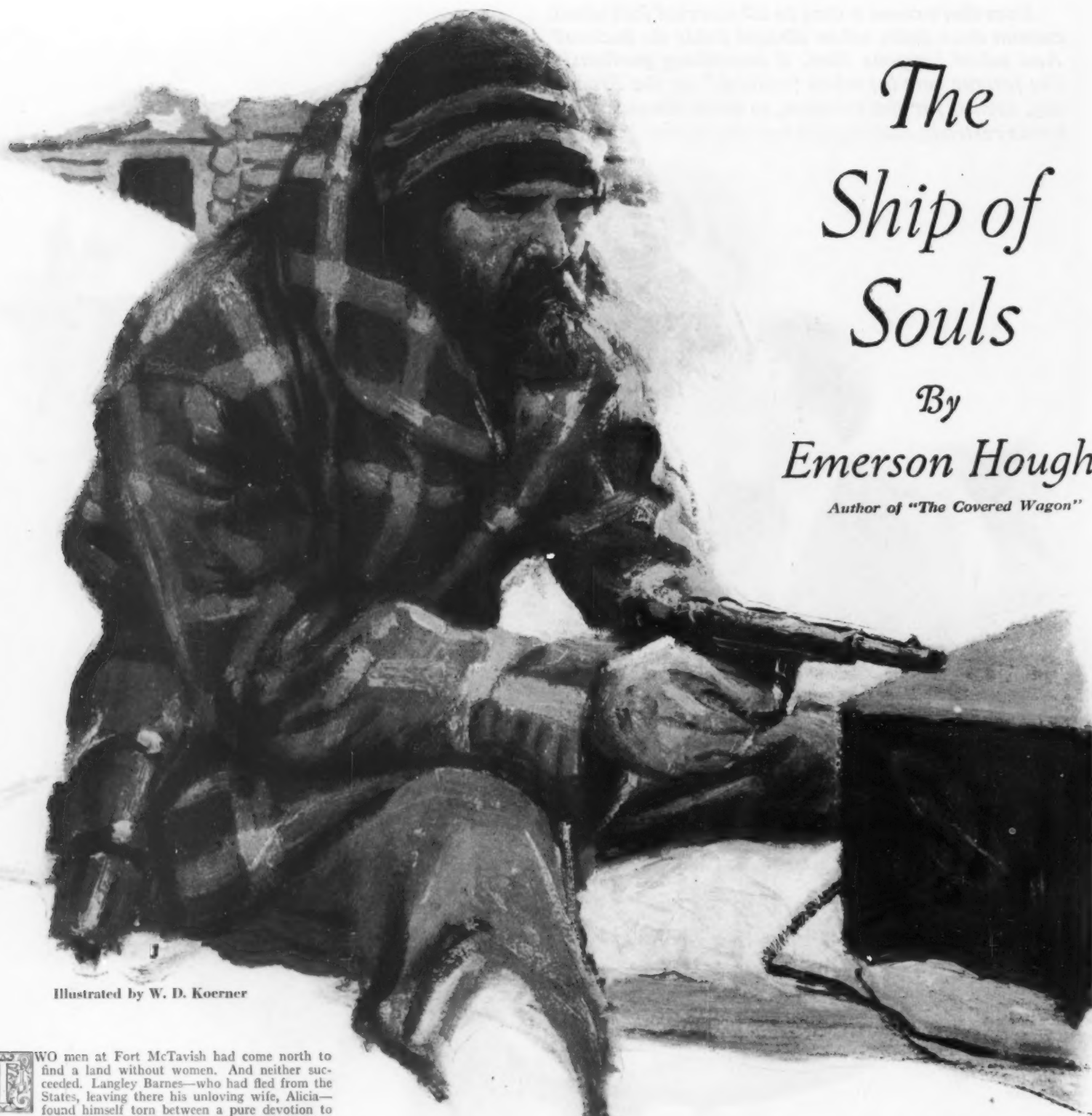
FAINT and sinister and small, a doubt began to whisper. Philip had telephoned, about four o'clock, ah, why? Because he had something he wanted to do—somewhere he wanted to go, someone he wanted to see, without Nance. He wanted to be sure that Nance was out of the way—that she wouldn't be waiting for him—watching for him—that he was, for that afternoon, at least, free! And for whom did a man need to be free, ever? For another man? Not likely! For a woman, that was it! Oh, Philip wasn't above it! No man was. There had been a girl in the Adirondacks, the summer before, for whom Philip had quite obviously felt some sort of special softness, not that anything ever came of it! Nance had seen to that, jealously clever.

But now, while Nance plodded through tiresome Mothers' Meetings in the interest of Philip's son, Philip slipped off—to what—to whom? She caught herself up with a little shudder, mindful where the dark stream was bearing her. "Nance!—you jealous little fool!" [Turn to page 55]

The Ship of Souls

By
Emerson Hough

Author of "The Covered Wagon"



Illustrated by W. D. Koerner

TWO men at Fort McTavish had come north to find a land without women. And neither succeeded. Langley Barnes—who had fled from the States, leaving there his unloving wife, Alicia—found himself torn between a pure devotion to the factor's beautiful white child, Christine Garth, and a barbaric passion for Annette, her vibrant young half-breed sister. And Factor Garth, himself, unable to solve his daughters' problems, is at last driven to the madness of a man harassed by the memory of his sins.

Now in the warm cabin, Barnes and Major Churchill, of the Mounted, sit guarding two fur thieves and immersed in the discussion of their own dilemma, which has risen out of Alicia's love for the unscrupulous Churchill. No one sees old Angus Garth, out in the cold, busy with the accomplishment of his last earthly task—the taking of his own life.

THE weight of a sudden problem now was on them all. Who was head of McTavish? Langley Barnes knew that in some way Angus Garth had it reasoned out that only by forcing the hand of fate could he oblige fate to answer the questions which he and other men had brought into being for his daughter. Perhaps Christine would now see reason.

"Barnes," said Churchill, when they met in Garth's private room to look over the papers in his desk, "who's in command here now? Something's got to be done."

"I take it that I am in charge until a successor is put in by the Company," said Barnes.

"How do you figure that?"

"By this will of Angus Garth appointing his son-in-law, Langley Barnes, his immediate successor. It makes Langley

Barnes his executor. He gives his breed children to the Dominion, his property to Christine. Until probated or refused probate, its provisions can not be set aside. I am the executor, without bond."

"But we both know you are not Angus Garth's son-in-law."

"No. But I am Langley Barnes."

THE Royal Northwest Mounted Police are in charge of the enforcement of law in McTavish district. Therefore it remains for me to take the property over. For instance, the furs," declared Churchill.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, British law or no British law. I'll hold all the property until the Company is heard from. I'm acting factor of McTavish! I am the law north of the Circle! And as to the women involved, here's my decision. To begin with, you shall marry Alicia!"

"What!"

"Yes, when I'm legally free of her, I shall be glad to see

her hung legally around your neck, so you'll get enough of her, as a dog does of a chicken that he's killed!"

The two looked quietly into one another's eyes.

"And Christine?" asked Churchill.

"Nothing can save McTavish—except Christine. It will cost her her life and happiness, because of dishonorable men, like you and me, and her father, and her father's father. You and I are going to do our duty by Christine and then—"

"You should go into holy orders," sneered Churchill as he wheeled away.

LANGLEY BARNES moved slowly toward Christine's room. He knew he had on hand a harder ordeal than facing two desperate men. He faced two women, half sisters, one with a long red weal across the white of her cheek.

Annette restless, glowing, electric, would not rest, kept pacing. Now and again she shot a glance at Barnes, the corners of her little red mouth curved up, the mouth whose sweetness she knew had once caused this man's blood to stir. Would it not again? At her sister she did not glance at all. She was only the other woman, to Annette.

Christine, fully aware of the crisis in which her father's death had left them all, gazed calmly, absorbedly, at both these others.

A radio and a revolver are the weapons with which two lone men fight a deadly battle, under a vast northern sky humming with strange weird voices, like the chanting of lost Souls. Or were they the mysterious sound waves of the radio? Wasn't that his wife's last wail of misery that Langley Barnes heard across a continent? Such a dramatic situation makes of this, the concluding instalment of the late Emerson Hough's masterpiece, the greatest piece of writing in current fiction

Annette interrupted with her ironic laughter. "Well, I guess some white men want plenty wives!" and she left them.

Barnes went on, evenly. "Christine, before I left home to lose myself up here, I settled everything with my wife. We were very unhappy. We had taken our gamble and had lost. I made over to her all my property, and I came up here. I planned to have it reported that I was dead. You know pretty much all the rest."

"But he, the Major? He never told me—" "He didn't tell me, either. I don't think he loved her. But I know she cared for him, not me."

"Would to God you had never come," said Christine suddenly.

"Why did you come? To mock us?" She sank back into the seat trembling.

"You see," she added, bleakly. "I'd been reading of men! they were—heroes. I'd been reading and seeing pictures of—of everything! Ah, why did you ever come!"

"To take care of you, Christine Garth!" said Langley Barnes, slowly

"You came too soon. You leave too late." Her words cut into Barnes' brain like ice dropped from a great height. "You lied to me at the start and now you will not have mercy and lie yet more to me. You go—and take my heart. You go—and take my voice. You take my life, my comfort, my hope—worse; my imaginings. A girl's dreams! Ah, I did not need to read of them. I had them. Here, even in the snow, a girl dreams. Oh! Oh!" She choked, her courage at last inadequate.

"I have done all that, yes," said he at last. "And I do not think it is capable of any remedy. I know you'll take no other man to help you. You're ruined."

"I shall be quite alone. I do not know what I shall do. I can not leave here—there is no place in all the world for me to go. I can not stay here alone—not with Annette. I think I'd have liked to be happy—just only for a little time. I do not believe a man's love lasts when he is away. Why is it we love, sir? Could love be, if two were apart?"

"Not as love should be, Christine."

"Then I must go back to my books. We've been very faithful, my family to the Company, to the Dominion. Would they not care for Annette and me?"

"They might for Annette, my dear. She is half blood. The Dominion does such things, or did. But this is Annette's country."

"Yes. But I have no country."

"No, Christine."

A rap came at the door. Churchill looked in with a suddenly amused smile as he saw the two occupants of the room.

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," said he. "I just wanted to intrude for a moment—little package, part of my luggage—we put it behind your melodeon, didn't we, Christine?"

"Yes," said Christine, composedly. "The little black box with the handles. I pushed it back."

She reached behind the instrument and lifted out the parcel he had described.

"It has not been disturbed."

said she.

"An experiment,"

Churchill explained, answering Barnes' look. "Thing I've wanted to try."



Barnes spread down on the table the creased pages of the Sunday pictorial sheet, which he had brought with him. "Christine," said he, "this came in the Dawson mail. I wanted to show it again to you—both. Your father's gone. Someone must take the lead here now. You both know he planned for me to do that. His will covers that—we've just found it in his desk. But there are some things must be known by us all." Both girls were bending over the pictured sheet, a sort of thing neither had ever seen in all her life.

"Look!" cried Annette.

"Yes!" said Barnes. "That was what I wanted you both to see, Christine." Pale as her face had been, it was paler now, as she bent over the picture of Alicia Barnes and Arthur Churchill, both conventionally naked and neither ashamed. Had it been glyph of some rock cave, any savage woman could have read it easily enough.

Christine was folding over the page that she might not see it. "It is Major Churchill—and your wife?"

"Yes."

after a time. "To pay what your father said we both must pay for your soul."

Haggard, he walked up and down a bit before he dared speak further.

"But you must put me away, out of all your memory!" Silence for a long time. "You are going away?"

"Yes, when I turn over the post. I can not come back, Christine."

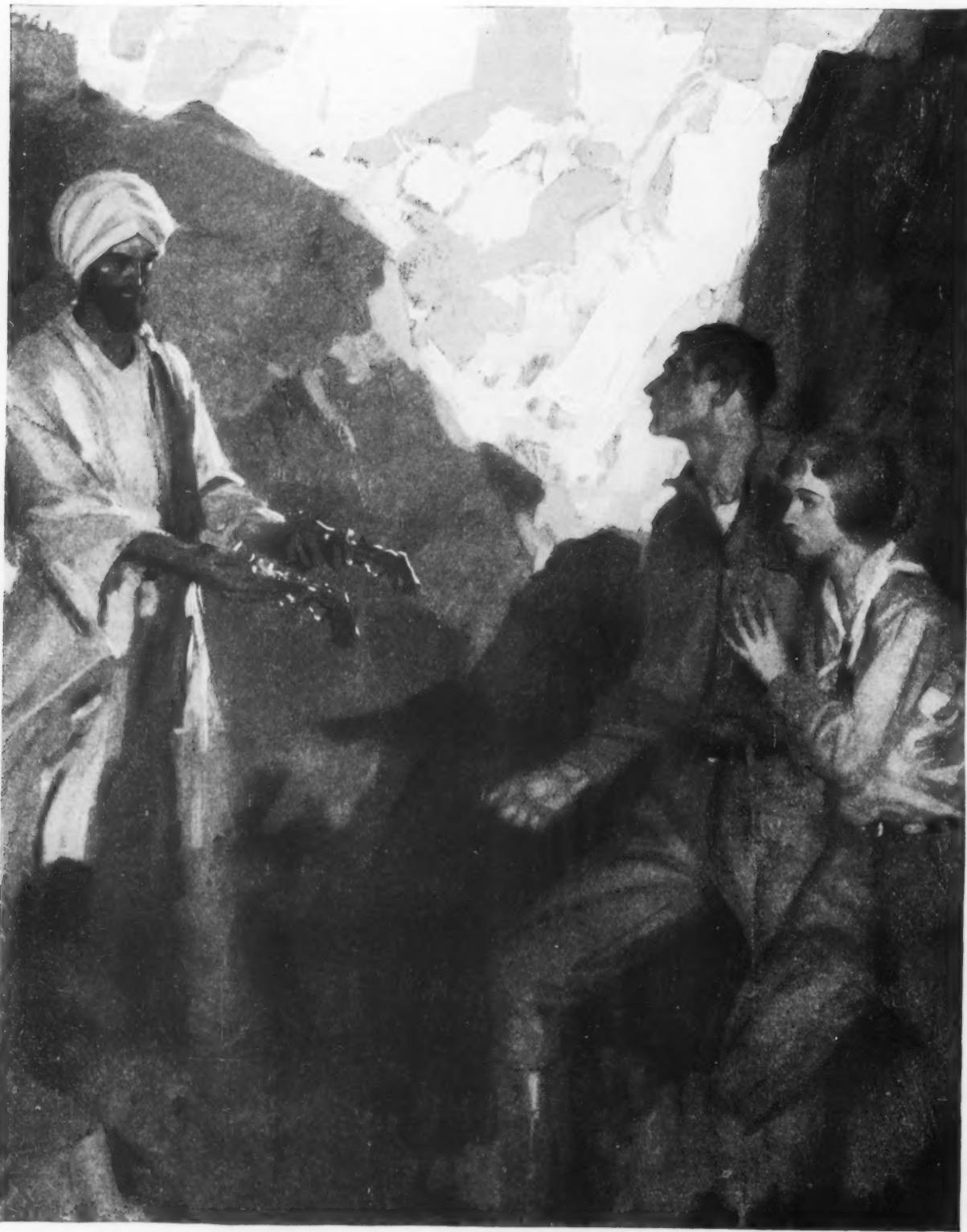
Then his restraint failed him. "I do not dare, Christine! I love you!"

Brought her all the way from Dawson—sixty-odd pounds dead weight. It's radio, man!"

Barnes nodded, too miserable to be curious but he followed Churchill out.

"This is the first radio-phone set, first wireless, in the whole Mackenzie river basin. I brought it in from the States when I came in—Skagway and the White Pass, by the White Horse road down the Yukon. [Turn to page 60]

"Go on!" cried Barnes. "Tell the truth to her and to me!"



"Take them, sahib, and shoot me if you will"

IN WINNING the name "Man-Eater" among the native outlaws of Northern India, Captain Morgan has incurred the bitter hatred of Gulab Din, a chief. Often this powerful bandit has set traps for him—once even carrying him off a captive to their stronghold in the hills. But the astuteness and courage which has won the "Man-Eater" his title, has, so far at least, saved him from his enemies' murderous clutches. Now, returning from duty at the head of a dusty cavalcade of tired troopers, Morgan is thinking only of a certain young woman, Miss Miriam Wayne, who, he knows, will be waiting for him on the cool verandah of the Colonel's quarters.

SOME thirty hours afterward, about noon, he was glad to see the last weary mile of dirt and gravel dance before them in the heat.

Off to his right, past a swerving contour that hid the beach at the ford, a little group of horsemen appeared to loiter upon the river bank. One horse was Bull's favorite roan. As Morgan looked, this horse darted out from the others and came flying at a gallop, his rider throwing up one hand as if to signal. The rider was Bull. Something

prompted Morgan to halt his troop and turn off, alone, to meet him.

"Old chap!" cried Bull, his horse rearing in a drift of dust. "Miss Wayne. Hold hard. She's gone. Missing. Her horse came home wet, with the saddle turned under his belly. The poor old colonel—I've been up and down the river—"

He saw Morgan's brown face harden, a snap of the dark eyes. "She isn't drowned. It's Gulab Din. I know. When did her horse come in?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, about."

"All right. I'll take half my troop up through the Snake's Belly. You take the other half and scour the southern territory." He turned to give orders and in a moment was plunging over the river ford at the head of ten troopers.

Morgan had not told Bashan all, for fear of self-conceit. "The man's laid a trap," he said to himself. "Study it with Gulab Din's eyes, not your own. This child Miriam, poor little flower: to a Musalman, she's nothing but a woman. One more woman, of no value. Nothing to bother about, run such a risk for. But he has caught the Man-Eater before, and means to catch him again, for good and all. It's a trap. She is the bait."

take to Gulab Din's valley, the shortest way."

The casting of lots left three moody men who regarded the horses with an air of mutineers about to hamstring them.

Inside the Snake's Belly a fitful draught rather of lifeless heat than of air made breathing difficult. Morgan's torch threw its bright circle on the walls and floor, to show a narrow gallery, smoothed by the winter torrent which had gone boring through for centuries. Sunlight blinded them in the pothole of the Boiler. Up the rocks out of gray incandescence that blistered the hand, smarted like fire through heavy boot-soles, they groped their way to less unbearable open space on a hill-top, then along the summit northward. By compass, with a memory of how the dead girl and the stars in their courses had led him, Morgan went searching among the peaks for his enemy's hidden valley.

"And here it is." Below, dust-brown fields, patchworked with hoary millet stubble, fell curving to him in a crease of foliage which bordered a meandering watercourse. Houses, flat ugly blocks of stone, held aloof on either side, and squatting like toads, distrusted one another.

Morgan and the seven men went down, advanced with method from house to house, and, [Turn to page 36]

The Man-Eater

By
Henry Milner
Rideout

Author of "The Winter Bell,"
"The White Tiger,"
"Admiral's Light," etc.

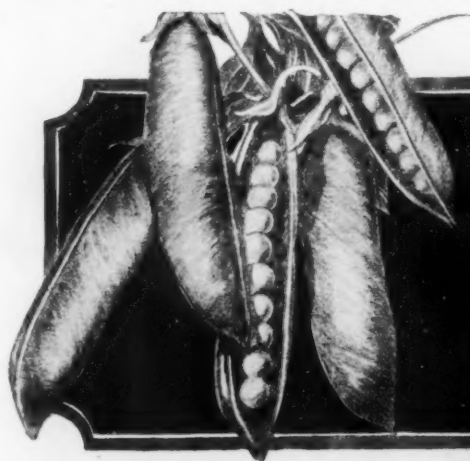
Illustrated by W. E. Heitland

All afternoon, all night, he forced the pace, and next morning led his weary *sowars* up that ravine where he had first heard of Asgar Ali's brother, his adversary. Sunrise flushed the place from its broad mouth up to its notch high in the blue.

They were not fired on; and just at the lower gap of the notch they were given a more tangible sign. On the ledge of a boulder lay something white. Morgan reached out while passing, took it, and with a queer tightness in his throat recognized the strip of pleated linen, fresh and clean—the band from her helmet. "She didn't put it there. Left on purpose for us to find. Yes. Bait along the run-way. Good, my enemy. I'm coming."

He remembered Zulfikar's Tangi when it opened, a forlorn breach, a ragged wound cutting the rock to run its crazy mile above them, with a silver-gray thread at bottom of dry cascades. Down these he had clambered with the other Miriam. He felt a sudden quite uncanny gratitude toward her, who had shown him the way out, which was now to be the way in.

"From here we go on foot," Morgan turned, to make a brief speech. "There is a long way round for horses, half a day's journey, but I leave ours here, with three men to guard them. Seven of you, by lot, I



Your appetite will never forget
this Purée of Pea!



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So tempting in flavor that many people consider it would be impossible to make a more delicious soup!

Such a wholesome, nourishing vegetable FOOD that it is one of the great family dishes of America!

It's the rich, smooth puree of fine, selected peas, blended with fresh country butter and deftly seasoned to make it even more inviting.

Nothing could be more wholesome for your children's lunch or supper.

Nothing could be daintier to set before your guests than pretty bouillon cups of Campbell's Pea Soup topped with whipped cream.

Here's a soup that is a favorite with just about everybody—and no wonder!

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Follow these simple directions:—Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.

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12 cents a can



Oh, why complain if it should rain
Outside, when you're invited?
For when you dine on Campbell's fine
Inside you'll be delighted!



Soup for health—
every day!

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Devil's Dust

By Nalbro Bartley
Author of *A Woman's Woman*,
Up and Coming, etc.

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

"My darling," he said gently, "you have no idea of what the world would say—"

NANCY ODELL, protégée of Daphne and Peter Cabot, has fallen in love with Peter—and he confesses his love for her. Daphne, his wife, is a helpless drug addict, and Peter refuses to desert her. Previously he had tried to persuade Nancy to marry Hilary Morse, but Nancy discovered that Hilary was a cad and that the first act of a play which he pretended to be writing was the work of Peter—so she broke her engagement to Hilary. Hilary's mother, Eva Morse, is in an insane asylum, while Madge, Daphne's sister, had become the second wife of the elder Morse and is now his widow.

Nancy spends more and more of her time in Dolthan, the New England mill town where her turbulent girlhood was passed and where she now works as secretary, rather than in aristocratic Brighton, where the Cabots have their home. Two other products of Dolthan poverty have risen in the world; Victor Strozzi has become a well-known artist, while Barney McGuire is acquiring control of the mills that were once the property of the Cabots. Barney has married Gemma, Victor's sister.

THE last of June, Peter's play was accepted with enthusiasm; a well-known manager agreed on an early production. Gasping with self-praise and childish confidence in her spiritualistic control, Daphne insisted on accompanying him to New York to share his glory. She informed him that, in one sense he had no right to claim any of the distinction—Daphne Van Sant Cabot and M. Molière had really written "Aladdin's Window."

"They claim it needs 'punch and go,'" Peter wrote Nancy from New York. "They have changed the 'happy' ending. They have dragged the heroine from her grave and left her in the arms of the dilettante—just in time for the final curtain. They finish her 'Aladdin's Window'—when the whole point of the story is that the 'Aladdin's Window' is never finished—never—it is something to work towards, an everlasting incentive.

"I am growing positively dangerous as I write—if you want me to stick it out, answer without delay! I'll turn cad if you don't. I'll come whining back, complain of Daphne and Madge—lots of things, I am jealous of you. You see how far gone I am? I don't want you posing for Victor's art class. I can't stand your being patronized by the McGuires! Imagine their glee over solid silver and over-stuffed tapestry suites. They are apt to pity you, you glorious river girl, pity you while I starve for you! Write me, dearest, write care of the theater. Remember, it is your play and your success, no matter what cheap ending they tack on for the mob."

PETER did not come back from New York when Daphne motored home. He was too concerned with the novelty of success. "Aladdin's Window" had taken Broadway by storm—it promised a long, successful run. Peter was planning to do a second play at once. Daphne told everyone that Peter remained unappreciative of her efforts to bring this success to pass, so Daphne and "M. Molière" were going to steal a march on him, desert him in his efforts and write a masterpiece on their own.

The last of October Peter returned to Brighton. That evening his car stopped before the modest apartment house where Nancy lived with Celia, Barney's sister, as her housekeeper. Nancy was alone. As he kissed her, she stood so passively that he stepped back in reproach. "Aren't you glad?" he asked. "Did you wonder when I would come?"

"Yes, Peter—to both questions." But her manner was polite rather than eager.

She settled herself in a low chair beside the grate. "You are thinner," she said presently. "You look fretted. I would rather you seemed crushed or overwhelmed—but you've the same nerve wracked appearance you used to have—before we stopped being parallel lines. What has brought it back?"

"I find I can't get on without you," was his simple confession. "The new play is a failure. I've worked on it for weeks only to find it a mass of words with a minimum

of ideas. I've come to ask your help. . . . well, what have you to say?"

"I must ask you to stay away—I'm afraid I can't help any more. It is not a fair bargain, Peter, to give you my heart in return for clandestine confessions."

Peter bent to kiss her cheek. "Let us make it a fair bargain—how can we—how dare we?"

"It is not worth the debate. Let us face facts. Oh, Peter, if one of us were not steady, very steady, we might—" she clasped her hand into a great, determined fist and let it thump ungraciously on her knee. Peter drew back.

"You cannot make me swerve," she said, rising to face him. "You can make me suffer but I am used to that. You must keep away." Her face quivered. Momentarily, she lost her poise. "Peter," she began in a whisper, "I'm so sorry for you—"

But he did not come any nearer. "Just what do you mean?" he said in the calm, dispassionate voice he often used to Daphne during a tirade.

"I mean you must test yourself by finishing the play. I command it. If I was responsible for the first play, unrecognized and unsuspected, then you must do what I ask about the second effort. Finish it, disillusion Daphne about her pack of beggars. You must prove to Daphne that she is wrong, that the only way she can come back to normal is the way you are coming back—by your own will power and work. If you love me, do this. Then—"

"And then—?" he asked with apparent calm, as if she had given him shopping commissions.

"You will thank me for having made you do so." Nancy turned aside.

WAIT," he begged, coming closer, his eyes looking into hers as if bent on finding something which should belie her commands. "If I do all this—and the play is an utter failure—if Daphne's frauds are shown up and she simply goes on with the dope as before—" [Turn to page 30]



RCH 31, 1924

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colored, wishes C. Nelson.

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I want a place in a home where there are heavy washes of sheets, blankets and working clothes, as well as the dainty garments of women; where there are men who have a lot of badly soiled shirts in the wash every week.

I want a job where children romp and play, and get the dirt ground into their little rompers, blouses and stockings, making it almost impossible to get them really clean by ordinary washing methods. For I will soak them in my sudsy water, and bring back to them the bright, crisp look they had when new. And they will be sweet and wholesome.

I will make work easier for the housewife

I want to work for the housewife who is tired of the task of daily dishwashing. I will show her how readily I cut the grease with my real naptha, and make her dishes streakless and glistening.

I will show her how easily I brighten the painted woodwork, take the spots from the rugs, scrub the kitchen floor, and leave a sweet-smelling, wholesome cleanliness.

I give the mother a chance to smile

I want her to have more time to enjoy the sunshine of her baby's smile. I want to take away from her the hard, disagreeable task of washing baby's diapers. I soak them with my soap-and-naptha, then with a little rubbing and a good rinse, I leave them soft and soothing, with never a chance to irritate baby's tender skin.

I save expense and clean clothes thoroughly

I want to come into your home to cut down clothes-expense. I think it is a burning shame the way expensive clothes are often so quickly ruined by the pulling and straining they get from hard rubbing. I wash clothes safely. My real naptha quickly makes the dirt let go by soaking, without harm to the fibres of delicate fabrics.

I want to be your helper in getting your family's wash clean—whether it be sheets or shirts or sheerest waists. Wherever I work I leave Fels-Naptha Cleanliness—complete, wholesome cleanliness.

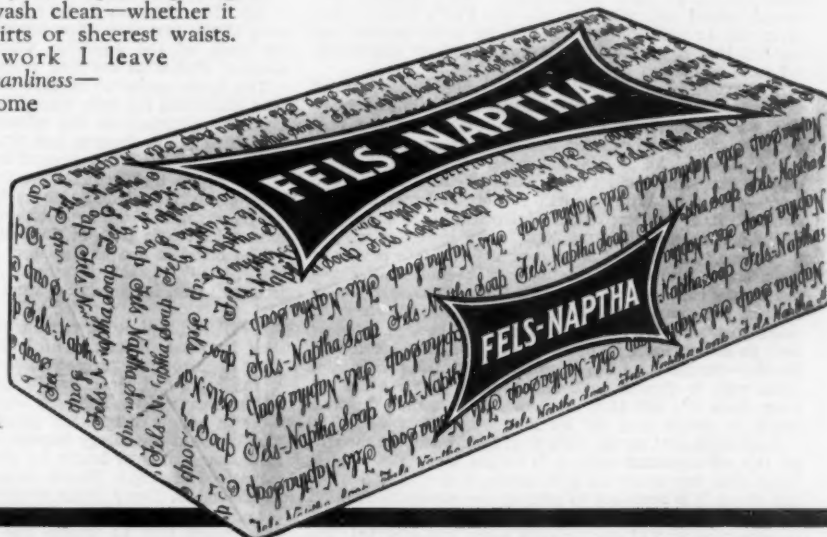
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Nothing can take my place!



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Every sort of medical adventurer and knave has found a following for a time at least

THE question which gives title to this article should have been settled long ago, and would have been if it were not for the fact that average human beings do not like to have their opinions disturbed and most of them hate to think even when they can. And because most people are innocent of the fact that eighty per cent of human discomforts get well by themselves, all sorts of delusions, theories and systems of cures have been given life and perpetuity. Every sort of medical mountebank, adventurer, knave and fool has found success and a following for a time at least in this no-man's land. The advocates of all sorts of overnight cures, physical and mental, extend their pipe-lines into this Fool's Paradise and never fail to suck sustenance—a thing made possible by the fact that nature so often cures ills without extraneous aid from any source.

A survey of this fertile field should furnish proof that all so-called diseases take origin in the human body and must come from one common cause, and the cure must be as auto-generated (self-developed) as the so-called disease. All life is under the same laws, namely, growth and decay and all are comprehended in the one word—evolution. When growth is not hindered, not obstructed, it is perfect; when obstructed, it is imperfect. When perfect we call it "health"; when imperfect we call it "disease." Health and disease are different phases of one state. Health and disease are not entities—not something—but simply states of something. It is that something—man and his environment—that we have to do with when the states go wrong. We must understand well enough to know how to adjust them in order to cause them to present a healthy—normal—state. We must know what influences cause man to present good and bad states. We must cut loose from the old idea of disease as a something with which to punish man for his sins.

A splendid start on the right road to independent thought on this all-important subject is to put away the childish belief that one of man's inheritances is disease. To bring this about it is necessary to give up the superstitious belief in disease as an entity, a nemesis that is imminent and liable to pounce on man at any time and when least expected. The sooner man learns that he is his own punishment, that he is punished by his sins and not because of them, the sooner he will become his own doctor.

There is no disease *per se*; the discomfort and pain named disease are states of health. Health is unthinkable as an entity; the most immature mind can think of health only as a comfortable, happy state of the body; that a painful, unhappy state should be thought of as a healthy state changed into an entity, is not reasonable.

Health and so-called diseases are different states of health. The questions to be solved are: (1) What is the state of the organism when health abounds? (2) What is the state of the organism when discomfort and pain abound? And what are their causes?

The bodily organism is built from the food eaten. The food taken into the body cannot build the body unless it is dissolved—digested—in the alimentary canal; hence the food is or is not digested and fitted for absorption in the alimentary canal. When digested it enters the blood, which is the organ that refines and fits it for tissue-building. This organ (the blood), through the aid of the blood vessels, distributes the nourishment to every part, even the most microscopic part, of the body.

The blood is one of the most important organs of the body; anything that disturbs its quantity and quality or interferes with its circulation works a hardship to nutrition.

WHEN blood is pure, man enjoys health; when it is impaired, the state of health varies from a slight state of discomfort to great suffering.

The heart and blood vessels are supplied with nerves—all the organs of the body are likewise supplied with nerves—which supply them with power to function. Anything that lowers nerve energy impairs functioning. When man is in an ideal state of health he gives out—radiates—all the symptoms of health. Health means a balanced functioning of all organs. Every organ secretes and excretes. In health secretions and excretions of all the organs are normal and this means that all organs are supplied with a proper amount of nourishment and energy. In this state it can be said that man has full resistance and is immune to all environmental influences. A normal man will not be affected

Do All Diseases Spring From One Basic Cause?

By J.H. Tilden, M.D.

Author of "Impaired Health" and Editor of "The Philosophy of Health"

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

If every ill derives from a single cause, and this cause is self-generated, will man eventually find the way, through right living, to avoid all sickness? A discussion of health from a new and fascinating viewpoint

by epidemic influences; and, when injured, he recovers quickly; when poisoned by drugs or ptomaine, the poison will be thrown off and recovery will be perfect. Exceptions to this statement are only to be found in people suffering from toxemia, a state of the blood I will fully explain.

A normal state of the blood and nervous system gives immunization against any and all so-called diseases. This is health, and it means a self-poised, self-controlled individual—a person who is adjusted to the laws of his own being and who is without fear, and with all other emotions controlled. Such a person has a strong will without wilfulness; drives his business, but is not driven by it; is a hard worker, but knows how to rest in work; has the secret of recreating in work, and is never in need of vacations, nor in danger of nervous prostration.

Everything that goes to make ideal health rests on a basis of normal blood and nerve energy. As surely as all the attributes of health rest on one fundamental physiological basis, namely, full nerve energy and pure blood, so too, but conversely, all so-called diseases rest upon enervation and blood impairment which we have named toxemia.

Evolution discourages the unphilosophical belief in many fundamental causes. Health rests upon physiological law—disease on the same law obstructed.

All people are more or less acquainted with the words toxemia, autotoxemic, toxicosis, etc., and confuse the popular understanding of these evanescent, temporary bacterial poisonings with my toxic hypothesis, which latter is a philosophic system covering the entire field of so-called disease and its causation, and is strictly in line with evolution; for every so-called disease is a legitimate evolution and evolves from pre-existing elements. The toxic theory which I have evolved during my long life as a physician, is a comprehensive system that makes a unity of all diseases so far as the basic principle is concerned.

It has been previously stated that when the organism is normal, secretions and excretions are balanced. When nerve-energy is weakened from any cause, secretions and excretions are lessened. A lessening of secretions deprives the organism of its power to renew itself—digestion and assimilation are impaired. Excretions—the waste products from cell or tissue-building and breaking down—the toxin, is retained, causing toxemia.

THE toxin generated from tissue change—from metabolism—is a natural product, and in normal amounts is stimulating and non-injurious; but if nerve energy is used up in work or play, worry or grief, fear, anger or ill temper, or overworked emotions, passion, over-eating improper food, eating wrong combinations of food or putrescent food causing ptomaine poisoning, or the use of stimulants, intrigue, dishonesty, fault-finding, grouching or complaining, or if the body or mind is abused in any way, and if such habits are continued and become chronic, the system becomes so enervated that [Turn to page 50]



A woman is not self-conscious about a beautiful skin. It is when her complexion is unattractive, disfigured with ugly little defects, that she becomes self-conscious about it—awkward, constrained, unnatural. Keep your skin clear and smooth by giving it the right care, and see how much this will contribute to your peace of mind and freedom from self-consciousness.

It is easier than most women imagine —to gain the charm of a beautiful skin

SOMETIMES a woman suffers actual misery for years because of an unattractive complexion.

Skin defects, not serious in themselves, have been known to cause such nervous strain as actually to affect the general health.

Yet nearly any woman, if she gives her skin the right care, can gain a clear, smooth, attractive complexion.

You can rebuild your complexion

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will! Use the right treatment daily—and see how easy it is to overcome the faults that have always troubled you. A dull, muddy, sallow complexion can be transformed into one that is clear and full of color. Blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous

nose pores can be overcome, so that they never reappear.

You will find the right treatment for your special type of skin in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs! The very first time you use a Woodbury treatment your skin will feel the difference.

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Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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One of the Ten

[Continued from page 9]

"You might have telephoned me," he said. She looked down at her book.

"Didn't it occur to you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you?"

"I don't know."

There ensued another pause. Then he said:

"You never have offered to tell me your name."

She turned a page in her book. After a moment: "My name is Rosalind Gay."

"Are you in the telephone directory?"

"No."

"You have a telephone, haven't you?"

"There is one in the boarding house. . . Do you wish the number?" He produced pencil and notebook and wrote it.

"I'm happier, now," he said. "What are you reading?"

She showed him the library book: "Folk-ways."

"Dry?"

"Oh, no." She had told him that she wrote a column every day for an evening newspaper, mostly concerning domestic matters and children.

SHE laughed a little: "I, who never had children, tell mothers how to bring them up. I live in a boarding house and tell people how to run their apartments and houses. . . Have you any children, Mr. Fane?"

"No."

"You are married, are you not?"

"Yes." They were silent a moment.

"Are you?" he asked.

"No, I am not married."

"Do you mind my being married?" She looked around at him, coolly interrogative. "I live alone," he said. "I've lived alone for the last eight years. She concluded she'd made a mistake. She went abroad, rather suddenly. She lives in London. Lots of friends there. I was in love with her." The girl turned another page in her book.

He said: "I suppose that's what's the matter with me. . . Everybody has something."

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Oh," he said, "that's all over." She turned and looked at him.

"It's quite all right now," he said, "—but that sort of thing changes one more or less."

"I suppose so."

"Yes, it does. I was interested in a lot of things. I built a big house in the Adirondacks. But she didn't care for it—tor such things. It is rather lonely, I suppose. So I built another on Long Island—you know—in the midst of things. But that didn't help matters. I think she was quite right to go. No use living life through with a man she made the mistake of marrying. Houses don't help—in the country or in town. All happiness must originate from within one. External, environment, wealth can never germinate that seed, or nourish it. That's one thing I've learned." Her book lay closed on her lap. She sat watching him, one arm on the back of the bench.

"You understand," he said, "I'm not complaining. I don't care any more."

He picked up her book, glanced through the pages: "—If you don't mind having a friend in that sort of man—"

She said: "I saw in the Social Register that you were married. I didn't quite understand—your friendliness."

She drew a quick breath, smiled faintly: "I didn't want anything—that belonged to anybody else."

"But you haven't had anything of me."

"Isn't your—politeness—something?"

"You made me uneasy, sitting here without a hat."

"I aroused your curiosity, that is why you spoke to me." She laughed.

"It was more than that," he insisted.

"Possibly it has become a trifle more than that," she admitted, still laughing.

"Suppose," he said, "we walk back to the car and drive into the country. Isn't that a curative suggestion?" He never before had asked her to drive.

"Have you done your daily column?" he enquired.

"Yes, last night."

"Is the rest of the day yours?"

"Yes."

"Suppose we drive out into Westchester and lunch somewhere?" After a while she nodded.

March was a bad month, with much rain, and Rosalind Gay sat no more on her bench in the Park. However, she sat every morning in Fane's car, partly in deference to his request that her cure be not interrupted, partly because she wanted to. Every morning he said: "Well, how are you coming along?" And her invariable reply was: "Splendidly; thank you so much."

"Did you do your column?"

"Yes, last night."

"Ought you to do night work?"

"It doesn't matter."

"You're sure you're feeling all right?"

"Quite sure, thank you." That was the usual preliminary to a run up the Hudson with one window of the limousine wide open.

"You know," he remarked one morning, "you ought to live on top of a sky-scraper if you've got to live in town." She laughed. "Can't you manage it?"

"Of course not."

"I think it's vital to your health."

"It isn't so bad where I am. Anyway, I couldn't afford an apartment."

He glanced at her. She was looking out of the window.—a pretty, fresh, virginal thing, unapproachable. He saw her blond-yellow hair winnowed by the wind. He thought her mouth lovely but too red. Several days later he said

that he owned a sky-scraper,—merely made the remark. And got no reaction. The first week in April was like June. Both windows of the car were wide open. The wind blew her yellow hair into wavy streamers and tendrils. Her lips were startlingly lovely, but too vivid. They had been discussing self-sufficiency—the lamentable fact that the majority of people possessed no mental resources, dreaded to be alone, and were dependent upon friends for amusement.

"It's like happiness," she added; "the source must come from within one's self." He agreed.

"All dependency," she added, "is horrid."

"I'm beginning to depend on you," he said.

She laughed: "For what?"

"Companionship, when I ventilate my mind every morning."

"You did it very well before you knew me. You'll go on when I—"

"When you—what?"

"Fire of it."

"Do you think you'll tire of it?"

"No."

"Well, then—"

"Perhaps you will, Mr. Fane."

"What other obstacle to our continuous performance?" he demanded, smiling.

"Well—I'm mortal, you know. . . I might walk out on you—into the cemetery. We're a short-lived race. I'm the last."

"Any further reasons for quitting me, Rosalind?" It was the first time he'd called her Rosalind. She turned to the open window, but he saw the shell-pink colour deepen on her cheek.

She said without turning: "You might fall in love again. Isn't that conceivable?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, then—you'd have to stop ventilating me."

"I'm worried about you."

"Why?" she asked incredulously, turning to see his face.

"This warm weather—and that boarding house." She shrugged her shoulders. They were prettily rounded, her arms and neck and shoulders, but he thought, recently, that they had become somewhat thinner.

The following morning was very warm. When he found her on her bench in the Park he asked her to lunch with him on top of his sky-scraper after their drive. He was rather silent and reserved on the trip up the River and on the return. In town again, and headed for his sky-scraper west of Fifth Avenue in the forties: "You're not bad tempered, are you?" he inquired. She threw back her pretty head and laughed. She was still smiling when they entered his building and the lift shot them up to the top. Here they emerged, and Fane unlocked a door with a key.

"What a charming place!" she exclaimed, stepping across the threshold and surveying the tiny apartment—living-room, dining-room, chamber, and kitchenette. A Japanese appeared from the latter, all urbanity. Fane opened the door of the bed-room for her, closed it behind her, and walked to a window. The city lay like a tinted map below him. He glanced absently at the view, turned to face the room. He was very nervous.

When she emerged from the bed-room her colour was high and her blue eyes brilliant.

"That's rather an outrageous thing you've done," she said. "Moving your effects here from your boarding house?"

He nodded: "Yes, it's rather cheeky of me. But the rent is the same."

"What?"

"The rent here is the same that you pay your landlady up in Harlem. And the Jap goes with the place."

"I can't let you do such a thing!"

"I can't let you face the summer in that Harlem boarding-house."

"It is no concern of yours!" she retorted, flushing.

"Well," he said, "I'm in love with you. I don't know how much that concerns you."

THE Jap announced luncheon. After a few moments she was mistress of herself—but a very different Rosalind from the one he had known—an animated one who made gay, inconsequential conversation—revealing herself quite conversant with the froth of life—with the theatres, fashionable restaurants, dancing resorts à la mode—quite equipped, apparently, to exchange town gossip with him.

"I didn't realize that you went about much," he said.

"In that way, only. I don't know anybody in New York—so I have to do something. A girl always can know men. There are some amusing ones in my profession."

They took their coffee to the window-seat. "Is coffee good for you?" he asked.

"Are you always thinking about my lungs?"

"Usually."

"Please don't; it bores me." He said nothing. She gave him her coffee cup and looked out over the city. When she turned again toward him he stood up:

"I'll be going," he said. "I hope you'll like the place." Her pretty face flushed crimson and she rose, inarticulate with virginal resentment and the wrath of wounded pride. He waited.

"Have you any idea I mean to remain here?" she demanded. He was silent.

"Have you any idea I am willing to become dependent on you?" she asked tremulously.

"I am dependent on you And, compared to that, this is independence"

I only ask you to remain until you're well."

He spoke very simply; waited her reply—not expecting her to go to pieces—sink down on the window-seat and bury her blond head in both hands. He walked around the apartment at intervals, lighted innumerable cigarettes, drank a glass of water, came finally and stood near her.

"It's really very much all right," he said. "You're not to think it isn't. You see I've a house where I live. I'll not bother you unless you invite me." He waved his hand to the westward: "Out there there's a terrace. It's rather a pretty place in spring—palms in pots and flowers, you know, and a fountain of sorts. Jolly place to read or lunch in. Good for your health. I say, Rosalind, be a sport."

"All right," she said in a small and muffled voice. She kept her face covered with her handkerchief crushed into one hand. The other she held out, vaguely, in his direction. He took it, gave it a solemn shake, and went his way.

Rosalind was growing thinner. There could be no longer any doubt of that. She denied it. Another matter Fane noticed; she had been a wholesomely pretty thing to look at; she was becoming delicately beautiful. One thing he realized; it would take something higher than a sky-scraper to keep Rosalind's breathing apparatus above that ominous, dun-coloured haze that hangs half a mile high. He had rigged up a hammock, and she liked to lie in it after dinner and listen to the fountain and look up at the June stars. Up there in the blue obscurity of night, with league after league of lights stretching to far horizons, the starry solitude was like the loneliness of a dark mountain. They spent many star-lit hours on the top of his sky-scraper gazing out over the sprawling gloom of the monster city.

FROM the sky came the petulant cry of hunting night-hawks; from river and bay deep Triton-like sounds—vague rumours of a vast and unseen sea. From lighted depths where the city's street wound like worm-burrows through cañons of brick and steel, scarcely a muffled sound mounted to their star-lit pinnacle. The splash of gold fish in the little jetted basin was louder. Lying flat in her hammock and gazing at the stars she said to him one evening: "I'm thinking of the strangeness of it all,—how it ever could have happened to me."

"To be up here among the stars?"

"Yes. . . . Well, it has happened. . . . What I notice, principally, is the leisurely procession of the hours. Day and night have become so tranquil and unhurried. Time seems to be in no haste to carry me somewhere and land me."

She turned on her left side to look at him: "Don't you ever have anything to do in the evenings?"

He removed his cigarette from his lips: "Would you like to go to the theatre? Or go somewhere and dance?"

"I haven't felt like it since I came here to live."

"You used to go." She remained silent.

"Or," he added carelessly, "perhaps you might care to call up some of your friends and ask them here or go out with them." She said nothing.

He continued, amiably: "Politeness does not require you to entertain me every evening, you know. I should feel uncomfortable if you did not consider yourself entirely free—freer, even than when you lived alone uptown."

After a moment she said in a low voice: "I haven't even thought about going out with anybody else."

"Well," he rejoined pleasantly, "it's nice to be with you. But it might be wise for you to ask your friends here and go out with them occasionally."

"Why?"

"I think it might be a good idea," he repeated evasively. After a long silence, during which she had set her hammock swinging, she sat up in it and placed one slim foot on the ground to stop its motion.

"I suppose," she said, "that the situation into which you have drifted is making you a little uneasy?"

"What situation?"

"Ours."

"You mean because I am married?"

"Yes, I mean that."

He said gravely: "The woman I married is well satisfied with what she has done. A permanent separation suits her. She does not choose to endanger either her position in England or her revenue by any radical action. What I do does not interest her—as long as I do not subject her to any publicity."

"Has she no desire to re-marry?"

"None."

"I—should think she would want children."

"She never wanted them."

"Why did she marry you?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"It was entirely a financial investment. Did you ever know that some women are without natural human affections?"

"No—"

"Yes; that happens." She sat on the hammock edge staring at the gold fish which came up under the falling spray.

After a long while: "That was horrible," she said, "—for you."

"It's all over."

"Yes; but what has it done to you?"

"I don't know."

"I do. It has left you indifferent. It brings you here—because you are indifferent to what you do or where you go. So you come here—for lack of interest in going where you belong and where you ought to go—"

She leaned a little toward him in [Turn to page 59]

“...needs a friend”

THE famous cartoons “When a Feller Needs a Friend” are familiar to millions of newspaper readers. You will find this “feller” wherever there are children of the poor cooped up in squalid quarters.

The Fresh Air Funds organized by newspapers and other kindly folk are doing a splendid work in getting children out of the city and into the country. They need your help.

Find out what is being done in your community to give these poor, pinched, nature-starved children the happiest time of their lives. If a Fresh Air Fund has been started give it your heartiest support. But if nothing of the kind is under way won't you ask your favorite newspaper to help start a Fresh Air Campaign? They know all about the work that other big newspapers are doing. Don't wait. There is not a precious minute to lose—the Summer will slip away so fast.

If you live in the country will you share your home with some poor child this Summer—even for two weeks? Your own newspaper undoubtedly knows of boys and girls who need just the help that you can give. Poor youngsters—it will be the first time that many of them have seen a green field or brook or real woods. Fire escapes, burning hot side-walks, brick walls—these are the wretched substitutes for trees and flowers that they have known. The gratitude of the boys and girls who are taken



© 1914, R. L. G.



into private homes is pathetic. It is usually their first glimpse of a real home.

If you have children of your own think what it would mean to see them drooping and withering in the stifling heat of dark airless rooms all Summer, playing tag with death in truck-jammed streets.

In memory of your own happy childhood—or perhaps in regret for the fun that you've missed—will you help? If you are in the city, send some needy children to the country. If you are in the country, take them away from the city. It is a splendid thing to do.

One great metropolitan newspaper claims that it can send a child to the country for two weeks for only \$7. The same newspaper figures that last year it gave the children of its city more than 500 years of happiness! 14,000 children were given fresh air vacations—two weeks each; 6,000 were placed in the camps maintained by this newspaper and 8,000 were sent to private homes. But there were 35,000 applications for these 14,000 places—less than half were taken care of.

The children were selected by the welfare workers of hospitals, schools, settlement houses, clinics, dispensaries, day nurseries, probation societies, orphan asylums and other welfare and health organizations.

The boys and girls were given a critical physical examination before they were sent off. Careful record was kept of a certain group of these children and it was found that the average gain in weight at the end of a two

weeks' stay in the country was nearly five pounds for each child.

No social service is more important than this of building healthy boys and girls. A vacation in the right environment may mean a permanent change in the life of a child.

This is the time of the year when every boy and girl “needs a friend”. How many youngsters will you make happy?

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The Magic of Vacation-Motoring

By Emily Rose Burt

IT USED to be that all the romance and fun in the world could be had by possessing a magic carpet. Merely transpose the two little syllables of that out-of-date conveyance, the carpet, and you see how a pet-car can whirl you into a life of enchantment!

No matter what the age, sex or size of the pet if you are truly devoted to it, it will be the means of throwing you literally—sometimes—into transports of delight.

The youngest and freshest of cars as well as the palsied and decrepit, with a screw loose somewhere, have qualified; be it Lizzie or Johnny or a comfortable "Dame Quickly," such as the famous one belonging to Christopher Morley, or merely—this with an affectionate inflection—"the lil' ole bus" it will serve; tiny enough to be called a bug by its enemies, large enough to be called a hog by its envious rivals—all the same it will answer your call and take you forth adventuring.

And when, as you open the door before breakfast some morning, a soft breeze flutters the morning-glory leaves by the back porch, and a finger of sunshine reaches through and touches the old camp coffee pot—if you have in you the slightest spirit of the vagabond you will say to John or Mary as the case may be, "What about a little trip in the car the end of the week?"

And the good old blue book will be got out and thumbed over or the long-distance camping equipment will be rooted out of the attic and the car will have a thorough physical examination.

YOU lay out the trip if you're wise: so many miles Monday, so many Tuesday, so many Wednesday; and Saturday night, if all goes well, you'll be driving into grandma's yard. And Monday morning you'll be driving out again.

A young couple from South Dakota drive back East every summer, camping on the way. They take their time and loaf along. They've made their car into a potential bedroom; the back of the front seat, hinged and lowered, meeting the cushions of the back and providing sleeping quarters. The running board holds within the boundaries of its little iron fence a suitcase of clothing, their cooking equipment and the food supplies.

They carry a portable camp stove for getting wayside meals quickly but when they have time and are in a spot where a camp fire is permissible and wood is plentiful, they cook over the glowing embers. It's surprising what good things to eat they prepare with the light equipment of a folding grill, a coffee-pot and a long-handled frying-pan.

Over a small fire, which is best for cooking, they place the grill, sticking its pointed iron legs firmly into the ground. On this there is room for the coffee-pot at one end while the other end is used for cooking the *pièce de résistance* of the meal. This may be strips of steak laid across the bars of the grill to broil, these being turned with a long-handled fork and eaten, when done, between slices of bread and butter. Thin slices of cooked ham may be broiled and eaten the same way. Chops are to be cooked by this method also. Toast, piping hot, made over the wood embers by laying the bread flat on the grill or on the end of the long-handled fork always goes pretty well.

The frying-pan comes into its own always for bacon and eggs and usually for fresh-caught fish. Canned cornbeef hash and even the prosaic bean, hot from the pan, are popular with them.

A kettle, if you carry it, will hold stew, succotash or sweet corn boiled on the cob; but when a coffee-pot, frying-pan and kettle are used for the same meal, a schedule for them on the grill has to be planned.

Be careful where you build your camp-fire. Scattered throughout the country, are a number of national campsites for motorists.



A folding grill, a coffee-pot and a long-handled frying-pan
—it's surprising what good things you can prepare!

But perhaps, alluring as camp life is, you want to "eat somebody else's cooking." Also, instead of making your bed so you can lie in it at the end of a long day of travel, you may prefer to find it just ready to receive you. And rather than seek out a romantic brook for a bathtub you may relish hot and cold water on tap to wash away the dust of the journey.

Two girls, who spent a fascinating two weeks motor-tripping, did it this way: they wanted the fun and freedom of motoring without any irksome details aside from such unavoidable ones as the vagaries of their car might provide—a car is only human, you know. They wanted to loaf along, seeing new places, enjoying the open air and sunshine and at night they desired a good, comfortable bed and meal.

THEY assigned themselves stopping-places, an easy ninety or hundred miles a day apart, choosing big towns or cities rather than country places for the night, strange as it may sound, because they could be assured of more true comfort. One night that they spent at a little country hostelry in a room at city prices and with a ceiling nearly resting on their heads taught them this. They wrote in advance, engaging rooms in the towns they had selected and consequently knew that whenever they rolled up to the hotel—be it as late as eleven or twelve at night, they were sure of shelter.

One notable occasion, when they did not engage a room ahead and trundled themselves in the rain and darkness from one hotel to another of a strange city in a vain search for lodging because a firemen's convention filled every place to overflowing, convinced them of the wisdom of this rule.

Does this sound stodgy and conventional?

It wasn't—a bit. There was plenty of adventure. The unexpected is bound to happen when you're motoring. And usually when you follow directions capped by the phrase "You can't miss it!" For instance, these two motorists paused at a village post-office one evening to inquire the proper turn for "Sea Gables."

"Let's see," allowed a village loafer, "that mus' be the old fish cannery road. You never been along here? Well, you know the road to Eas'brooke? I don't know just how

to tell ye if you don't know where it is b'daylight.

"Well, you go along 'bout a mile 'n a half an' you see a coupla stone posts to yer right. Ain't no houses for quite some time 'fore ye get to the posts. Old fish cannery road turns off beyond the stone posts. Once find them, ye can't miss it."

With eyes strained in pallid faces, the travelers strove to pierce the pitchy darkness of rain-drenched fields and meadows. Stone posts could have been distinguished only by the sense of touch—certainly not by sight; consequently they were passed in the blackness and when the unmarked Old Fish Cannery Road was located finally, it developed a puzzling fork in its salt meadow meanderings.

The time of it which the desperate lady motorists chose to follow brought them, not to "Sea Gables," but to "Island View," involving a turnabout on the narrowest of sandy roads and an ultimate arrival at "Sea Gables" at an hour so late that it was early.

Such depressing episodes are far outnumbered by the pleasures of a trip—the fresh raspberries you had for breakfast at that farmhouse near Fairstone, or the wonderful view of the ocean at Watch Hill.

But maybe you can't take two weeks or a month for a motor tramp. All right—there is an immense amount of satisfaction in shorter excursions.

One couple whose jobs kept them in the city all summer engineered a series of diverse and diverting week-ends. Living in the heart of New York City they had a wide radius of country to choose from. One Saturday afternoon would find them bowling along the highways of picturesque Westchester, spending the night at an historic old inn and all the long, lovely Sunday, exploring the stone-walled lanes

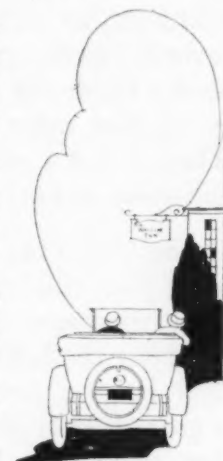
and less traveled roads where the through cars never whizzed, lunching on sandwiches and fruit at the edge of a daisy field and dipping into a new novel or a cheerful volume of essays.

Another week-end might mean a Saturday afternoon spin along the Hudson and at supper-time a picnic fire in the hollow of a hill just off the road and happy chatter till the early moon rose over the trees.

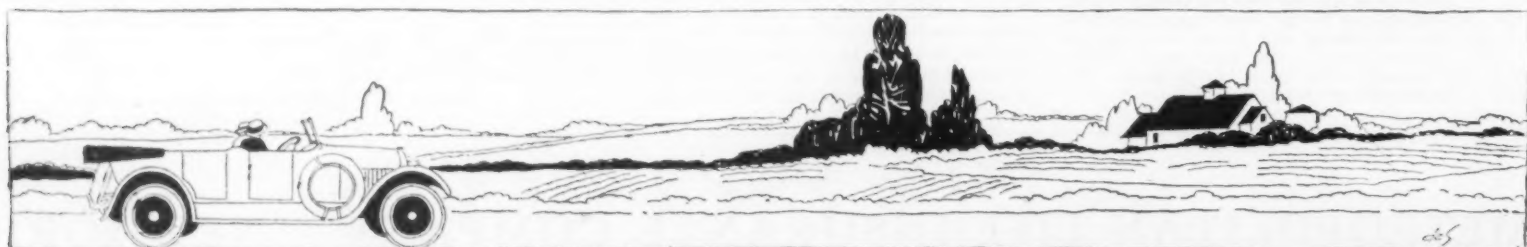
Still another Saturday the trail would lead out into the salt fragrance of Long Island, to a heavenly twenty-four hours by the sea, with breakfast in the yellow sunshine on a wide white beach, a swim in the blue surf and a glorious sail before time to motor back through the twilight into the city.

These country week-ends were as good as an extended vacation for these city dwellers, keeping them fresh and vigorous for the five and a half days of work in between.

Indeed, there's no tonic like motor-tramping. Somehow, the setting-out with all the possibilities that lie ahead is full of zest and as you follow the windings of the road, with its rugged up grades, familiar though it may be, there dawns a certain freedom of the spirit causing worries to dwindle and drop away, and a host of enticing opportunities make life inviting. Your mind fills with plans,—you will add this or that becoming thing to your wardrobe, you will start some worthwhile reading, you will have some delightfully unusual parties next winter, you will run the house more systematically. Everything seems desirable—and possible. To widen the horizons of the spirit there is nothing so powerful—nor so stimulating as turning into a motor gypsy.



See new places and
enjoy the open air



As you follow the road, worries dwindle and drop away, and all life looks inviting! Your mind fills with plans, and everything seems desirable and possible



Baby's Skin Needs **MENNEN'S** to Combat Poisonous Moisture



MENNEN'S
After every bath

MANY skin blemishes and skin disorders that afflict babies are directly due to the effect of *moisture* on the delicate tissues.

Minute quantities of perspiration or urine or water are caught in the skin-folds. Since towelling cannot reach the hidden moisture, it begins to inflame the skin.

To combat poisonous *moisture*, each tiny fleck of Mennen Borated Talcum is as absorbent as a little fairy sponge. Millions of these dainty, drying particles help to keep the skin-folds in healthy condition.

Science has discovered two other foes of baby skin, and the Mennen Laboratories have perfected a defense against each one.

Another cruel enemy

Friction is a daily danger. The rubbing of clothes and bedding against infant skin, the constant contact of the skin-folds, cause painful chafing. But Mennen Borated Talcum overcomes friction by forming an extra protective covering—a smooth, soothing film that guards the sensitive skin.

The third menace is *infection*—so likely to become serious if not checked at the beginning. That is why Mennen skin spe-

cialists have spent half a century in perfecting a wonderful combination of therapeutic ingredients. This famous formula of mild, beneficial antiseptics in Mennen Borated Talcum resists infection and helps to keep baby's skin smooth and lovely.

Mennen Borated Talcum is not simply powdered talcum with a perfume added to it. It is a carefully compounded prescription, containing the finest medicaments known to skin specialists and dermatologists.

One element in the formula affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency and counteracts acidity.

Safeguard your baby

For baby's health and happiness, fight the three cruel enemies that seek to torture the skin. Never omit the application of Mennen Borated Talcum after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful.

Mennen Borated Talcum costs little, but it protects your baby safely and scientifically.



Whenever baby cries



Before each nap

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN

BORATED TALCUM



Every time fresh
diapers are put on



*It's the wise way—
It's the Fairy way!*



FOR generations—in millions of homes of refinement and good taste—it's been the Fairy way! The way to genuine cleanliness and skin health.

The fragrant Fairy lather is balm to sensitive skins. Nothing in it to offend or irritate. If you have a tender skin, Fairy Soap—the easy rinsing soap—is the soap to use.



The handy oval cake is most convenient. It fits the hand. It wears to a thin wafer without breaking—which makes the Fairy way the economical way.

Will you try it for the toilet—for the bath?

It's white! It's pure! It floats!

FAIRY SOAP

A woman lawyer starts with points in her favor when she cultivates an attractive appearance and dresses suitably and becomingly



Before Judge and Jury

By Jean H. Norris

City Magistrate, New York City

IS IT any advantage to a professional woman to be good looking? Should she pay the same attention to her dress and appearance that other women do? In a serious profession like the law, do these things count?

Of course! Every woman wants to look her best, and the personal satisfaction that she receives more than repays her effort. Furthermore, most women are not at ease unless they look their best. How is any woman, if she does not feel at ease, able to give her best efforts to her work, whatever it may be.

But this is not the complete explanation. Aside from the inner satisfaction and peace which it gives every woman to know that even her best friend could find no fault with her toilet, there is a positive advantage for a woman lawyer in presenting a pleasing appearance to both judge and jury. I would not be frank if I did not admit that a good-looking woman will find a jury of men predisposed in her favor and inclined to listen with interest and sympathy to her plea for her client.

Should this be otherwise? It cannot be while men and women remain as they are. After all, it is common for men lawyers to make an address to the jury which appeals to their emotions rather than to their intellects. There are very famous lawyers who do precisely this and it is legitimate for women lawyers to make the same emotional appeal.

In the case of the judge good appearance also operates in favor of a woman lawyer but not in precisely the same way. In my own court I know that subconsciously I resent a man lawyer who appears to argue a case if, for instance, he has not shaved that morning. Fortunately, most lawyers—and this applies to women as well as men—are shrewd enough psychologists to realize the importance of looking their best on every public occasion. Furthermore, one soon discovers that a lawyer who is careless about appearance is apt to be careless in the preparation of a case.

But when we consider the effect upon the judges of a woman lawyer's appearance we must remember that it is

not sufficient that this be pleasing—it must also be suitable. A woman may look her best in low neck and short sleeves but this would be no excuse for arriving at court in an evening gown! This seems so obvious that one might think it unnecessary to point it out but the fact remains that more than one woman lawyer has argued a case in a diaphanous gown that might have won admiration at a bridge party but that was totally out of place in court.

THIS has exactly the same effect upon a man judge that would be produced upon me if a lawyer appeared in a golf suit to defend a client. The golf suit might be becoming enough—but its place is not in court. And no woman lawyer could count on man's traditional ignorance of woman's clothes; they would realize quickly enough that men have a keen sense of what is appropriate in dress if they could hear the remarks that some of my fellow judges have made to me about the clothes worn by some women lawyers who have tried cases before them.

There is another reason—this purely a psychological one—why a woman lawyer should not wear, in court, dresses that are too vivid in coloring. She does not want any divided interest. She does not want her clothes to be competing with her for attention. For this reason many women lawyers wisely wear, in the courtroom, only plain tailor-made clothes or dark one-piece dresses.

We have considered the effect that a woman's appearance has upon the judge and jury—but what about the client?

Without some clients any lawyer, no matter how brilliant, will starve. A lawyer obtains clients because he or she is able to inspire confidence. But it is asking a great deal to expect a prospective client to have confidence in a woman who thinks so little of herself that she does not take the trouble to wear becoming clothes, to arrange her hair attractively and to give thought to the items which together constitute her appearance.



Maybe you don't believe this —then try it yourself



As a perspiration deodorant simply douse on clear Listerine with a towel or washcloth. It evaporates quickly and does what you desire.

YOU have doubtless read a great many advertisements recommending the use of Listerine as a deodorant—as for instance, Listerine for halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath).

But do you really appreciate just how unusual Listerine's deodorizing properties are? Make this test yourself:

Rub a bit of fresh onion on your hand. Douse on a little Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

It will be a revelation to you. And then you will appreciate all the more why Listerine enjoys so widespread a popularity as a deodorant.

Women lately have developed a new use for Listerine. They wanted a perspiration deodorant—one absolutely safe, non-irritating, and one that would not stain garments.

They found it in Listerine—which is, after all, the ideal deodorant. Thousands of men and women will be grateful to us for passing this suggestion along. Try Listerine this way some day when you don't have time for a tub or shower. See how clean and refreshed it makes you feel.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A. * * * * * Makers also of Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Throat Tablets

LISTERINE



—The safe antiseptic

Rags Martin-Jones and the Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 7)

stay more than a week anyhow," she added.

"But Rags—"

"Why should I? There isn't an interesting man in New York."

"But listen Rags, won't you give me a chance? Won't you stay for say ten days and get to know me a little?"

"Know you!" Her tone implied that he was already a far too open book.

"Well, what do you want me to be?" he demanded resentfully. "A cross between an English actor and an amusement park?"

"I want a man who's capable of a gallant gesture."

"Do you mean you want me to express myself entirely in pantomime?" Rags uttered a disgusted sigh.

"I mean you haven't any imagination," she explained patiently. "No Americans have any imagination. Paris is the only city where a civilized person can exist. Paris is the capital of the world."

"Don't you care for me at all any more?"

"I wouldn't have crossed the Atlantic to see you if I didn't. But as soon as I looked over the Americans on the boat I knew I couldn't marry you. I'd just hate you, John, and the only fun I'd have out of it would be the fun of breaking your heart." She began to twist herself down among the cushions until she almost disappeared from view.

"I've lost my monocle," she exclaimed. After an unsuccessful search in the silken depths she discovered the illusive glass hanging down the back of her neck.

"I'd love to be in love," she went on, replacing the monocle in her childish eye. "Last spring in Rome I almost eloped with an Indian Rajah, but he was half a shade too dark and I took an intense dislike to one of his other wives."

"Don't talk that rubbish!" cried John, sinking his face into his hands.

WELL, I didn't marry him," she protested. "But in one way he had a lot to offer. He was the third richest subject of the British Empire. That's another thing, are you rich?"

"Not as rich as you."

"There you are. What have you to offer me?"

"Love."

"Love!" She disappeared again among the cushions. "Listen, John. Life to me is a series of glistening bazaars with a merchant in front of each one rubbing his hands together and saying 'Patronize this place here. Best bazaar in the world.' So I go in with my purse full of beauty and money and youth, all prepared to buy. 'What have you got for sale,' I ask him, and he rubs his hands together and says: 'Well, Mademoiselle, today we have some perfectly beautiful love.' Sometimes he hasn't even got that in stock but he sends out for it when he finds I have so much money to spend. Oh, he always gives that to me before I go, and for nothing. That's the one revenge I have." John Chestnut rose despairingly to his feet and took a step toward the window.

"Don't throw yourself out," Rags exclaimed quickly.

"I won't." He tossed his cigarette down into Madison Avenue.

"It isn't just you," she said in a softer voice. "Dull and uninspired as you are I care for you more than I can say. But life's so stupid here. Nothing ever happens."

"Loads of things happen," he insisted. "Why, today there was a bank robbed in Brooklyn and a triple suicide in Maine, two dozen oil swindles in New York City—"

"Yes," she said ironically, "and little Jimmy Groody's cat fell out the window and broke its spine. Fascinating! Why, John, last month I sat at a dinner table while two men planned to break up the Kingdom of Schwartzberg-Rhine-minster. In Paris I knew a man named Fernduc who was going down to the Balkans and start a New War." "Well," he said doggedly, "just for a change you come out with me tonight."

"Where to?" demanded Rags with scorn. "Do you think I can get a thrill from a cabaret and a bottle of bootleg champagne? I prefer my own gaudy dreams."

"I'll take you to the most amusing place in the city."

"What'll happen? You've got to tell me what'll happen." John Chestnut suddenly drew a long breath and looked cautiously around as if he were afraid of being overheard.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he said in a low worried tone, "if everything was known something pretty awful would be liable to happen to me."

She sat upright and the pillows tumbled about her like leaves. "Do you mean to imply that there's anything shady in your life?" she cried, with laughter in her voice. "Do you expect me to believe that? No, John, you'll have your fun by plugging ahead on the beaten path, just plugging ahead."

Her mouth, a small insolent rose, dropped the words on him like thorns. John took his hat and coat from the chair and picked up his cane.

"For the last time, will you come along with me tonight and see what we can see?"

"See what? See whom? Is there anything in this country worth seeing?"

"Well," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "for one thing you'll see the Prince of Wales."

"What?" She left the chaise longue at a bound. "Is he in New York?"

"He will be tonight. Would you care to see him?"

"Would I? I'd give a year of my life to see him for an hour." Her voice trembled with excitement.

"He's been in Canada. He's down here incognito for the big prize fight this afternoon. And I happen to know where he's going to be tonight."

Rags gave a sharp ecstatic cry: "Felice! Louise! Nanine!" The three maids came running. The room seemed to fill

suddenly with vibrations of wild, startled light.

"Felice, the car!" cried Rags. "Louise, my gold dress and the slippers with the real gold heels! The big pearls too, all the pearls, and the egg diamond and the stockings with the sapphire clocks! Nanine, send for the hairdresser on the run. My bath again, ice cold and half full of almond cream! Felice, Tiffany's like lightning, before they close! Find me a bracelet, a brooch, a pendant, anything, it doesn't matter, with the arms of the House of Windsor!" She was fumbling at the buttons of her dress, and as John turned it was already sliding from her shoulders.

"Orchids, for the love of heaven! Four dozen, so I can choose four."

And then maids flew here and there about the room like frightened birds. "Perfume, Louise, bring out all my perfume and my white sable and my diamond garters and the sweet oil for my hands! Here, take these things! This too, and this, Ouch! and this!" With becoming modesty John Chestnut closed the outside door. The six trustees in various postures of fatigue, of ennui, of resignation, of despair were still cluttering up the outer hall.

"Gentlemen," announced John Chestnut, "I fear that Miss Martin-Jones is much too weary from her trip to talk to you this afternoon."

THIS place, for no particular reason, is called the Hole in the Sky." Rags looked around her. They were on a roof garden wide open to the April night. Overhead the true stars winked cold and the moon was a sliver of ice in the dark west. But where they stood it was warm as June and the couples dining or dancing on the inevitable central floor were unconcerned with the forbidding sky.

"What makes it so warm?" she whispered as they moved toward a table.

"It's some new trick that keeps the warm air from rising. I don't know the principle of the thing, but I know it's open like this even in the middle of winter. Do you see that man at the corner table? That's the heavyweight champion of the world. He knocked out the challenger at five o'clock this afternoon."

"Where's the Prince of Wales?" she demanded tensely.

John looked around. "He hasn't arrived yet. He won't be here for about half an hour."

She sighed profoundly. "It's the first time I've been excited in four years." Four years, one less than he had loved her. He wondered if when she was sixteen, a wild lovely child, sitting up all night in restaurants with officers who were to leave for France next day, losing the glamor of life too soon in the old, sad, poignant days of war, she had ever been so lovely as under these amber lights and this dark sky. From her excited eyes to her tiny slipper heels which were striped with layers of real silver and gold, she was like one of those amazing ships that are carved complete in a bottle. She was finished with that delicacy, with that care; as though the long lifetime of some worker in fragility had been used to make her so. John Chestnut wanted to take her up in his hands, turn her this way and that, examine the tip of a slipper or the tip of an ear or squint closely at the fairy stuff from which her lashes were made.

Rags became suddenly aware of the sound of violins and drums but the music seemed to come from far away, seemed to float over the crisp night and on to the floor with the added remoteness of a dream.

"The orchestra's on another roof," exclaimed John. "It's a new idea. Look, the entertainment's beginning."

A negro girl, thin as a reed, emerged suddenly from a masked entrance into a circle or harsh barbaric light, startled the music to a wild minor and commenced to sing a rhythmic, tragic song. The pipe of her body broke abruptly and she began a slow incessant step, without progress and without hope, like the failure of a savage insufficient dream. She had lost Papa Jack, she cried over and over with a hysterical monotony at once despairing and unreconciled. One by one the loud horns tried to force her from the steady beat of madness but she listened only to the mutter of the drums which were isolating her in some lost place in time among many thousand forgotten years. After the failure of the piccolo, she made herself again into a thin brown line, wailed once with a sharp and terrible intensity, then vanished into sudden darkness.

"If you lived in New York you wouldn't need to be told who she is," said John when the amber lights flashed on. "Every performer here has made an immense personal hit in some current revue. The next fella is a comedian of the fatuous, garrulous type. It seems to me that he's the funniest man in the world—"

He broke off. Just as the lights went down for the second number Rags had given a long sigh and leaned forward tensely in her chair. Her eyes were rigid like the eyes of a pointer dog and John saw that they were fixed on a party that had come through some side entrance and were arranging themselves around a table in the half darkness. The table was shielded with palms and Rags at first made out only three dim forms. Then she distinguished a fourth who seemed to be placed well behind the other three, a pale oval of a face topped with a glimmer of dark yellow hair.

"Hello!" ejaculated John. "There's his majesty now."

Her breath seemed to die murmurously in her throat. She was dimly aware that the comedian was now standing in a glow of white light on the dancing floor, that he had been talking for some moments and that there was a

constant ripple of laughter in the air. But her eyes remained motionless, enchanted. She saw one of the party bend and whisper to another, and after the low glitter of a match the bright button of a cigarette end gleamed in the background. How long it was before she moved she did not know. Then something seemed to happen to her eyes, something white, something terribly urgent and she wrenched about sharply to find herself full in the center of a baby spotlight from above.

"Sit still!" John was whispering across the table. "He picks somebody out for this every night." Then she realized—it was the comedian. He was talking to her, arguing with her, about something that seemed incredibly funny to everyone else, but came to her ears only as a blur of muddled sound.

"You'll admit I gave you the pass," he was saying. "It was a real pass, see? Because here you are. But was it much of a kiss. Be—practically honest with me. If I'd given you that kind of a pass it wouldn't have got you past the coat-room."

Instinctively she had composed her face at the first shock of the light and now she smiled. It was a gesture of rare self-possession. Into this smile she insinuated a vast impersonality as if she were unconscious of the light, unconscious of his attempt to play upon her loveliness—but amused at an infinitely removed him, whose darts might have been thrown just as successfully at the moon. She was no longer a "lady"—a lady would have been harsh or pitiful or absurd; Rags stripped her attitude to a sheer consciousness of her own impervious beauty, sat there glittering until the comedian began to feel alone as he had never felt alone before. At a signal from him the spotlight was switched suddenly out. The moment was over. The mien was over, the comedian left the floor and the faraway music began. John leaned toward her.

"I'm sorry. There really wasn't anything to do. You were wonderful." She dismissed the incident with a casual laugh, then she started, there were now only two men sitting at the table across the floor.

"He's gone!" she exclaimed in quick distress.

"Don't worry, he'll be back. He's got to be awful careful, you see, so he's probably waiting outside with one of his aides until it gets dark again. He's not supposed to be in New York. He's even in Canada under another name." The lights dimmed again and almost immediately a dark haired man appeared out of the darkness and was standing by their table.

"May I introduce myself," he said rapidly to John in a supercilious British voice. "Lord Charles Estey, of Baron Marchbanks' party." He glanced at John closely as if to be sure that he appreciated the significance of the name. John nodded.

"That is of course between ourselves."

"Of course." Rags groped on the table for her untouched champagne and tipped the glassful down her throat.

"Baron Marchbanks begs that the lady join his party during this number." Both men looked at Rags. There was a moment's pause.

"Very well," she said, glanced back again interrogatively at John. Again he nodded. Then she rose and with her heart beating wildly threaded the tables, making the half circuit of the room; then melted, a slim figure in shimmering gold, into the table set in half darkness.

THE number drew to a close and John Chestnut sat alone at his table, stirring auxiliary bubbles in his glass of champagne. Just as the lights went on there was a soft rasp of gold cloth and Rags, flushed and breathing quickly, sank into her chair. Her eyes were shining with tears. John looked at her moodily.

"Well, what did he say?"

"He was very quiet."

"Didn't he say a word?" Her hand trembled as she took up her glass of champagne.

"He just—looked at me while it was dark. And we said a few things, conventional things. He was like his pictures, only he looks very bored and tired. He didn't even ask my name."

"Is he leaving New York tonight?"

"In half an hour. He and his aides have a car outside and they expect to be over the border before dawn."

"Did you find him fascinating?" She hesitated and then slowly nodded her head.

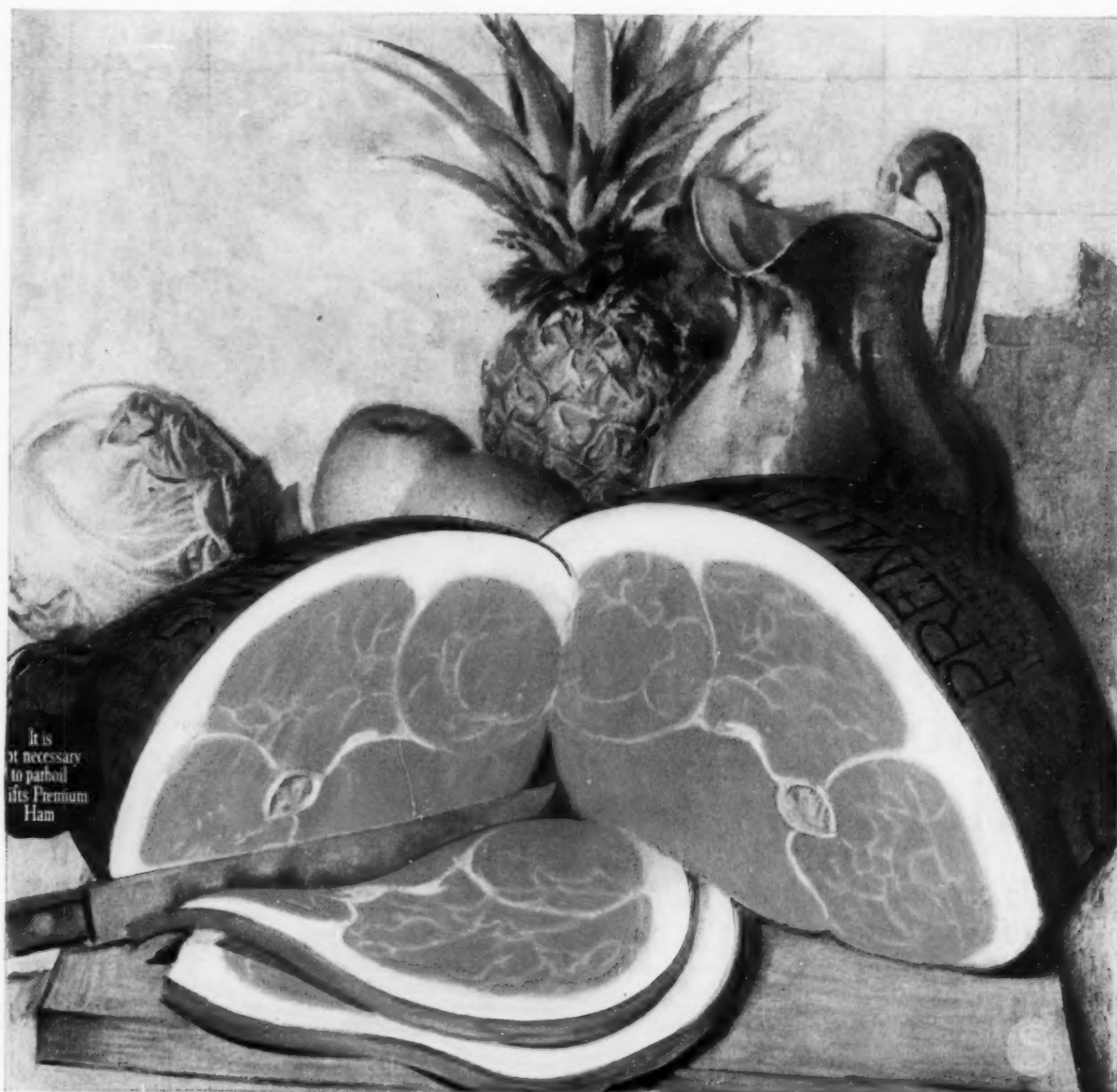
"That's what everybody says," admitted John glumly. "Do they expect you back there?"

"I don't know." She looked uncertainly across the floor but the celebrated personage had again withdrawn from his table to some retreat outside. Just as she turned back an utterly strange young man who had been standing for a moment in the main entrance came toward them with an air of hurry. He was a deathly pale person in a disheveled business suit and he laid a trembling hand on John Chestnut's shoulder.

"Monte!" exclaimed John, starting up so suddenly that he upset his champagne. "What is it? What's the matter?"

"They've picked up the trail!" said the young man in a shaken whisper. He looked around. "I've got to speak to you alone." John got to his feet and Rags noticed that his face too had become white as the napkin in his hand. He excused himself and they retreated to an unoccupied table a few feet away. Rags watched them curiously for a moment then she resumed her scrutiny of the table across the floor. Would she be asked to come back? The Prince had simply risen and bowed and gone outside. Perhaps she should have waited until he returned. The pale person named Monte disappeared and John returned to the table. Rags was startled to find that a

(Turn to page 48)



To the accepted goodness of Swift's Premium Ham one adds both economy and variety by purchasing a whole ham at a time and cutting it three ways, the shank end for boiling, the butt for baking, and the center slices for frying or broiling.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



Premium Ham with Fruit Salad

Place the butt end of a Premium Ham in cold water, heat to boiling point and simmer gently, allowing about 30 minutes to the pound. Remove the rind, cover the fat with brown sugar and bake one hour. Serve cold with fruit salad.

Swift & Company

Will Your Hair Stand Close Inspection?

Is it soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking—full of life and lustre

YOUR hair, more than anything else, makes or spoils your whole appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Wear your hair becomingly; always have it beautifully clean and well kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through-

out the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy Mulsified lather. This

should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the fingertips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beauti-



ful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—fine for men.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



Artful Ways to Happy Hospitality

List to These Lists, O Woman Who Aspires to Be Both a Comfortable and a Comforting Hostess!

By Lucy A. Studley

Assistant Professor, Home Management Section, University of Minnesota

SUMMER, more than any other season it seems, calls to the homemaker to come out of the kitchen, the laundry and the sewing-room and to enjoy life with her family and her friends. Picnics, camping, motoring, beach parties, cool afternoon tea parties on a shady porch, the long-anticipated visit of a friend, each makes its demands on her time and resourcefulness. But women are

finding that true hospitality means more simple entertaining whereby the hostess can give herself, untired and unruffled, to her guests and enjoy them.

All of us who have been entertained in a home know that it adds to a guest's pleasure to feel that her coming or staying does not increase the homemaker's work too much. This month we are giving you helps which other women have

discovered to make hospitality the joy it was meant to be, both to guest and hostess.

In the first list are the least expensive articles, many of which can be made at home; in the second list are the slightly more expensive things, and in the third list are the most costly but correspondingly more helpful items. Won't you write to me in care of *McCall's Magazine* and tell me what other helps you have found?

LIST I

PICNIC BASKET (splint or willow without fittings)
PAPER NAPKINS AND TABLECLOTHS
PAPER SPOONS AND FORKS
PAPER CUPS AND WAX CONTAINERS
FIRE WOOD OF CONVENIENT SIZE (if you have a fireplace in living-room or guest-room)
EXTRA CUPS AND SAUCERS (for afternoon tea)
INDIVIDUAL TEA BAGS (small bags made of cheesecloth and filled with tea)
GUEST BOOK (may be a note book with attractive home-made cover) for house guests to sign
NOTE BOOK FOR GUESTS' LIKES AND DISLIKES (hour of rising, favorite dishes, and so forth, jotted down by hostess)

CLOSET SPACE FOR GUESTS' USE
CLOTHES HANGERS
COVERS FOR DRESSES
HAT BOX FOR GUESTS' USE (may be ordinary box decorated with fancy paper)
SHOE TREES
INDIVIDUAL POWDER PUFFS (small puffs of absorbent cotton tied with ribbon, for guests' use)
WASTE BASKET (for guest-room)
FOLDING SCREEN (for guest-room or to give privacy to guest's bed)
SMALL BEDSIDE TABLE, to hold:
BOOKS AND CURRENT MAGAZINES
FLOWERS
BEDSIDE LAMP (electric or candle)
WATER BOTTLE OR PITCHER AND GLASS
FLASH LIGHT



LIST II

CAMPING EQUIPMENT (blankets, cooking utensils, canned foods, and so forth)
TEA SET
TEA NAPKINS AND TEA CLOTH
LEMON FORK AND PLATE
EMERGENCY SHELF IN PANTRY (stocked with canned foods, prepared and semi-prepared foods, pickles, preserves, relishes, and so forth for emergency meals)



GUEST NIGHT DRESS, KIMONO, SLIPPERS and so forth
GUEST TOWELS
GUEST COMB, BRUSH, FACE CREAM, TALCUM, TOOTHBRUSH, SOAP and so forth
GUEST-ROOM CLOCK
STATIONERY, WRITING MATERIALS AND STAMPS for guests' use
BREAKFAST TRAY, and
INDIVIDUAL BREAKFAST SERVICE (for serving guest's breakfast in room if desired)

List #3



LIST III

ELECTRIC CHAFING DISH
ELECTRIC TOASTER, or ELECTRIC GRILL
ELECTRIC WAFFLE IRON
ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR
SAMOVAR (may or may not be electric)
NEST OF TABLES (small tables which fit inside each other)
TEA CART
OPEN FIREPLACE (if possible)
EXTRA TABLE LINEN
EXTRA GUEST-ROOM LINEN
GUEST-ROOM (if possible), or
EXTRA BED (may be davenport)
EXTRA BED CLOTHES STORAGE SPACE
FITTED PICNIC AND AUTO HAMPER (with knives, forks, plates, cups, vacuum bottle and so forth)
LABOR-SAVING DEVICES TO GIVE HOSTESS MORE LEISURE (as electric laundry equipment, vacuum cleaner, fireless cooker, oven heat regulator, service wagon and so forth)

THE hostess who is doing her own housework, yet wishes to entertain simply and charmingly, will find our booklet, "Entertaining Without a Maid," very helpful. This booklet describes correct table service for informal meals. It will be sent this month without charge, on receipt of your address and a two-cent stamp to pay postage. Write to the Service Editor, *McCall's Magazine*, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



Sunburn Hurts!

Here's a famous "friend in need" for summer

For instance, bathing.

A wonderful day on the beach!

But that night and the day after. Gee, how that sunburn hurts! That tender white skin of yours has turned to so many square inches of flaming, throbbing misery.

"What shall I do?"

Do this—for quick and sure relief. Rub in Unguentine gently but thoroughly. The burning pain begins to die away at once. What a relief! Soon well. Sunburn's pain forgotten—Unguentine remembered.

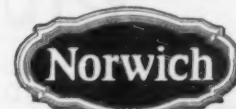
So many things happen to the skin in summer, sunburn, windburn, poison ivy, insect bites, prickly heat, chafing—cuts, burns, bruises, blisters. For these, "Unguentine—quick!" Because Unguentine stops pain, prevents infection, heals quickly, prevents scars.

Ask your druggist today for the convenient tube of Unguentine. Price 50c.

Pronounced UN-GWEN-TEEN

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

Laboratories—Norwich, New York
New York Chicago Kansas City



—a trusted name
on pharmaceutical preparations

Return this coupon. Test Unguentine yourself

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., NORWICH, N. Y.
Enclosed find 2c in stamps for trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What to Do" (for little ailments and real emergencies) by Michael Webster Storer, M. D.
Name..... M 10
Address.....
City and State.....



Can you pick up pins with gloves on? It's just as hard to dig tartar out of crevices between your teeth with the wrong kind of brush. Look at this photograph. It is a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush at work. The saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts dig in after tartar and germs like a dog digging for a rabbit. Germs haven't a chance against a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush rightly used.

Teeth are beautiful when they are clean

YOUR own teeth grow to suit your appearance. Nature creates your teeth in harmony with your face and form. They need not be small, or even uniform, to be beautiful. Your teeth are beautiful when you keep them clean and gleaming white.

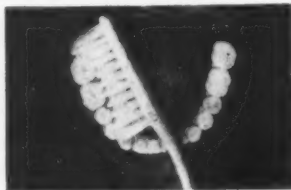
To keep your teeth clean and beautiful, you must brush them well. Dentifrices help to keep unclean, destructive tartar off your teeth, but the essential is to brush with the right kind of brush.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is correctly designed to keep your teeth clean. You can see in the photograph above how the Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans the outer surfaces of all teeth. The photographs below show how it cleans the inner surfaces and the big back teeth.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—adult's, youth's, and child's—come in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. Always look for the Yellow Box when you buy a tooth brush. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet on the care of teeth. Florence Manufacturing Company, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.



The saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts reach the outside surface of every tooth and all crevices.



The large end tuft cleans the inside surface of every tooth, especially the backs of back teeth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX

"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"

The Man-Eater

[Continued from page 20]

in a kind of unholy Sabbath quiet, encountered no one to check their progress. The settlement, from end to end, contained women, stupidly afraid; children motionless, naked, like bronze statues with living eyes that watched gravely; two infirm grandfathers, one bed-ridden, the other blind with cataract, neither of whom would speak.

At last, Morgan paused in the shade of a house front, not for rest, but for a bit of thinking. The troopers near by, each man with carbine in hand, watched up and down the valley suspecting mischief to come at any moment from anywhere, above all from that green cover of trees by the brook. He could not partake of their hope. The village was empty and blank. Where to move next he did not know, and to wait was torment.

Bare feet pattered in dust. Round the corner of the house, before him, popped a small head, a brown chubby face with sparkling eyes, and a naked arm that beckoned. These withdrew as quick as a rat into a hole. Morgan walked round the corner and ran into a very small boy, who dodged back grinning, with a salaam. "Sahib, I know," he whispered. "I can take you where the memsahib is."

Morgan stared, though all the time he had looked for some such word. "Yes? Then do."

"But it is a long way," murmured the urchin. "And you must come alone."

"You're a bright boy," Morgan smiled at him. "Alone? Do you think that is likely?"

A grin of diabolic humor crossed the child's face and left it solemn. "I speak the truth. If you come alone, you shall find her. Not otherwise. And it is true, for I am the messenger of an old friend. Look, sahib. I bring a token."

On the boy's palm lay a knife—a clasp-knife, shut, with stag-horn haft and a farrier's hook. It was the tool with which Morgan had removed a pebble from her horse's hoof, and which his old jemadar, Afzal Khan, had coveted as a parting gift. "Who gave you this?"

"He." The malicious black eyes glittered with understanding. "The owner. He to whom you gave it."

This might be true or false. No matter, no alternative, here had come the one chance. "Lead off, then, I go with you."

"But first, another thing," urged the boy. "First, the *sowars* must go back from this village. You must leave them at the Boiler, sahib."

"Come. I accept the terms." At the house he bought what food the women had to sell, a bag of *roti*, flat unleavened bread, half a cheese made from goat's milk, and a bottle of good fresh water. These he carried himself, because they were for her, when found. Returning by the hill above the Snake's Belly, he ordered his men, a disconsolate seven, down to join the three with the horses, and wait.

Then he turned to his boy guide. "Now show the way."

Those little copper legs were very nimble. Westerly toward the lowering sun, up and down over pathless rock hurried the boy. Morgan had seen bad country in his day, but after climbing for an hour, crossing a ridge, and entering a new and higher intricacy of gorges, he felt himself to be a novice.

"Give up thinking ahead. Go on. Walk into the snare, then do what little or nothing you can." So his other self commanded, yet by habit, although he might never employ the knowledge, he studied their course with vigilance, often looking back to fix landmarks for the return. At sunset the pair toiled up a steep defile, between slides of broken rock, egg-shaped, keen-pointed, as though lightning had blasted a hill into macadam. The boy, with his tattered sandals, winced at every step. Gaining the upper end of this pass, he halted for breath. Above them opened, eight feet wide and perhaps one hundred high, a black slit. Half way through, an owl

suddenly fluttered through the darkness and escaped. When they came out, the boy cried, "There, sahib!"

To the right, perched high and four-square, tapering somewhat to its flat top, stood a dark tower.

"You will find her." The boy started on, climbing a ledge that curved up toward this block of masonry. Morgan, as he followed, slipped his wrist into the thong of his revolver, and hung the food bag on his other forearm, ready to be dropped. The ledge broadened at the foot of a stone platform, twenty feet high, against which leaned a ladder.

"Up, sahib," whispered the urchin, and with the words ran off. A speck of gray loin-cloth, he vanished into rock.

Morgan's heart beat quickly while he mounted the rungs.

It was almost a shock to find the platform bare. He hoisted his bag upon it, then crawled after, and stood up. Across the platform, with door open, a stump of native rock, rose the dark tower. He gripped the butt of his Webley, stole to the door, and leaned his head gradually past the edge of the jamb. He saw nothing but a bare stone room. Its black walls and floor quenched what twilight strayed within. A bundle was leaning propped in one corner. He had set foot on the threshold, when this bundle moved, took shape through the gloom, and lifted a head with a glimmer of bright hair. It was Miriam Wayne. She sat upright, stared, then gave a cry of joy. "Childe Roland!" Delight breaking through the words told him he was expected. "Hush!" said Morgan. "Come. Quick as you can." Without waiting for her, he turned to cross the platform. As he did so, there came a loud murmur of voices, a shuffle of bare feet.

He turned back to her. "Miriam. They're coming."

"Your men?" She watched his dark face grow strange, as though he were fighting off mortal sickness.

"No, dear. Pathans. Waziris. I have no men. I came alone. It was the only way to find you." Quickly he had confessed. With this deadly fact he struck her.

"Alone?" To his wonder, he saw tears fill her eyes, and knew they were for him. Before the selflessness of this woman's look in the twilight, Morgan's heart and soul bowed down.

"You are the bravest of gentlemen," she said. "And I love you. It is right you should know. If I could do more—" She gave her hand. He bent and touched it with his lips.

"Come. They are here," he said. "Stand close by me, face them, and do whatever I tell you. They will let you go. I have a plan. Come."

They passed through the doorway hand in hand. Long-robed Waziri men, a quiet procession, were stepping one by one over the topmost round of the ladder, and moving in line gravely to join a crowd already gathered across the far end of the platform. Tribesman after tribesman walked to his place, then waited. The tower platform was broad. They numbered forty or fifty, as Morgan guessed, yet thus packed in order they left a wide space empty on which to view their prisoners.

Two faces dominated the crowd, known faces that in the general staring fixity wore each a look of significance and purpose. The front row curved somewhat inward, forming a rough semicircle. On the left of this Afzal Khan, hook-nosed, thin-lipped, stood with head and shoulders thrown back, like a falcon roused at sight of prey. Near the center Gulab Din of the purple beard, his eyes bloodshot with drink held a swaggering attitude.

"Don't be surprised at what I do," said Morgan. "Here goes, I'll be back alongside you at once." With that, holding his revolver by the muzzle, he walked straight to Afzal Khan. "Here. I am your prisoner." He offered the butt of the weapon. [Turn to page 38]

Screen Stars in America, Royalty Abroad —Fashionable Women Everywhere Turn to Nestle's

No More Nightly Curlers, Hot Irons or Fluids
The Famous Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Will Safely
Transform Your Straight Hair Into Natural, Lasting
Curls and Waves—Price Only \$15

Our Own EVA NOVAK, dazzling and gifted Metro Star, writes, "Your Home Outfit is wonderful, Mr. Nestle." Our illustrated booklet is gladly sent free on request



Below: "Everyone says mine is the prettiest wave they have ever seen," writes MISS VESTA P. DOOSE, 1449 Norwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"I am delighted with my little five and one-half year old daughter's wave," writes MRS. CHARLES M. HALE, 303 W. Church St., Americus, Ga.

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"LANOIL" improves the hair. No breakage, frizz or harshness is possible. One Outfit can wave the entire family.

SUMMER is here, and so is your ever-present hair curling problem, unless you give yourself lasting curls, waves and ringlets with the famous Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit.

Water is a Friend to Nestle "LANOIL" Waves

A single waving with this dainty invention of the illustrious New York hair genius, Mr. Charles Nestle, will convert your straight hair safely, quickly, and comfortably into natural waves, curls and ringlets, not just for a few hours, but for ALL THE TIME, and bathing, perspiration, shampoos, fog and moisture will only make them prettier every day.

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The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for permanent waving has been tested and approved by the experimental staffs of the best magazines. It is endorsed by many thousands of users—whose gratitude and satisfaction are recorded in such photographs and letters as the above. It has been on the market successfully for nearly two years. And everywhere, it has been sent on our thirty days' free trial offer.

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Imagine the pleasure, the freedom and the self-confidence that lasting waves and curls will give you all summer long. Imagine the admiration they will bring you. To see how it will transform your straight hair, send the coupon, or a letter, or postal today for your Home Outfit. Wave your hair with the free trial materials we send with it. Then wait. Wash, brush, comb, test your waves, curls and ringlets in every way you see fit, and if they do not become prettier every day, return the Outfit, and

WE GUARANTEE that every cent of its \$15 cost, deposited with us or with your postman, will be refunded immediately, without question, deduction or delay.

Nestle's have been established in Paris, Berlin and London since 1905, and in New York since 1915, where in two magnificent establishments, they wave New York's smartest women with their wonderful "LANOIL" Process. You can depend absolutely on their guarantee. Remember too that one Outfit will wave as many heads as you desire—so send for yours today, and enjoy lovely, natural waves, curls and ringlets through rain or shine, from now on.

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The Man-Eater

[Continued from page 36]

"You took me in a cunning snare, and I submit to you. But this lady, the child of your colonel's sister—let her go free."

The reply dismayed him. For a moment the old jemadar, tossing his head yet higher, sneered with cold eyes. "The shaitan of an Englishman thinks I am still his hired bullock." Afzal Khan jerked the revolver away and laughed. "We are all free men here. At the barber's wedding every man is a lord."

Morgan returned to her side, without hope, but without change of countenance. A few of the younger Waziris cackled. It was Gulab Din who rebuked their levity, though himself grinning.

Morgan moved forward again and spoke. "To you all, I, your enemy, walked here alone of my own will, to bargain this life"—he struck his breast—"for that." And made a sign of the hand toward Miriam. "No one can say it was not the deed of a man."

He stepped back, and waited. The councilors of state had a new thing to ponder; they turned their heads one to another, frowning, muttering; and of these heads a few nodded in approval. "The deed," growled some one, "of a man. True."

He felt her arm against his, a contact light as thistle-down, thrilling as a current of new strength.

"And now I say my word." The broad Gulab Din rolled himself loose from his neighbors and spread his bosom comfortably. "I have never been a hired bullock. Twice have I caught this infidel, this firebrand of hell, the *balak-chor* who stole my bride and sent her home shameless. Do I want his leavings? No. Let the woman go free. She is not worth a goat. But he, the Man-Eater, is mine. Him I take down that ladder, out through Zaghar's Mouth, now, before sunrise, and kill."

"He will send you home," said Morgan to Miriam Wayne, and went quickly to the ladder-head. "Good. A bargain. Ready, Gulab Din."

A harsher voice checked him. "O fool, and blind!" cried Afzal Khan, jumping forward in a rage. "Bargain for what we hold in hand? Do you not see?" He shook his fist at Morgan. "The fellow is ours, and he would buy a mouse-hole for a hundred rupees! It is a trick, who can tell? Ours? No, he is mine. I sent the knife. It was my sister's child, Miriam Bibi, whom he stole and flung away to her death, when we were milk and sugar together. Two-hearted hypocrite, he blackens the world for me. I know his ways, I have ridden with him. No more of us he shall eat, nor the woman go down to breed more like him. They are both mine, and I kill both."

Morgan could not believe the furious words. He turned, to speak. But in Afzal Khan's predatory face the eyes glittered as with madness. There was no hatred, they told him, like the hatred of a lost friend.

"I am more than nine years old," sneered Gulab Din, as cool as the other was hot. "I have cut my *nab* tooth. The man is mine. Stand away."

Two Pathans, laying hold of Afzal Khan by his robe, would have restrained him. The old jemadar knocked them flying with a backward sweep of both arms, and strutted into the open, his hand upon the hilt of his government sword. "Yours?" he bellowed. "You?"

He spat out one short word that names a swindler, a coward, and something even more beastly. It had a quick but unforeseen effect. Roaring, Gulab Din bent to snatch up his *chura*, and ran forward, head down, the long straight knife gripped low, pointed like a lance. Yet in full career he swerved round the jemadar and came charging Morgan.

It seemed years while he crossed the platform. There was time to wonder at the lightness of that bulk, to see how the purple hairy bush became heliotrope under his mouth, to see the blade shine like glass. Morgan felt his own movement to be slower than all, clogged with

time, as he dived face down on the black slabs. An ankle beneath a flap of skirt jarred into his hands. He caught it with all his might, shoved while he slid and let go quickly. A tiny hot sting, like the nick of a razor, passed between his shoulder-blades.

He would have risen, but bare feet trampled over him. Sitting up, and turning, he saw the platform edge lined with Pathan backs. Afzal Khan, dealing here a curse and there a blow, fought to clear them from the head of the ladder. "Aye, look down!" he jeered while he smote. "A bird without wings! Look down and see it!"

Morgan got dizzily on his legs, and saw below the ladder, below the shelf of rocky path from which it leaned to the platform wall, a grayish figure sprawling across a rock, some hundred feet down the ebony funnel. Gulab Din, a bird without wings, had flown clear of everything from the verge, and landed on his back. With head hanging, beard uppermost, his neck evidently broken, he lay spitted upon his own knife.

"Another deed of a man," said the jemadar, and pointed down at the sprawling body. "That would have taken my kill, a moment ago." He turned to Morgan, savagely. "Go down, you and your woman," he snarled. "The sun must not find you two alive."

The crowd parted from about them, right and left. Morgan went slowly to Miriam, who returned with him. Her face was very white; her hand was cold, but it did not tremble in his.

Morgan, with no sense of intervening action, was presently on the ledge, behind Miriam. They were climbing down the path. Above them a great shout rose, a tumult of curses, and a crash. Morgan did not look round. He knew that Afzal Khan came driving them, with a long double-barreled pistol in each hand.

Morgan felt only that his back was wet, and his last ounce of strength was going. He had better turn here to fight if he could. Facing round, he managed to keep his feet.

"Go on, sahib." The hole was not full of Waziris. No one stood here but Afzal Khan grinning his old wicked grin, and offering his pair of long pistols butt first.

"Take them, sahib, and shoot me if you will, for the names I called you. What else could I do? The one safe messenger had gone to your station, and how could I trust my cousin's little boy? We are all liars. But he has thrown down the ladder." What was this fellow saying? Morgan looked on him with drunken eyes.

"Go forward, sahib. It is only a scratch. They are here, outside the Mouth. Go you first, for I do not care to be shot by them." It was all without meaning, all. Morgan put a hand to the rock, made his body turn, and reeled on, for he heard Miriam cry to him aloud.

Past a corner, the fullness of red sunshine dazzled him. There were horses, men in khaki, good silly old Bashan, a lot of chaps he knew in this dream. Why were they all so staring and grim and tired?

"Who's the Pathan?" barked the colonel's voice. "Look out, there!"

"Don't shoot," begged Afzal Khan laughing. "I've come back for more of your bread and salt. The taste lingers in a man's throat, sahib. And I can't go home now for a year or two!"

The sunshine was turning white and closing in a circle. Miriam's face was the last to go. "Quick!" she was calling. "His back's all blood!"

"A scratch." His jemadar answered from farther and farther off. "I walked behind him and saw it. A love-pat of the blade... do him good."

"Bare-headed. The sun." He could not keep his voice down. It squeaked. "Go back to the tower and fetch her helmet, please, will you, somebody—"

So saying, the Man-Eater leaned against Miriam and fainted in her arms.

[The End]

Educating Mother

[Continued from page 2]

had no success whatever in finding out for herself.

I believe it has always been said that the mothers of one generation are shocked at what their children think and feel and want to do, in the next. A general feeling is attributed to the elders that nothing is like it used to be, that the world in general is going to the bows, and that youth is daring to an unprecedented degree. We have progressed so rapidly in matters of discipline and invention that one lifetime will encompass methods of transit running from an ox cart through every kind and degree of transportation up to the automobile and airplanes and submarines. My mother mounted her horse and rode miles to have an hour's conversation with a neighbor. Today she could go to a telephone and talk across the continent, while radio makes a program in Los Angeles audible in London.

We are forced to admit that things are going at a speed that the world never before has known, so it has become necessary for the mothers of the present day to readjust themselves, to try to find out exactly what is going on in the world, and how they are to manage the task of keeping in touch with their youngsters, of exercising some degree of influence and restraint on situations with which they do not agree. I am fairly sure that every sane mother would prefer not to see her daughter smoking cigarettes for physical reasons, if she has no moral objections. I am very sure that she would not agree to her girl's carrying a flask, nor want her to gamble for money, to indulge in the undue personal contact of many of the risqué dances of the present vogue, or to indulge in the commonness and the vulgarity of what are lightly referred to as "petting parties." On this ground I can be reasonably certain that any properly minded mother would take a firm stand and would do what she could to discourage and prevent these things. The trouble is that during the war parents were travelling on one road and children were travelling another and their paths became so widely divergent that now it is a difficult thing to get together again, and while there still seems to obtain among parents the idea that they are educating their children, the facts appeal to me as I watch what is going on, that there is a preconcerted idea among the young folks that today it is up to them to educate their parents.

The world never has known such a cocksure bunch of youngsters as inhabit it today. They are positive that they are right. Our old fashioned notions about conduct, dress, amusements, religion, and education are not only obsolete, but they were wrong from the beginning. So one of the chief industries of youth today has begun to be to "educate mother." As a rule, father has not much to do with it. He is too busy earning the enormous sums of money required to pay the bills. Too many civic, religious, and social duties fall on his defenceless shoulders. The real task of the youngsters of today is to "educate mother." I candidly admit that there are instances in which mother has been educated to her benefit.

Take, for example, the wave of horror that swept over the country when we were brought face to face with the fact that the young men had declared that they would not dance with any girl who wore stays. There were a few months of chaos during which the nice girls who wanted to dance and who did not dare leave home without their stays, discarded them in the dressing room, or sat shamed and partner-less wall-flowers. In the end most of them succumbed; "parking your corset" became the rule if you wanted to dance. And we elders were shocked and horrified. We whispered about it and shook our heads and said something drastic should be done. No one thought something drastic should be done any more honestly or any more seriously than I. But I have tried all

my life to be sane, to be reasonable, to be honest, when I started to investigate a condition of affairs of which I did not approve to look at all sides of it and at every point of interest bearing on it. I made it my business to watch with unprejudiced eyes a number of balls where the dressing rooms were heaped high with discarded stays. I sat one night at a table in a famous Los Angeles hotel close to the dancers and watched the youngsters who were without stays. Suddenly it occurred to me that these girls were doing precisely the thing that most of us had been saying should be done for a great many years. We had been howling about the evils of corsets, the physical results of tight lacing, and shaking our heads over eighteen inch waists. We had been declaring that our girls were ruining their health, that our young married women were imperilling the proper formation of their children by abuses arising from the corset. Suddenly a situation had arisen, in which with no influence on our part, our girls had decided to discard their stays. I looked at the youngsters on the ball room floor, at their only too evident comfort, at the grace and freedom with which they moved, and then I tried to figure on exactly the extent of discomfort most of the women around me were experiencing from the stays they wore.

Personally, I never had possessed or worn a real corset in all my life. There had been a battle in my family over that subject in my youth, and backed by my father, I had been victorious. But even at that I was wearing a sort of stayed-up contraption that I would have been infinitely more comfortable without. I decided to go home and discard it and try my clothing as the girls were wearing theirs. One day's experience cured me of ever again confining my body in any sort of reinforcement that proved to have constrictions that would obtrude themselves upon my mentality. As to how much difference it made, I had been a corsetless lady for three months before any member of my family, in which were two young women and two girls past eight at the time, discovered the fact. Then my daughter found it out by putting her arm around me. She was dumbfounded when she learned I had been dressing in that manner for three months. I think very likely that that same day saw her try a change in her wardrobe. I believe that the idea that possessed me and the experiment that I made occurred at about the same time to a large majority of other women, because, suddenly, you heard not a word from any source concerning the vile and wicked youngsters who had "parked" their corsets. Not only mother's corset was "parked," but grandmother's! Not absolutely in every case, but on a ball room floor where from five hundred to one thousand women were dancing not a "stayed-up" woman was to be seen, and so far as my information goes, not one has been seen since. Today the women of the world are more sanely, hygienically and beautifully dressed than they ever have been before in the history of clothes, and it is a blessing to mankind that this thing happened, because it comes at a time when youth is taxed physically as it never was before in all the world.

Another lesson that the youngsters "put over" in the education of mother was bobbed hair. At first it was very daring; but how free, how comfortable, how lovely most of them appeared. Then word came that bobbed hair had been a fad; it was over; the men did not like it. One girl of my acquaintance who looked a demure angel in bobbed hair appeared before me in the restrictions of a net and some sort of wig affair that gave the effect of dressed long hair. I said to her mother: "Your daughter looks twenty years older and not one half so lovely."

She replied: "I know it, but the boys are protesting." [Turn to page 41]



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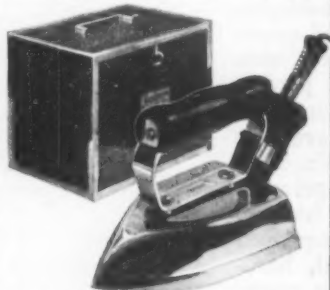


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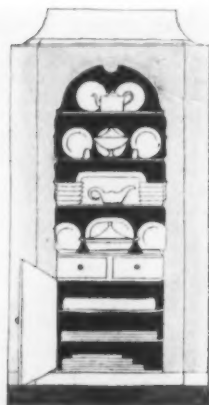
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The china closet is a part of the furniture which it is advisable, usually, to have built into the modern home

Built-in Furniture

By Verna Cook Salomonsky



Recessed bookshelves are the last word today. They make one's books seem an integral part of the room

BUILT-IN furniture, in general, is justifiable only in cramped quarters. Built-in folding beds, dining-room furniture and so on, unless necessitated by extreme lack of space, should always be avoided. At best they are poor substitutes for the furniture they replace.

On the other hand, there are many pieces of furniture, closets and cabinets which add greatly to both the convenience and attractiveness of the home. Imagine a quaint seat built close to a large fireplace with several rows of books within easy reach, a small compartment over these shelves for keeping old magazines and unsightly books, and, recessed on the opposite side, a small panelled door concealing a pocket for fire-wood, and alongside a larger closet for folding tables and the many odd things which accumulate about the house.

Bookshelves easily adapt themselves to decoration. Graceful hanging shelves may be imitated by building, against the walls, projecting shelves with shaped brackets at the ends. In a panelled wall bookshelves may be recessed most effectively to form a panel. This will necessitate a thicker wall than is usual in frame construction but will consequently provide closet space on the opposite side of the partition.

SHELVES for china may be treated as recessed panels or cabinets with either square or round-headed tops. Colorful china, well-chosen and disposed, like rows of books well-arranged, often forms the keynote of a decorative scheme. If desired, the space beneath the china cabinet may be made into a linen storage and enclosed behind solid doors. Narrow, deep drawers inserted between china and linen compartments are useful for keeping table napkins and small doilies. It is advisable to raise the linen compartment a few inches above the floor to insure cleanliness.

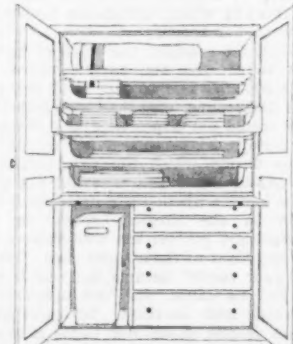
In the entrance hallway and elsewhere a built-in seat is often desirable and may be used very successfully as partial concealment for low radiators. Ordinarily the radiator must be increased in size to counteract the loss of heat incurred by

What furniture can—and should—be built into the small house? Collaborating with Miss Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect, Mrs. Verna Cook Salomonsky, herself an architect, answers the question on this page. A lecturer, too, on household equipment at the New York School of Interior Decoration, the author speaks with double authority.

Next month, under Miss Mead's direction, there will be a discussion of the general principles of interior decoration for the homewoman who cannot engage the services of a professional decorator; the month after, an article on the care and upkeep of the small house.

the enclosure. Radiators encased in walls behind metal or cane grills are probably the least noticeable and least offensive solution of the problem, although they may be entirely hidden under a decorative piece of furniture, usually serving as a side table or console. In such cases the heat should be insulated by a lining of asbestos and galvanized iron which is separated by an air space from the actual framework.

One indispensable piece of built-in furniture is the individual clothes closet, which too often escapes attention and thoughtful planning. A shelf and a clothes-pole are all we allow, usually, in this closet.



Closets with many drawers, the fireside nook for some books with the bench beside it, and closet space for old magazines, folding card tables and odds and ends, are the delights of a good housekeeper

In deep, narrow closets, clothes take up a minimum of space by using a patented device which pulls out into the room. A series of drawers built into one end of the closet proves of great convenience and may replace a homely chiffonier. A sufficient space for hat and suit boxes will remain above the drawers. A happy solution for umbrellas and sticks is a rack built into the closet. Doors mirrored on the closet-side are practical.

ANOTHER closet of special importance is the linen closet. When possible, have a wide but shallow closet. In this arrangement the doors may be thrown back, making the entire closet easy of access. A convenient type of closet is one divided into two compartments, upper and lower, separated about 30 inches from the floor line by a sorting shelf. The space below may be filled by a series of drawers and an open space for a clothes hamper. Above the sorting shelf, large shelves may be arranged to run the entire width of the closet, each shelf sliding on rollers or hardwood cleats. When cut away, the fronts of the shelves allow easy inspection of the linen. The highest shelves are made stationary and are frequently used for storing blankets and so on. A shelf measuring 19 by 36 inches will take one pile of sheets and one pile of pillow slips, whereas a shelf 26 by 32 inches will take two piles of sheets and one of pillow slips. A small linen closet built into each bathroom will prove very convenient and for this a limited space, approximately 10 by 20 inches, is required, merely enough to accommodate folded towels. Such a closet might also answer the needs of the medicine cabinet.

There are many other items of interest; ironing boards which fold into the wall, small broom and service closets on each floor to economize labor; cold air closets built near exterior walls with ventilators cut in both top and bottom and with shelves formed of slats; cabinets for pantry radiators, where the heat may be used to keep warm both dishes and food; closets for table leaves, and jewel safes with secret doors.

Educating Mother

[Continued from page 39]

They do not want to marry girls having bobbed hair."

Thinking back to the corset question, I supposed that settled it, but suddenly like a rip-tide came a wave that carried all the girls and then married women, even grandmothers, before it. The most expert man in Los Angeles at the job was dated up until my secretary had to wait ten days for her turn. If the men objected, they lost out. Proof was overwhelming that in a crisis women did as they pleased. Heads white as a snow drift and neatly bobbed appeared in public. At the theatre between acts I studied the heads of women and suddenly I saw that the bobbed heads were the neat, attractive, comfortable ones. In comparison the braids, the coils, the mussy, snarled, pin-skewered hair, held by nets and combs and ornaments, appeared untidy and repulsive, hot and trammeling.

The next things the youngsters carried home were lovely and utterly comfortable underclothing. I could scarcely wait to wear out what I had in order to be justified in laying in a fresh supply of soft, lovely colored "undies." But I do believe in reason. Why the French necessity of going without stockings during the most stringent financial war pressure should have fathered the invisible stocking of today among us, is not apparent and it does seem a vulgar and unnecessary thing. I do wish that, as a nation, we would reach the place where we flatly refuse to do a thing that is fashionable if it is as vulgar as nude hosiery or as foolish as high heels for walking either on the streets or at housework. No bound Chinese foot looks more deformed from the shape God made all feet, and I doubt if they pain much worse than do French heels for house and street wear. Whatever the youngsters have taught us, or we have learned for ourselves about comfort, we have yet a few barbarisms remaining on the subject of dress.

Children used to go to school to study their lessons. When they finished school, there was a coming-out party and they devoted themselves to a year or two of social life before marrying and settling down to business. But in these days it has become a custom to mix society with schooling. The result is that they become so tired physically and mentally that I very frequently see girls in college today looking as old around the eyes and in facial expression as their mothers did at forty and after they had borne sometimes half a dozen children.

Not six months ago I asked a young woman who was preparing to enter college what her intentions were, what she expected specifically to work for. She answered promptly: "Well, for one thing, larger social opportunities than I ever have had before." As social opportunities were the thing she mentioned first, I took it for granted that society was foremost in her mind. This state of affairs has gone on until the boys and girls who want to go to college to secure a college education find a situation confronting them which frequently makes it impossible for them to enter the school of their choice because it is filled to capacity with the children of people who can give them the money to make of college "larger social opportunity," and it has resulted in breeding heartache and discontent in the boys and girls who cannot have money for "larger social opportunities." It is a state of affairs which we should no longer tolerate. It is up to the mothers of the present day to do something about it, but what they are going to do or how they are going to do it, is a problem that will require time to solve, because the youngsters have started a combination of school and society at an age as early as from thirteen to fifteen, and once a thing is started and the youngsters approve of it, it is mighty difficult to make a change.

As a beginning suggestion: uniforms, or at least rigid dress restriction, for

public schools, grade or high, and colleges. Stiff entrance requirements to colleges and universities, followed by expulsion for those who waste their own time and keep others who would be teachers, and professional people from attaining their highest aims. This state of affairs is poor nationalism; it is unfair to the boys and girls who are eager for self culture. These things are up to all of us. What shall we do about them? If only we could make uniform clothing for all students and high grades fashionable. If we could make high grades the rage; if we could make it popular to graduate at the head of a class and then enter society as formerly, that would solve the whole question. Anything that comes as a dictate of fashion usually finds prompt acceptance.

My old fashioned soul is shocked at the ideas I find rampant among youngsters of today on almost any subject you could mention. I am in something of a daze at the present minute over an incident in my own experience. The children of my neighborhood have had the freedom of my premises upon which to play ever since I owned the property. One day I discovered that the wood pile and some empty packing cases saved for transferring my library and china to my new home, had been used to barricade both ends of a narrow space between my garage and my nearest neighbor's. The intervening space had been covered over with coffee sacking and it appealed to me as a veritable fire trap, although I had no reason to believe that fire ever had been or would be used there. I climbed up to investigate and was met by a youngster with as appealing big brown eyes as I ever have seen, and he begged me, almost with tears in those compelling eyes, not to spoil their "robbers' den." He said there were jewels there, treasure and wonderful things; he pled so hard that I decided I would wait and ask another interested mother what she thought. I sent for her, led her to the garage and explained the situation. She took one glance and said: "It looks dangerous. Have it cleaned out immediately." So I made up my mind that the first time I found the youngsters there, I would have them busy themselves with returning the wood to the pile, taking down the canvas and leaving the packing cases as they had been stacked before they became part of a "robbers' den."

Before I succeeded in getting this done I turned into our side street, after a hard day of field work to see the street beside my premises congested, the gleam of fire trucks, and tongues of flame and volumes of smoke rolling up. My first thought was that little children, perhaps my own, might have burned to death, and I rode those two blocks in cold horror. The first relief came with the assurance that no one was hurt. Then I remembered my business car and was told that it had been saved. I stood and watched a two-car garage, laundry, and driver's room burn almost completely down, knowing that flowers I had set around it were being destroyed, that my cars would be without shelter, that I would be subjected to the annoyance of trampling and building on the place, while I felt that I had no one but myself to blame. When I saw what had been done and thought it dangerous, without an instant's hesitation I should have said that I would not stand for having my premises used in such a way. That matches would really be carried in and used there, I had not seriously thought of course, or I would have made the prohibition simultaneous with discovery of what had been done.

When policemen arrived and investigation began, it developed that a woman, I am sorry to say, had been selling children, some of them under ten years of age, cigarettes and instead of a "robbers' den" this enclosed place was their smoking room.

Exactly how the fire started will probably never be known. [Turn to page 77]

Put them on your grocery list



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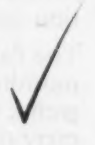
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**Quaker
Puffed Wheat**

**Quaker
Puffed Rice**

Mother O'Day

[Continued from page 12]

"Yes," snapped Clifford. "You'll have to take hold of her—"

"No! No!" interrupted the other. "I want her to stay where she is, to have her make good there—besides there's something else. Mollie is engaged to the man she was dancing with tonight. His name is Mark Roth; that's all I know about him. It's possible, that he is the reason that Mollie has demanded of Judge Foster that he turn over to her her entire fortune from which income has been paid for eighteen years, all her bonds and gilt-edged securities he has been holding. See?"

"There is no fortune; I see!"

"Judge Foster has tried to put her off. She's mad. She thinks he has misused or stolen part of her fortune and is putting her off so he won't be found out. Mollie has engaged a lawyer, and a good one, to handle the affair. An investigation will show no fortune. That means getting Judge Foster in trouble and to protect him I'll have to come clean that I am Mollie Kendall's mother. There will have to be quick and clever work to check Mollie from pressing the investigation. I'm asking you to save my daughter, Mr. Clifford!"

There was no resisting the appeal in those gray eyes that seemed so hard. "I'll do the best I can," said Clifford, and added in a whisper that somehow had suddenly become almost reverent, "Mother O'Day."

Within a dozen hours after the end of his talk with Mrs. O'Day Clifford was in the office of Judge Foster, who was an old acquaintance. He gave the details of Mrs. O'Day's story, and the white-haired old jurist confirmed them all.

"What are your relations, Judge Foster, with Mr. Travis, Miss Kendall's lawyer?" Clifford asked.

"Professionally, Travis and I often fight each other," replied the old lawyer. "Personally we are the best of friends. What's buzzing in your head, my son?"

"I'd like to have you suggest to Mr. Travis that he suggest to Miss Kendall that, for the present, her affairs need the services of a detective rather than the services of a lawyer. And I want Mr. Travis to recommend me as just the detective for her case."

"U'm. So you want to investigate that old embezzler of a Judge Foster?"

"Exactly. Rather, I want Miss Kendall to think I'm investigating you and so head off any real investigation. But, also, I must start off by having an established relationship with the daughter."

"I get you, my son. I think you may consider yourself already appointed."

The next two days Clifford spent in discreet investigation of Mollie Kendall. What he learned were merely fuller details confirming what he already knew. She was sharing an extravagant Park Avenue apartment with the best friend of her school days, Marion Irving. Mollie's social standing was a reality; she was proud of her aristocratic American ancestry and also of the fine blood of her English father; she was popular despite this arrogance. She and Marion Irving (the latter was the second girl in the party Clifford had seen at the Rivoli) were both among the gayest figures in that wild young set which has developed from New York's smart aristocracy. Most of Mollie's friends were of well-known families; but her set, going everywhere, mixing in all kinds of gay crowds in public places, had attached to itself people of very different birth and some of unknown origin because these other people played the pleasure game in the same way, because they were "good fellows." Beyond her excessive pride, her self-confidence, her reckless gaiety, Clifford heard nothing to Mollie's discredit. He did learn of one rejected suitor: Keith Frazer by name, of decent but ordinary family, an ambitious young architect with a modest income. Mollie had seemed to like him, until the more dashing and colorful figure of Mark Roth had come into her life.

He next investigated Mr. Roth. His findings were meager. Mr. Roth had

first appeared in New York six months earlier. By repute he was of an old southern family. Certainly he had plenty of money to spend, and he had the manners of a finished gentleman. Upon one point there was no doubt: with the ladies, whether he had money or not, he was altogether the most popular, and most safe gentleman who had appeared in New York's smart circles in many a year. Mollie's crowd had taken him in with hilarious welcome.

THE bit of intrigue he had planned with Judge Foster worked out as Clifford had hoped. Three days after he had proposed the matter, Mollie was in Clifford's office, having telephoned for an appointment, and with her was the faultlessly dressed Mr. Roth.

"I have asked Mr. Roth to be present," Mollie said, after the preliminaries were over, "for the reason that, as my fiancé, I want Mr. Roth to be acquainted with all my affairs."

She told Clifford everything: about the fortune held in trust for her by Judge Foster; about the income having been paid for eighteen years; about Judge Foster's evading her demand for an accounting and the turning over to her of her capital; about her suspicions of his misuse of her money.

"But why, Miss Kendall, since you have regularly been receiving a good safe return upon your capital, do you wish to withdraw your fortune from the care of Judge Foster?"

"Because my fortune may be a great deal more than three-quarters of a million, and Judge Foster may have made false returns. But that's not the chief reason. Judge Foster is not just a lawyer. Mr. Roth is a financier; he's skilled in investments. Mr. Roth and I both feel that it is foolish to be getting only three or four per cent on my money, when with Mr. Roth's handling we might get two or three times as much."

"Thank you. You state your reasons very clearly. As I understand you, you are not only dissatisfied with Judge Foster, but you really suspect him of dishonesty?"

"I certainly do! Otherwise why should he refuse me a financial statement?"

"Very well. I shall give your interests my very best attention, Miss Kendall."

If looks spoke truly, Clifford felt he had gained his first great point, her confidence. "But you must be prepared for some possible delay. I—"

Just then Clifford's telephone rang. His secretary spoke to him from the outer office. "Ask her to wait, please," ordered Clifford, and hung up.

"There's another matter I'd like to have you handle for me, Mr. Clifford," said the girl. "You recall the scene in the Rivoli the other night—how that Mother O'Day insulted me?"

"Yes."

The girl's eyes were flashing. "Mr. Clifford, I want you to get the necessary evidence against her and close her up!"

Clifford stared at the heated face. "I'm sorry, but I can't do that for you, Miss Kendall," he said quietly. "You see Mrs. O'Day also is a client of mine."

"It so happens that she is now in my outer office, waiting to see me. I'll just ask her in."

Clifford spoke into his telephone. A moment later Mrs. O'Day stepped through the door, and paused. She was in a plain black suit, and her face had its usual hard, bleak, emotionless expression.

Mollie Kendall, who had risen, came swiftly around Clifford's desk and stopped in front of the older woman.

"Mother O'Day, glad to see you!" She cried in her imperious contempt. "This time you've got to listen to me! Do you think I'd have stood for what you said the other night if I'd then known what I now know? But now I know; Mr. Roth has looked you up. Mother O'Day, keeper of a tough Bowery joint! Mother O'Day whose

[Turn to page 46]



BAKED CHEESE BISCUITS

THIS is just another example of the almost endless ways in which the delicious flavor of Kraft Cheese can be utilized to make other foods better.

Not only better in taste but better in food value. The rich mellow goodness of Kraft Cheese blends so perfectly in this recipe and so heightens the natural flavor of the biscuits that butter seems unnecessary while the protein and vitamin contents of Kraft Cheese add enormously to the food power.

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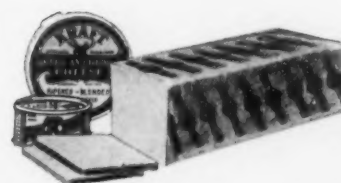
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Fruit Punches—Basic Recipe

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice	1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 cup orange juice	1 quart water
Grated rind of half an orange	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar (more may be added if desired)

Cook the sugar and water for three minutes, cool, and mix with the orange and lemon juice, and grated rind. To this add any one of the following combinations of ingredients:

Variations

Different punches may be made by adding any of the following combinations to the above basic recipe.

Variation No. 1	Variation No. 5
1 quart of ginger ale	2 cups watermelon pulp
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup of preserved ginger cut fine	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins cut fine
Variation No. 2	Variation No. 6
1 quart tea	1 glass crabapple jelly melted
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Maraschino cherries cut fine	Juice 4 more oranges
Variation No. 3	1 cup iced water
1 glass of currant or grape jelly dissolved in 1 cup hot water; cook and add	1 pint charged water
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup mint finely minced	Variation No. 7
Garnish the pitcher with mint sprays	3 tablespoons grated cucumber rind
Variation No. 4	1 pint loganberry juice
1 cup grated pineapple	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 pint charged water	Variation No. 8
More sugar if desired	1 pint raspberry juice
	Whole raspberries
	1 pint charged water

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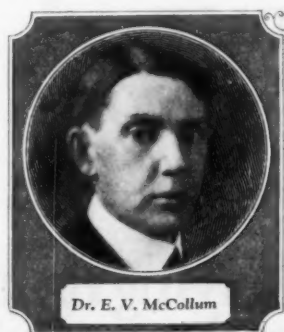
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Dr. E. V. McCollum

Doctor McCollum and Miss Simmonds are so well known to experienced homemakers on McCall Street that they need no introduction. Month by month these two brilliant scientists, from their laboratories at Johns Hopkins, have given to our readers the latest discoveries in the field of nutrition. This month they tell the inexperienced young homemaker food truths which will help her to meet her new problem of safeguarding the health of her family.



Miss Nina Simmonds

Science Advises Young Homemakers

You'll Find There Is a Happy Medium Between Giving a Husband What He Likes to Eat and What He Ought to Eat

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

JUST now, in the early summer, more young women are about to undertake the responsibility for making a home than at any other time of the year. Every bride with the right attitude toward life is looking forward, just as her newly acquired husband is, to assuming new duties and obligations.

We believe there is no more important duty for the young woman who is beginning to establish a home than to learn all she can about food with a view to supervising the quality of her family's dietary. For on food, more than on any other single factor, will depend the health of herself and her household, and on health will depend much that is worth while in life.

"Health and good humor are to the human body like sunshine to vegetation," said Massillon. "It is the soul that animates the enjoyments of life, which tend to fade without it."

The bride's first impulse will be to provide her table only with the things her husband likes. She has probably treasured every bit of information she could gather in conversation with her prospective mother-in-law concerning the foods he likes and dislikes. She has found out how he likes them prepared and has laid her plans accordingly. In most cases this is the wrong thing to do, for many mothers, though their main objective has been to bring up healthy families and they have endeavored to provide their husbands and children with a dietary which would promote health to a good old age, have failed to accomplish all that they had set out to do.

Everyone who has studied foods and nutrition according to modern methods has become convinced that, as a nation, we have for more than a generation been experimenting with new kinds of foods and have made something of a failure of our experiments.

This statement may be surprising to many people but a little thought will convince anyone of its truth. Consider the condition of our teeth. The United States Public Health Service has examined the mouths of many thousands of school children in various parts of the country during the past few years, finding that about ninety out of every hundred children have from one to eleven unfilled cavities in their teeth.

There is general agreement among dentists that the condition of the teeth of the present generation of children is much worse than their ancestors.

Skeletal (bone) defects resulting from a disease known as rickets in childhood are so common in the United States at the present time that this disease constitutes one of the most important phases of the public health problem. We need not bring forward

development of the railway and steamship and of farm implements which have multiplied man-power on the farm, has had much to do with the introduction of new kinds of foods which nobody in the history of the world before had eaten of liberally.

The increasing population of cities has made more people dependent upon retail stores for their food. The grocer naturally likes to handle those things which are least likely to spoil; and where degermination and over-refining have made foods more easy to keep, this has often been done by the manufacturer, to the detriment of their nutritive value.

The woman who is planning the menus for the household has had increasingly the temptation to limit her food supply in great measure to bakery bread, easily prepared meats, potatoes and the ready-made sweets of the confectioner's and pastry maker's art. We know now that such a list of foods is not complete from the dietary standpoint. If they are to constitute the principal part of the food supply they must be supplemented with certain others which will give a balanced diet.

There was a time a few years ago when it was believed that it made little difference what we ate so long as we secured a sufficient number of calories. We know now that it is essential that we look to the matter of securing a satisfactory intake of several mineral elements, the several vitamins which are indispensable to well-being, proteins in sufficient quantity to supply

of high quality, and fats or carbohydrates in sufficient quantity to supply energy.

Since it happens that milk and the leafy vegetables are so constituted as to correct all the deficiencies of whatever else we are likely to eat, we have termed them the "protective foods." Both should be included in the diet regularly.

It is also necessary to include in the daily menus a certain amount of some fresh raw food, since the vitamin C, the substance which protects us against scurvy, is easily destroyed by cooking. Fresh fruits and vegetables can be depended upon to supply this substance.

If these additions are not made the diet will not contain [Turn to page 58]

TO THINK ABOUT

A clear-sighted eye, a many-sided sympathy, a fine daring, an endless patience, are forever necessary to all good living.

Havelock Ellis.

We have energies within us, and, broadly speaking the outlet for energy is work! Work is not a hardship—it is salvation. When the work is directly creative or constructive, both men and women find therein the greatest degree of satisfaction.

H. E. Hunt.

any further evidence in support of our statement that there has been for some time something wrong with the manner in which children have developed physically especially in this country and parts of Europe and that deficient diet is largely responsible for this condition.

It is many of these children, grown to manhood and womanhood, who are now setting out to establish homes of their own. Their failure to be as perfect physically as they might have been and to have sound teeth, is not the mother's fault. The trouble lies, in great measure, in the times and in the changes which have been taking place in the organization of society. The



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You'll especially appreciate Nucoa as a seasoning that adds richness and food value to Summer vegetables and in Hard Sauce for apple and berry dumplings. Just try Nucoa Hard Sauce: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Nucoa, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners sugar (sifted), 1 teaspoon vanilla or fruit juice.



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The Crushed is identical in quality and flavor with Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple—the same full-ripened fruit, grown on the same Hawaiian plantations—simply packed two ways for different uses.

A suggestion: Try Crushed in the popular recipe below:

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE: Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons cornstarch; slowly add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot milk. Cook in a double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, (about 40 minutes). Pour onto 2 egg yolks; return to double boiler and cook until the eggs thicken (about 3 minutes). Cool and add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



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Mother O'Day

[Continued from page 42]

husband with the fancy name of "Nonpareil Jack" was killed in a drunken barroom brawl! Mother O'Day, the miser! Mother O'Day of the Bowery! Mother O'Day—bah!

The girl paused, panting. Mrs. O'Day turned to Clifford.

"Pardon me. I thought it was you who wished to speak to me."

"It was I who wished to speak to you!" continued the girl. "And I have something more to say. I'm going to close your joint! I'm going to smash you! Mother O'Day!"

With that the girl pushed Mr. Roth before her through the door and closed it with a bang. Mrs. O'Day turned and gazed at the door, then she staggered and sank into a chair. "Oh, Mr. Clifford, what do you think of Mollie?"

"That she has in her all the qualities to make her one of the finest women in the world. Also that she is in real danger."

Mrs. O'Day stood up. "Thank you for arranging it so I could see her." The grim, black figure went out.

The following day Mr. Roth called. "I've dropped in as you suggested," he said. "Anything you may tell me, Mr. Clifford, will be held in strictest confidence."

Clifford hesitated a moment. "Well, then, I think, mind you, I'm not saying I have complete proof, I think that Miss Kendall's affairs are in a mighty bad way."

Mr. Roth seemed nervous. "Then you think Miss Kendall's fortune—"

"I don't think. I know! My investigation is not complete, of course, but when it is finished it will prove that Miss Kendall has no fortune. Nothing at all. Remember, though, that this is in strictest confidence." Clifford's face cleared. "I'm glad for Miss Kendall's sake that you are a rich man, for this thing will make no difference at all to you."

"None at all of course," said Mr. Roth. The next day he had another caller: Keith Frazer, that architect suitor of Mollie who had been discarded. The young man was ill at ease, yet eager. "I know you'll think me impertinent, Mr. Clifford. But I want to ask you a question. I've just heard a whisper that Miss Kendall has lost all her money."

"Whatever may be the facts, the affair is no concern of yours, and I do not care to discuss it," Clifford spoke harshly.

"But you don't understand me, Mr. Clifford," protested the young man. "Miss Kendall and I used to be—er—mighty good friends. But the pace was too fast for me. I didn't have the time or the money. Now I don't wish her any bad luck, not the least in the world, but if it is true that she actually has lost all her fortune, why I'd then think I might have a chance and I'd then try to get right back into the race. That's why I came to see you, Mr. Clifford; I just couldn't help coming!" The young architect learned nothing, but when he had gone Clifford added one more name to the list of persons he liked.

The next day Mollie Kendall called. Her face was very pale and very drawn, telling of recent agony. Clifford glanced at her hands; they were covered with white gloves. Automatically she began to draw off her gloves. When the left one was off, the third finger had no ring.

"Your engagement ring!" Clifford cried.

"Where is your engagement ring?"

"Since there is no engagement," replied her dull voice, "there is no need of an engagement ring."

"Your engagement is broken?"

"Yes. We had a quarrel last night."

"Miss Kendall, I congratulate you!" Clifford cried.

She looked at him wonderingly. "Why?"

"And I wish to make a confession," he continued. "I started that quarrel. I broke off your engagement. I told Mr. Roth that your entire fortune was gone."

"Is it true?" Her voice was apathetic.

"No. I made up the story. I suspected Mr. Roth and I tested him. He believed the story, and the test has proved the man's caliber. Since he thought you had no money, he did not want you. So he

adroitly started a quarrel, urged it on, until you broke off the engagement."

"I—I don't believe it!" she exclaimed.

"Mr. Roth is a fortune-hunter. Remember, he believed you had no money. He knew that if he could manage to break the engagement before the loss of your fortune was known, then no blame or suspicion would be attached to him. There you have Mr. Roth's reasoning."

"I know you meant well, Mr. Clifford," said the girl, "but what you did had nothing to do with the affair. I do not believe what you say of Mr. Roth. It was—was just a lover's quarrel."

After she had gone he went over to the Rivoli and in that starkly bare office of Mrs. O'Day, Clifford told her of his talk with Mr. Roth and of the scene an hour before with her daughter.

"So Mollie doesn't believe this Roth is a fortune-hunter," Mrs. O'Day murmured to herself when Clifford had finished. "Mr. Clifford, if you hear any rumors from here, keep them from Mollie," said the even emotionless voice. "And if you get a message from me, bring Mollie straight to the Rivoli."

Two days later rumors from the Rivoli reached Clifford's ears—astounding rumors. And late the following afternoon came a message from Mrs. O'Day, and at one o'clock that night he and Mollie were at the Rivoli behind the table reserved for them.

Suddenly she seized his arm in a convulsive clutch. "Those two dancing together!" There was an instant of appalled silence.

But Clifford had already seen. And all the people in the place had also seen and to all the thing was an astounding sight. For Mother O'Day, whom the old-time patrons had never before seen in anything but severest black, was out on the floor in a brilliant, sequined evening gown, her face brilliantly rouged. And the rigid, inflexible Mrs. O'Day, whom these same old-time patrons had never before seen dance, was out there trying to waltz, and was graceless, age-stiffened in all her joints, always out of step. And waltzing with that devilishly handsome Mark Roth. And on her left hand sparkled Mark Roth's engagement ring.

"My God!" breathed Mollie. "My God!"

Presently that dance ended and couples made for their tables. Clifford saw that Mrs. O'Day and Mr. Roth were coming in their direction. He felt a new shudder run through Mollie.

"Quick, Mr. Clifford," she gasped, "please take me home!" She was on her feet even before Clifford could rise, ready to hurry away. But Mrs. O'Day's eyes had caught Mollie's and for an instant held them. On the painted mask of the older woman flamed a smirking smile of mocking triumph.

Abruptly Mollie turned and slipped a hand through Clifford's arm.

"Let's go!" She breathed huskily. Once in the taxicab, Clifford left it to the girl to start any conversation. They rode in silence for a dozen blocks. Then she spoke.

"Mr. Clifford," she was trying to control herself, but there was a tremor, a break, in her voice, "I want to tell you that you were right in what you said the other day. And you were right in telling the lie to Mr. Roth about my having no fortune. But I didn't believe you the other day. I might even have gone to Mr. Roth and told him your lie, and we might have made up. Tonight is what really saved me. His turning to such a woman—that awful, awful woman!"

Clifford made no comment. He was still awed by this thing which Mrs. O'Day had done.

At the doorway of her apartment house she again thanked Clifford. Fifteen minutes later he was once more in the Rivoli. "How did Mollie take it?" asked Mother O'Day.

"Mollie is entirely cured of Mark Roth." Then he added: "Also you've made her hate and despise you more than ever."

Clifford thought [Turn to page 52]

BUY IT

Sliced

for serving right
from the can and
for quick desserts
and salads



Of course, you know the haunting, tropical charm of Hawaiian Pineapple—the matchless flavor that has made it America's favorite fruit.

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Open a can of Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple, for instance! Serve the luscious, golden slices as a tempting, ever-ready fruit, just as they come from the can—or in simple, easy-to-prepare salads and desserts.

You'll generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen from your grocer—a half-dozen of each kind.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Sliced Crushed

Two New Recipes for Your Book

THREE-STORY SALAD: Cut thick slices from peeled oranges and slice solid ripe tomatoes, allowing one slice of each for a serving of the salad. Place a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple on each salad plate, then a slice of tomato and top with a slice of orange. Serve on lettuce leaves with French Dressing.

PINEAPPLE MINT SALAD: Cut mint jelly in cubes. Place a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple on each salad plate, garnished with lettuce, and top with a cube of the jelly. Add mayonnaise.



Frozen Pineapple
Salad with Sour
Cream Dressing

When It's a Hot Sunday!

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

WEEK-END parties will take on new joy for the homemaker if the endless cooking which "company" often means can be so simplified that she will have leisure to enjoy her guests.

She will echo heartily to them her husband's ready invitation to "Come down for the week-end. It's just a nice little run out to our house," with no dread of spending at least half of Sunday in the hot kitchen.

First, choose foods which can be prepared in advance or those which need little cooking. Your guests will enjoy fresh fruits and quickly cooked vegetables much better these hot days than elaborately prepared pastries and entrées which form so great a part of the winter menu.

Jellied soups cut in cubes and piled lightly in soup or bouillon cups and served with a crisp bread stick or buttered cracker are very preferable to the steaming plate of rich soup so enjoyed in cold weather. If you have no stock on hand with which to make these jellied soups, use bouillon cubes of beef or chicken which can be purchased at almost any grocery or drug store.

In summer clams and lobsters are at their best and cheapest, and should be found on many menus; clams on the half shell or in a cocktail, and lobster in ways almost too numerous to mention.

Meat can be cooked on Saturday to serve for the Sunday dinner. Nothing is more appetizing than a cold baked ham stuck full of spicy cloves, or a plump cold chicken delicately browned and served with hot gravy. A veal or meat loaf well seasoned, or a mold of salmon or tuna fish, makes a most delicious main course.

Salad is the most refreshing of all summer foods and may form the principal dish on the menu if made from meat or fish, such as chicken or lobster. Keep a jar of mayonnaise, cream or French dressing on the pantry shelf, and salad will be the easiest food to prepare. Use the vegetables left over from Saturday's dinner, or fruits sliced or cubed, or perhaps berries for your salad. Mar-

inate (which means to pour French dressing over them and let them stand a while in the ice box) and serve on a crisp salad plant.

Of course in summer a frozen dessert is always welcome and it may be frozen in the early morning, packed and left to ripen.

Or even better still, it can be put into a mold, packed in equal parts ice and

salt and left to freeze by itself. Three hours is necessary for freezing a molded dessert. Delicate gelatin dishes, which can be made the day before, and iced melons and canteloupes, are delicious desserts for hot weather.

Cold drinks are a welcome addition to summer menus though for dinner some prefer hot coffee. If an electric percolator is used, the work of making coffee is simplified. It can be further simplified by using the powdered coffees on the market which require only the addition of boiling water.

JELLIED BOUILLON

Dissolve 4 bouillon cubes in $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water (or take $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot meat stock). Add 2 tablespoons gelatin softened in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. Season to taste with salt, pepper or other desired seasonings. Pour into shallow tin to make a layer 1 inch thick. Set in cold place to harden. Cut into cubes with sharp knife. Serve in chilled bouillon cups.

ROAST BEEF or CLUB MAN'S SALAD

Cut rare roast beef in very thin slices. Marinate with a dressing made with 2 tablespoons vinegar, 6 tablespoons oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon each of paprika and celery salt and a dash of cayenne, mixed well together. Let beef stand in the dressing 1 hour. Drain and serve on crisp salad plant with a border of asparagus tips.

CREAMED KOHL-RABI

Pare Kohl-rabi, making a thick paring. Cut in slices, then in cubes. Put into water to which has been added 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon vinegar to each quart. Let stand until ready to cook. Put into boiling water and cook until tender. [Turn to page 58]



Hot Weather Menus

Jellied Bouillon	Roast-Beef Salad	Crackers
Cheese Sandwiches	Boiled Corn	Young Onions
Iced Melon or Canteloupe		Coffee
Cold Roast Chicken		
New Boiled Potatoes	Hot Gravy	Potatoes
Fresh Berries with Cream	Cucumber Salad	
Ginger-ale or Coffee	Lady Fingers	
Iced Melons		
Cold Sliced Ham or Lamb	Hot Gravy	
Radish and Onion Salad with French Dressing	Creamed Kohl-rabi	
Iced Tea	Bacon Bread Folds	
	Fruit Short Cake	Salted Nuts
Clams on Half Shell		
Potatoes	Southern Lobster	French Potato Balls
Frozen Pineapple Salad with Sour Cream Dressing		
Iced Cocoa	Salt Crackers	
Fresh Fruit Cocktail		
Greens	Cold Baked Ham	New Potatoes in Parsley
Vegetable Salad	Wafers	Sweet Pickles
Caramel Mousse	Sponge Cake	Coffee
Lobster Cocktail		
Potatoes	Cold Roast Beef	Apple Jelly
	Asparagus Salad	Cheese Straws
	Fruit Sherbet	Vanilla Wafers
		Coffee

THAT's right. Pick out the vegetables for your salad carefully. Get the freshest and crispest the market affords.

But don't forget the vinegar. Its quality has more to do with the success of the salad than the quality of the vegetables.

Don't think because you use so little vinegar, it makes no difference what kind you use. It is because you use so little that you can afford to use the best. The flavor and aroma of Heinz Vinegars developed by aging and mellowing, are absolutely necessary in the making of a perfect salad.



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Rags Martin-Jones and the Prince of Wales

[Continued from page 32]

tremendous change had come over him. He lurched into his chair like a drunken man.

"John! What's the matter?" Instead of answering he reached for the champagne bottle but his fingers were trembling.

"Are you sick?"

"Rags," he said unsteadily, "I'm all through."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm all through, I tell you." He managed a sickly smile. "There's been a warrant out for me for over an hour."

"What have you done?" she demanded in a frightened voice. "What's the warrant for?" The lights went out for the next number and he collapsed suddenly over the table.

"What is it?" she insisted, with rising apprehension. She leaned forward, his answer was barely audible.

"Murder?" She could feel her body grow cold as ice. He nodded. She took hold of both arms and tried to shake him upright as one shakes a coat into place. His eyes were rolling in his head.

"Is it true? Have they got proof?" Again he nodded drunkenly.

"Then you've got to get out of the country now! Do you hear me, John? You've got to get out now, before they come looking for you here!" He loosed a wild glance of terror toward the entrance.

"Oh, God!" cried Rags. "Why don't you do something?" She looked distractedly around the roof. Her eyes strayed here and there in desperation, became suddenly rigid. She drew in her breath sharply, hesitated and then whispered fiercely into John's ear.

"If I arrange it, will you go to Canada tonight?"

"How?"

"I'll fix it, if you'll pull yourself together a little. This is Rags talking to you, don't you understand, John? I want you to sit here and not move until I come back!" A minute later she had crossed the room under cover of the darkness.

"Baron Marchbanks," she whispered softly, standing just behind his chair. He half rose, motioned her to sit down.

"Have you room in your car for two more passengers tonight?" One of the aides turned around abruptly.

"His Lordship's car is full," he said shortly.

"It's terribly urgent." Her voice was trembling.

"Well," said the Prince hesitatingly. "I don't know." Lord Charles Este looked at him and shook his head.

"I don't think it'd do, sir. This is a risky matter anyhow, with contrary orders from home. You know we agreed there'd be no complications." The Prince frowned.

"This isn't a complication," he objected. Este turned frankly to Rags.

"Why is it urgent?" Rags hesitated.

"Why—" She flushed suddenly. "It's a runaway marriage." The Prince laughed.

"Right-o!" he exclaimed. "That settles it. Este here is just being official. Bring over the lucky man right away. We're leaving shortly, what?" Este looked at his watch.

"Right now!" Rags rushed away. She wanted to move the whole party from the roof while the lights were still down.

"Hurry!" she cried in John's ear. "We're going over the border with the Prince of Wales. You'll be safe by morning."

He looked up at her with dazed eyes. She hurriedly paid the check and seizing his arm piloted him as inconspicuously as possible to the other table, where she introduced him with a word. The Prince acknowledged his presence by shaking hands, the aides nodded, only faintly concealing their displeasure.

"We'd better start," said Este, looking impatiently at his watch. They were on their feet when suddenly an exclamation broke out from all of them

at once, two policemen and a red-haired man in plain clothes had come in at the main door.

"Out we go," breathed Este impelling the party toward the side entrance. "There's going to be some kind of riot here." He gasped. Two more bluecoats barred the exit there. They paused uncertainly. The plain clothes man was beginning a careful inspection of the people at the tables. Este looked sharply at Rags and then at John who shrank back behind the palms.

"Is that a prohibition fella out there?"

"No," whispered Rags, "there's going to be trouble. Can't we get out this entrance?" The Prince with rising impatience sat down again in his chair.

"Let me know when you chaps are ready to go." He smiled at Rags. "Now just suppose we all get in trouble just for that jolly face of yours." Then suddenly the lights went up. The plain clothes man whirled around quickly and sprang to the middle of the cabaret floor.

"Nobody try to leave this room!" he shouted. "Sit down, that party behind the palms! Is John M. Chestnut in this room?" Rags gave a short involuntary cry.

"Here!" cried the detective to the policeman behind him. "Take a look at that bunch over there. Hands up, you men!"

"My God!" whispered Este. "We've got to get out of here!" He turned to the Prince. "This won't do, Ted. You can't be seen here. I'll try and stall them off while you get to the car." He took a step toward the side entrance.

"Hands up, there!" cried the plain clothes man. "And when I say hands up I mean it! Which one of you's Chestnut?"

"You're mad!" shouted Este. "We're British subjects. We're not involved in this affair in any way!" A woman screamed somewhere and there was a general movement toward the elevator, a movement which stopped short before the muzzles of two automatic pistols. A girl next to Rags collapsed in a dead faint to the floor and at the same moment the music on the other roof began to play.

"Stop that music!" bellowed the plain clothes man. "And get some handcuffs on that whole bunch—quick!" Two policemen advanced toward the party and simultaneously Este and the other aides drew their revolvers and shielding the Prince as best they could began to edge toward the side. A shot rang out and then another, followed by a crash of silver and china as half a dozen diners overturned their tables and dropped quickly behind.

The panic became general. There were three shots in quick succession and then a fusillade. Rags saw Este firing coolly at the eight amber lights which lit the roof and a thick fume of grey smoke began to fill the air. As a strange undertone to the shouting and screaming came the incessant clamor of the distant Jazz Band. Then in a moment it was all over. A shrill whistle rang out over the roof, and through the smoke Rags saw John Chestnut advancing toward the plain clothes man, his hands held out in a gesture of surrender. There was a last nervous cry, a chill clatter as someone inadvertently stepped into a pile of dishes, and then a heavy silence fell on the roof—Even the band seemed to have died away.

"It's all over!" John Chestnut's voice rang out wildly on the night air. "The party's over. Everybody who wants to can go home!" Still there was silence, Rags knew it was the silence of awe, the strain of guilt had driven John Chestnut insane.

"It was a great performance," he was shouting. "I want to thank you one and all. If you can find any tables still standing champagne will be served as long as you care to stay." It seemed to Rags that the roof [Turn to page 50]

Anybody can make JAM or JELLY in 15 minutes



CONTRAST these three simple steps in the Certo method of making jam or jelly with the old method. No more hours over a hot stove—no more wasted batches of fruit and sugar. No more boiling-down to make it jell—losing juice, color and flavor.

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Boiling only one minute with Certo saves the delicate flavor and color of the fruit and prevents the juice from boiling away. Consequently, with the same amount of fruit, you make one-half more jam or jelly with Certo than by the old method. That's why extra sugar is used, but the amount of sugar in each glass is the same. Try this recipe:

Pineapple and Strawberry Jam

Crush well about one quart ripe berries. Put pineapple through the food cutter, or chop very fine. Measure two level cups of each into large kettle. Add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire, and stir constantly before and while boiling. *Boil hard* for one minute, remove from fire and stir in 1/2 bottle (scant 1/2 cup) Certo. Skim and pour quickly.

[All good grocers have Certo with recipe book attached, or both will be sent postpaid for 35 cents]

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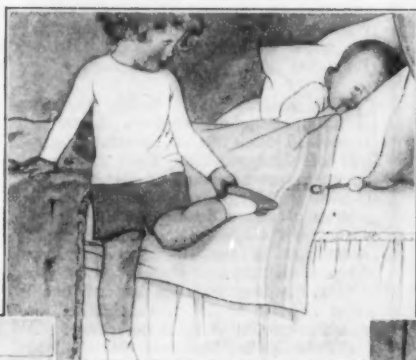


Mother Goose Brought Up To Date

Illustrated by Betsy Flagg



"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"
"Silver bells and
Cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."



There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do!
She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly,
And put them to bed.



I love you well,
My little brother,
And you are fond of me;
Let us be kind
To one another,
As brothers ought to be.
You shall learn
To play with me,
And learn to use my toys;
And then I think
That we shall be
Two happy little boys.



Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
Along came a spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



Curly locks! Curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.



There was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl
"Shall I, oh, shall I?"
Says the little girl to the little boy
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl
"I will kiss you!"

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Xmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said:—
"What a good boy am I!"



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Beech-Nut Peanut Butter blends its own delightful flavor most successfully with other flavors. When making sandwiches of any kind just spread the bread generously with it—having first spread the bread with dairy butter. The addition of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter improves the flavor of other sandwich delicacies.

If you prefer to soften Beech-Nut Peanut Butter add a little milk, or better still, cream. Many like the addition of honey. The flavor will still be the delightful same.

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Macaroni • Spaghetti	Marmalades and
Vermicelli	Preserves
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Rags Martin-Jones and the Prince of Wales

[Continued from page 48]

and the high stars suddenly began to swim round and round. She saw John take the detective's hand and shake it heartily and she watched the detective grin and pocket his gun. The music had recommenced and the girl who had fainted was suddenly dancing with Lord Charles Este in the corner. John was running here and there patting people on the back, and laughing and shaking hands. Then he was coming toward her, fresh and innocent as a child.

"Wasn't it wonderful?" he cried. Rags felt a faintness stealing over her. She groped backward with her hand toward a chair.

"What was it?" she cried dazedly. "Am I dreaming?"

"Of course not! You're wide awake. I made it up, Rags, don't you see? I made up the whole thing for you. I had it invented! The only thing real about it was my name!" She collapsed suddenly against his coat, clung to his lapels and would have wilted to the floor if he had not caught her quickly in his arms.

"Some champagne, hurry!" he called, and then he shouted at the Prince of Wales who stood nearby. "Order my car quick as hell! Miss Rags Martin-Jones has fainted from excitement."

THE skyscraper rose bulkily through thirty tiers of windows before it attenuated itself to a graceful sugarloaf of shining white. Then it darted up again another hundred feet, thinned to a mere oblong tower in its last fragile aspiration toward the sky. At the highest of its high windows Rags Martin-Jones stood full in the stiff breeze, gazing down at the city.

"Mr. Chestnut wants to know if you'll come right in to his private office." It was a respectful voice at her elbow.

Obediently her slim feet moved along the carpet into a high cool chamber overlooking the harbor and the wide sea. John Chestnut sat at his desk, waiting, and Rags walked to him and put her arms around his shoulder. "Are you sure you're real?" she asked anxiously. "Are you absolutely sure?"

"You only wrote me a week before you came," he protested modestly, "or

I could have arranged a revolution."

"Was the whole thing just mine?" she demanded. "Was it a perfectly useless, gorgeous thing, just for me?"

"Useless?" He considered. "Well, it started out to be. At the last minute I invited a big restaurant man to be there, and while you were at the other table I sold him the whole idea of the cabaret." He looked at his watch.

"I've got one more thing to do, and then we've got just time to be married before lunch." He picked up his telephone. "Jackson? Send a triplicated cable to Paris, Berlin and Budapest and have those men who've been trying to break up Schwartzberg-Rhinemister chased over the Polish border. If the Dutchy won't act, lower the rate of exchange. Also, that idiot Ferduc is in the Balkans again, trying to start a new war. Tell him to leave for New York on the first boat or else throw him into a Greek jail." He rang off, turned to the wild-eyed girl with a laugh.

"John," she asked him intently. "Who was the Prince of Wales?" He waited till they were in the elevator, dropping twenty floors at a swoop. Then he leaned forward and tapped the lift boy on the shoulder.

"Not so fast, Cedric. This lady isn't used to falls from high places." The elevator boy turned around, smiled. His face was pale, oval, framed in yellow hair. Rags blushed like fire.

"Cedric's from Wessex," explained John. "The resemblance is, to say the least, amazing."

Rags took the monocle from around her neck and threw the ribbon over Cedric's head.

"Thank you," she said simply, "for the second greatest thrill of my life."

Then John Chestnut began rubbing his hands together in a commercial gesture. "Patronize this place, lady," he besought her. "Best bazaar in the city!"

"What have you got for sale?"

"Well, M'selle, today we have some perfectly bee-oo-tiful love."

"Wrap it up, Mr. Merchant," cried Rags Martin-Jones. "It looks like a bargain to me."

Has Disease a Fundamental Cause?

[Continued from page 24]

toxins are retained in the blood, establishing the state we call toxemia. The organism becomes more or less tolerant of toxins; however, as enervation progresses toxemia increases until crises are of frequent occurrence. Crises are the so-called diseases of medical nomenclature, but in truth I believe that they are nature's efforts at freeing the organism of accumulated toxins—in other words, the establishing of vicarious elimination. A coryza, tonsillitis, bronchitis, pneumonia, diarrhea, or excessive secretion from any mucous membrane is a true vicarious elimination, and when established as a habit, is named chronic catarrh of the different organs involved. Obviously, all spring from one cause and are not distinct diseases per se. Common colds, or coryza, "flu," tonsillitis, or catarrhs of any part of the air passages are common so-called diseases. The first catarrhal derangement preceding the above-named and all other diseases, is catarrh of the stomach. Stomach derangement or gastric crises are usually the palpable beginning of all diseases. A gastric crisis—catarrh of the stomach—begins the manifestations—first symptoms—of the various diseases of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, from a coryza to pneumonia; and these so-called diseases end with the disappearance of the stomach symptoms.

Every individual has a predisposition to some particular crisis. The tubercular diathesis inclines to the development of glandular involvement. The lymphatic glands of the neck and chest take on

catarrhal adenitis. The glands of the neck enlarge and are often excised, which is unnecessary, indeed illogical and unscientific. When adenitis develops in the lungs, tuberculosis follows in those of a tubercular diathesis. Tuberculosis has a developing stage of several years, beginning with enervation, toxemia, catarrh of the stomach, infection of the glands in the lungs and finally tuberculosis. If the tubercular diathetic subject never develops toxemia he will never develop tuberculosis for no so-called disease can develop except on a basis of toxemia, in my opinion.

We have seen how all the so-called diseases of the nose, throat and lungs start from one cause, namely, toxemia, all of them being crises of toxemia. After the toxemia—accumulation of toxin in the blood—has developed to the limit of resistance the system undertakes to eliminate: first in the stomach, because that organ is the most vulnerable of all the organs of the body, made so by daily abuse; later the mucous membrane of other organs becomes involved through continuity, predisposition or inclination, or from injury as we see in childbirth. Injury to other structure besides mucous membrane furnishes foci for toxin elimination, following which we see such so-called diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis, epilepsy and peristitis, the latter ending in caries (supuration) of bone and teeth.

The so-called diseases of mucous membranes named above when repeated until organic change [Turn to page 70]



What Their Letters Say

McCall's Service Booklets Bring
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THOUSANDS OF LETTERS of appreciation come to us from every part of the country expressing delight with our home-making booklets. Each of the booklets was written by a leading authority on the particular subject treated. Readers rely on them as implicitly as they rely on the dictionary. And it is because the booklets are trustworthy that the letters of those who have used them radiate happiness and usually express the wish that other readers may benefit by them.

A YOUNG MOTHER WRITES: "I was frightened almost to death when I knew my first baby was coming. Then a friend of mine who had had her first baby, told me of your booklets, The Friendly Mother, approved by Dr. Franklin A. Dorman, and The Friendly Baby, approved by Dr. Charles G. Kerley. It did not seem likely that one could find help in books in my extremity. When the booklets arrived, I found I was really having the advice of the greatest specialists on prenatal care and on the care of the child after it arrives in the world. I wish I could send copies to every single mother in the whole world."

"IT DID NOT SEEM POSSIBLE that housecleaning could ever become a pleasure, until I learned through McCall's booklet, The Modern Home, and the leaflet Housecleaning Made Easy (which you send free) both by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough, how to clean. Then I found it a real joy. What then was more natural than to seek further help from the same source?



So when I was ready to redecorate our house, I sent for The House of Good Taste, by Ruby Ross Goodnow. My home is now the envy of all my friends, and they are all eager to know where I got my ideas for creating so lovely a home."

A LETTER FROM MICHIGAN says: "How can I ever thank you for my adorable little garden? I had tried, without success, to make my garden grow and was thoroughly discouraged until I read of McCall's Service Booklet, Down the Garden Path, by Dorothy Giles. I waited impatiently until my copy arrived—and I assure you I'm in love with you for your help, and shall always be."

"YOU HAVE HELPED ME make a new man of my husband!" writes a friend in Tennessee. "Through Master Recipes, by F. G. O., and Time-Saving Cookery, by Sarah Field Splint, I have learned to cook, so easily, what he likes that it seems play and I have found the way to his heart through his stomach. Now I will know where to turn if ever I am in trouble again!"

ONE LITTLE LADY says: "I give all my friends McCall's Service Booklets for gifts—each to fill her special needs. The Little Book of Good Looks, approved by Dr. Fred Wise, helped me do such wonderful things to my appearance that I want them to be as happy as I am in obtaining the help they are seeking. And I want you to know too, what great faith I have in your advice and suggestions."

MISS THANKFUL SENDS a letter of real thanksgiving. She says: "You must

have known how desperately I needed your booklet, Spending The Family Income, when you wrote it! We were trying hard to save enough to buy a home but it seemed hopeless. In sheer desperation I decided to send for the little book. Now we have bought our lots. I enclose ten cents for which please send me your booklet, A Group of Little Homes, architectural plans for small houses, compiled by Robert Cummings Wiseman."

MISS GOODTIMES WRITES: "It was awfully hard to find new ways of entertaining my friends but Claudia Fitzgerald gave me some original suggestions in her two booklets, Parties All the Year and More Parties. Please tell her that she is my most popular friend now. I know just where to go for any other help I may need."



A LETTER FROM ANOTHER YOUNG GIRL READS: "When a boy I

had known for years came home from college I felt so awkward that I couldn't say a word. I was always afraid of doing something wrong. Then I read your Book of Manners and followed the rules and—now we are engaged! You have made me a very happy girl."

SAYS MRS. D.: "No other cook books for me since I received your booklet Some Reasons Why in Cookery, by May B. Van Arsdale. By mixing ingredients without any knowledge of the science of cooking, I used to have many failures in cooking. The explanations are so simple in your booklet that everything I cook now is a huge success. Will you send me Dr. McCollum's leaflet, Menus for Two Weeks, which you offer without charge? I want to learn, next, how to feed my family so as to keep them healthy."

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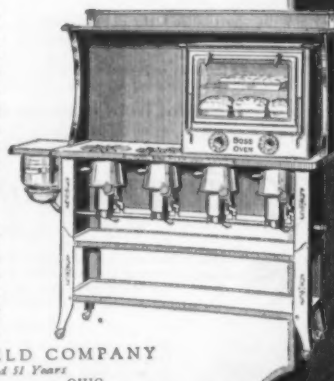
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BOSS OIL-AIR STOVE

Mother O'Day

[Continued from page 46]

this last would draw speech from her, but without another word Mrs. O'Day pressed a button on her desk, wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, addressed an envelope, into which she slipped the folded note, removed the glittering circle from her left hand, dropped it into the envelope which she then sealed. This she handed to the head-waiter who had just appeared in response to her ring. "He's still out there. Deliver this in just ten minutes."

As the door closed upon the waiter's back, she stood up. "I have just broken my engagement," she announced.

Days passed. Nothing happened. There was no news. Except very minor news about Mr. Roth. Although he considered Mr. Roth disposed of as far as this case was concerned, Clifford continued, to gratify his personal curiosity, his quiet investigation of that charming gentleman. He was not in the least surprised when he discovered that, for all his care-free, lavish show as an entertainer, that the man was being pressed on all sides by unpaid bills, that he had reached the very limit of his credit. His only way of getting money in any considerable amount was through a wealthy marriage. Rather idly Clifford speculated whether Mr. Roth's charms would win him a third rich woman in time to forestall destruction, and wondered just who the third might be. Incidentally, Clifford learned that Mr. Roth was again appearing almost nightly at the Rivoli. Daily Clifford cared that Mollie's belief in herself, her recklessness, would plunge her into some dramatic situation whose end for her would be disaster. And then, without an instant's warning, the situation was upon him. The news came to him from Marion Irving. Mark Roth and Mollie had met by accident at a party the night before. For some moments there had been disdain on Mollie's part, embarrassment on Roth's; then somehow Roth had managed to get her to listen to him. He confessed, with an air of misery and shame, that he had acted the cad toward her; and ever since he had hated himself for the extreme measure he had taken at the peak of his anger brought on by their quarrel. She, in turn, had a confession to make. That story about her fortune being all in worthless oil stocks was just a lie invented by Mr. Clifford for the express purpose of testing Mr. Roth. There had been more talk between the two, then there had been full forgiveness on both sides, the lovers' quarrel had been made up, the engagement renewed. The happy reunion, reported Marion, was to be celebrated by an all-night party, rather a round of parties, in which she and Keith Frazer were to start with them.

Clifford hurried over to the Rivoli and repeated this staggering development to Mrs. O'Day. Several moments passed. Then Mrs. O'Day murmured as if to herself.

"Celebrating their coming marriage with an all-night party. So—that's why Roth called up a little while ago and reserved a supper table for four."

"But you've forbidden Mollie the place. You'll not let her in?"

"I'll let her in, yes. For just this one night. I want you to be at my place at one o'clock. Evening clothes, of course."

At one o'clock that night Clifford entered the great, brilliantly lighted main room of the Rivoli. At once he sighted the bridal party at a prominent table at the edge of the dance floor. Mollie and Roth were jubilantly happy, if their conduct spoke what was in their hearts. Partnered with Marion Irving was young Frazer; he was trying to put up a gallant front; obviously he did not want to mar this bright hour of the girl he loved, and obviously he was admitting that the better man had won; but Clifford knew that beneath his gay acting was a biting misery. Then Clifford sighted Mrs. O'Day. He gazed in utter astonishment at the figure she presented. For the second time she had abandoned her graceless black and was in a colored evening gown. But she was not

in that purposely grotesque affair of the other night, nor was she over-rouged. Apparently she had spent much of the time since Clifford had left her in the establishments of modistes and beauty specialists. Her gown was the smartest in the room, her face had only that trace of make-up which is to-day expected in the smartest women. Instead of looking a severe ten years older than her actual age, she now looked a gracious decade younger. Why—the woman was magnificent—vital, vivid, colorful—simply magnificent!

Mrs. O'Day came to Clifford's side.

"Won't you please ask me to dance this with you?" she said. They started. Then Clifford had another surprise. Tonight she was not that stiff, stumbling dancer, always out of step, she had been that other night. She floated!

After a little while she said: "When we finish this, I want you to ask Mollie to dance with you. She'll do it because she likes you. Just as soon as you have finished the dance, come to my office."

Presently Clifford was at the bridal table, offering his congratulations. Roth had obviously started his celebration long before coming to the Rivoli, and had in him enough liquor to stimulate his ugliest qualities, if he had any, should he be provoked. So Clifford was most diplomatic when he asked Mollie for a dance.

A little later the dance ended, and Clifford left Mollie at her table. Young Frazer was there alone. Clifford quickly made his way out of the great room, and to the door of Mrs. O'Day's office. At Mrs. O'Day's call to come in, he entered. He was surprised to find Judge Foster present. Also he was surprised to find Mark Roth, who looked perturbed.

"I have been keeping these two gentlemen waiting till you came, Mr. Clifford, before saying what I really wished to say." She was smiling, blushing; voice, manner, everything about her, were arch and coy, yet embarrassed and shamefaced. "I needed both you, Mr. Clifford, and Judge Foster to substantiate part of my statements. First of all, I cannot bear to have you suffer, Mr. Roth, from any possible mistake when it's in my power to prevent it."

"Mistake?" exclaimed Roth. "What mistake?" He stared at her.

"I'm trying to protect you, Mr. Roth. I know that money means nothing to you, Mr. Roth, but before you complete the marriage you contemplate I think it my duty to you to give you full and accurate knowledge about the woman you are going to marry. I mean knowledge about her money?"

"Her money?" echoed Roth.

"Yes. I learn a great many things, Mr. Roth, especially when those, ah, dear to me are concerned. I have learned that Mr. Clifford told you confidentially that your fiancée's entire fortune was invested in worthless oil stocks. Later Mr. Clifford learned he had made a mistake about the oil stocks. Am I not stating it correctly, Mr. Clifford?"

"Yes," Clifford answered with obedience and with wonder.

"Mr. Clifford made a mistake, Mr. Roth—but it was only a technical mistake?"

"Technical mistake?" said Roth, blankly.

"A technical mistake!" repeated Mrs. O'Day. "Just a superficial mistake. Fundamentally he was right, though he did not then know it." Her face suddenly became rather grim. "Mr. Roth, in my position here at the Rivoli, where people play and loosen up, I learn a lot of secrets. I've long had the goods on Judge Foster."

Judge Foster, she snapped at him, "you've got to come across again. How much is this fortune of Miss Kendall?"

"If I had to settle her estate tomorrow," groaningly confessed Judge Foster, "I could not hand her over a single dollar."

"That's what I thought you should know, Mr. Roth," said Mrs. O'Day. "I make only one request. [Turn to page 53]

Mother O'Day

[Continued from page 52]

I am asking you to regard all this for the present as strictly confidential."

"Confidential—yes," breathed Mr. Roth. "That is all I desire from you," she said to Clifford and Judge Foster. "I have a purely private bit of information for Mr. Roth, so both of you need remain no longer."

Wondering in what phase he would next see this strange woman, Clifford went back to the bridal table. For several minutes he chatted with Mollie; but his mind remained upon the woman he had left. Presently the orchestra resumed its instruments and started into a repetition of the soft resistless enchantment of Benny Gordon's greatest waltz. Clifford stood up to dance it with Mollie; but before they had swung into step her body suddenly became rigid, and she exclaimed: "Why—why look at that!"

Clifford followed the direction of Mollie's stare. Upon the floor had just swung Mrs. O'Day in the arms of Mark Roth. "If you don't mind," breathed Mollie, "I, I think I'd rather—rather sit this dance out." She sank into a chair, and Clifford took a chair beside her.

Suddenly Mrs. O'Day swung her partner out of the milling crowd, and with a blushing smile confronted Clifford and Mollie, Marion Irving and young Frazer. "I—I just thought we should stop for congratulations," she beamed upon the four with a happy, embarrassed air. Mollie had come to her feet, and so had Clifford.

"Congratulations?" snapped out Mollie. "Why you see, Mark—I mean Mr. Roth—we had a little misunderstanding," she replied, with blushing embarrassment. Mr. Roth was trying to look in another direction, was trying to pull away into another, any, direction, but her arm through his held him anchored to the spot. "But we've made up our misunderstanding—and Mark and I—you see—"

"What?" gasped the girl. "What?"

Mark—Mark—"But Mark, in greatest pain, was looking elsewhere.

"Yes, we've made up and in the morning we're to be married," gushed Mrs. O'Day, smiling upon all of them. Clifford, his heart suddenly cold, read behind this smile. Mrs. O'Day really intended to marry Mark Roth! There were to be no more slip-ups: she was going to marry this man, whom she detested, that his charm might be permanently removed as a danger to her daughter.

"Mark—Mark," chokingly cried the girl—"is this so?" Mr. Roth continued to hold his gaze elsewhere, and said nothing. Mollie turned furiously upon her successful rival.

"You old, scheming, bedizened Jezebel!" she panted. "If you were not—"

Then she clutched Clifford's arm, and said chokingly: "Please—get me out of here—quick!"

Clifford guided her through the maze of swaying couples. Just outside the entrance, upon the broad stairway, he plumped squarely into the ascending figure of Detective Sergeant Jimmie Kelley of Police Headquarters.

"Hello, old man," excitedly cried Jimmie Kelley. "Just the bird I've been looking for. Got a wire from the Coast only an hour ago. Roth's real name is Wade Kirby and he's wanted by the police in California on two charges—" Mollie waited to hear no more. She whirled about and dodged among the dancers back to the table she had just left, and bent forward triumphantly, her eyes ablaze.

"You're welcome to him, Mrs. O'Day!" she cried. "Welcome to him, Mother O'Day! I've just learned who your great prize is. And I know who your great catch really is. He's—"

She never finished. The right hand of the fear-and-drink-crazed Roth had flashed under the left shoulder of his dinner jacket and had come out with a black automatic. Clifford, who had tried to follow Mollie, had seen the movement and the gun and had sprung at the man. But Mrs. O'Day had been the nearer. Even as the pistol was leveled,

she had thrown herself between the two, with the one hand had flung Mollie aside, with the other had snatched at the pistol, and cried: "You rat, don't you dare—"

She likewise never finished. The pistol spoke once. The bullet that was meant for the younger Mollie found other lodgment. There was no second shot. Clifford's right hand closed upon the gun and wrenched it away; his left arm slipped around the swaying figure of Mrs. O'Day.

"Take your man, Jimmie!" Clifford commanded sharply. Instantly there was the click of handcuffs. And sharply to the younger Mollie O'Day: "You didn't stay to listen to it all. He's wanted on two charges of murder: both women whose money he had got rid of." And then to the hovering head-waiter: "Help clear the way for me to carry her to her office."

In the black office Clifford stretched out Mrs. O'Day's figure upon her hard cot. "Quick!" he snapped at the head-waiter. "Get a doctor here!"

"There's no need for a doctor," came the emotionless voice of Mrs. O'Day, as her head-waiter went out. "Roth got me. I know."

The powder burn upon her gown roughly located for Clifford the injury. With his knife he swiftly slashed the gown and underclothing from shoulder-strap to waist and laid bare the skin. In the left breast, above the heart, was a tiny hole where the steel-jacketed bullet had entered. She had been right. There was no need for a doctor.

Clifford came slowly to his feet. He then first became aware that Judge Foster had followed into the office; also Mollie and young Frazer. Mollie was trembling, her face was white, and her brown eyes were wide with bewilderment.

"Did you see what she did?" she asked in a slow tremulous whisper, addressing Clifford. "She—she took what was intended for me. She saved my life. Why should she have done that?"

"Because she is your mother!" Clifford threw the words at her.

"My mother died abroad when I was a child, and my aunt, Mrs. Kendall—"

"That's bunk," Clifford interrupted. "It's all a lie. A lie invented for your sake by your mother here, and put through by Judge Foster. You were born to this woman in a room over the old Nonpareil Cafe down on the Bowery."

"My—my mother," came from the girl in a dry, stupefied whisper. "I—don't understand?"

"You'll understand later! And here's your father!" Clifford drove at her, handing her the silver-framed portrait from the desk. "Nonpareil Jack."

There was a brief moment of silence.

"Your mother is the only fortune you ever had! You and Mrs. Kendall have lived for eighteen years on the money she sent you through Judge Foster! She made a great deal, sent you everything, and herself lived on almost nothing! And you called her a miser!"

"But—but I don't understand—why she did it all?"

Then Clifford let her have it all at once. "Because she wanted to give you a better chance than she had had! She wanted you to grow into a real woman! And so, because she loved you so much, she gave you up and placed you in a world she considered better than her own. All these years she has worked for you—just for you." The dazed girl turned her eyes from Clifford to Judge Foster. In both faces there was nothing to be read but affirmation.

For a brief moment Mollie looked like a corpse that by some miracle still kept its feet, so taut, so staringly white she remained. Then came that for which Clifford had striven. Still clutching her father's yellowed picture in one hand, she fell to her knees beside the cot and flung her arms around the figure upon it.

"Oh, mother—mother—mother!" she cried out in anguish. "What a mother you've been! Oh, what a mother! Mother O'Day! Mother O'Day!"



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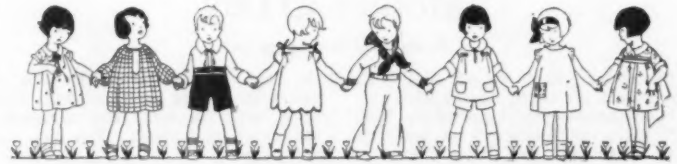
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When the Baby Cries

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

ALL crying babies are either uncomfortable or spoiled. If they are spoiled they want the handling and attention to which they are accustomed and crying is merely a vociferously expressed wish to be taken up—the granting of this wish being followed by a smile. But if the crying continues during the cooing it usually means the presence of pain somewhere.



The most common seat of pain in a crying baby is the gastro-intestinal tract. Babies who suffer from colic are usually those who have pronounced gastro-intestinal disorders, such as vomiting or diarrhea. With colic the baby's abdomen is hard and distended, he wiggles and squirms, draws up his legs and straightens them out, gets red in the face and is evidently having a very bad time. Occasionally he begins to cry only after the six o'clock feeding and continues, if not relieved, until he sleeps from exhaustion.

Pain in the ear is accompanied by vigorous crying. The young infant is very apt to turn his head from side to side and press it backwards into the pillow, and often indicates the source of the discomfort by striking at the side of the head or grasping at the ear.

Difficult and painful urination will cause violent crying seizures, immediately before and at the time the baby attempts to void. Violent crying connected with defecation will usually be found due to small tears or fissures within the anal ring.

Teething is thought by many to be a painful process. There is probably more or less discomfort associated with it but I am yet to be convinced that it is particularly painful. Unquestionably the causes of much discomfort are inflammatory conditions of the mouth, known as sprue and stomatitis. Although not sufficiently severe to produce violent crying they are liable to make the child refuse the nipple.

Violent crying-attacks may be due to a condition known as "scurvy." Scurvy is a disease which, as a rule, involves the joints and results from the use of over-cooked foods. Usually the pain is first manifested by the child crying during dressing or in the bath. The mother notices that when she moves a certain member the child cries out vigorously. When at rest the sensitive limb will be held motionless while he moves the other limbs about as usual. Scurvy is often confused with rheumatism which in children under two years of age is a most unusual occurrence. Occasionally a small baby through carelessness will sustain an injury of a joint in the nature of a sprain which will be exceedingly painful, and the child will cry when the part is handled. Such injuries are usually associated with swelling and inflammation. In the early stages, there is no swelling in scurvy. From the eighteenth month to the fourth year, the run-about child may have all the pains of the earlier months of life

but he helps out the physician by locating the source of it in one way or another.

Sometimes pain is manifested without a definite complaint. Thus a child may limp—a sign of trouble which must always be investigated by a physician. The first evidence of hip disease is usually a limp, and any inflammatory infection of the knee joint will be made known in the same way. Before consulting a physician it is well to make sure that the child's shoes fit properly and that the stockings do not wrinkle. Awkwardness in motion may sometimes be accounted for by pain. Thus, in spinal diseases the first manifestation may be an inability to stoop in the usual fashion. Picking up an object from the floor is accomplished by bending the knees and holding the back rigid. The child in early stages of spinal disease holds the back in a stiff fashion, in walking. When pain due to hip disease is complained of it is not the hip that is referred to but the anterior portion of the leg. In spinal disease the pain referred to is in the sides or front of the body and rarely directly in the spine.

If a child of under three or even under four years of age complains of pain it means that it exists. After the fifth year some of the pain stories bear investigation. Young persons between five and ten years of age sometimes have lively imaginations and although the complaint of pain on the part of the child must always be investigated, careful examination will not always prove it to be present. At this phase headaches are often complained of and persistent headaches are most often due to eye-strain and will usually be worse on rising in the morning. They will be just as bad on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, when school is not a part of the day's activity. In undoubted headaches the eyes should always be examined by a competent oculist.

Abdominal pain in a child should always be considered seriously. It may be due to stomach colic, intestinal colic, to hyperacidity of the stomach or to appendicitis. Appendicitis in the young is frequent and it runs a very acute course. Stomach hyperacidity is not unusual in children who are given orange juice before breakfast and in those who drink much ice-water or have ice-cream between meals. Pain located high up in the abdomen (the so-called pit of the stomach) is often explained by an over-acid stomach.

Among the pains most frequently complained of by children of this age are the so-called "growing pains." What is known by this term is actually a muscular rheumatism and is due to absorption of poisons from somewhere in the organism.

The infecting medium is often diseased tonsils and adenoids. There are cases of this form of rheumatism in which no location of the seat of the infection can be ascertained. Such cases are to be looked upon as true muscular rheumatism. The infection may cause serious diseases of the heart.



Cafard

[Continued from page 17]

Philip doesn't care—really—for any woman in the world but you!"

A familiar horn sounded down the street, the purr of a familiar engine. Philip's car stopped at the gate. Philip himself came striding up the walk.

"Hello, old dear! What are you doing out here by yourself? Thought you wouldn't be home till dinner time?" Nance sprang up to meet him, ridiculously lightened of her burden.

"Oh, Phil—I got home at five and when Beulah said she'd told you I wouldn't be home till dinner—I could have howled—the idiot!"

"Who's an idiot?"

"Beulah, of course; I meant that for anyone else who telephoned."

"Woman! Were you expecting a message?"

"Don't be a nut! People do telephone—don't they? Phil—have we got time to drive out to the Bluff?"

"I should say we haven't! Half-past five right now. I've been sitting in the office since four, going over a lot of old letters." Old letters, whose letters? She felt the thought leap at her like a jack-in-the-box, smothered it, shut it determinedly down again.

"Well, Philip dear—let's go for a run anyhow—anywhere—not a very long one. Oh, Philip! I'm awfully glad you've come—I was just on the edge of melancholia, let's go! there's barely time before dinner. . . ." They went down the walk together, Nance's slim figure thistledown beside Philip's rangy height. His side face had a suggestion of the eagle look sentimentalists attribute to aviators—keen eyes, level brow, Roman nose—but his infrequent smile betrayed a disarming ingenuousness. Nance loved his smile. They drove out a smooth quiet avenue where street lamps were warming into life along deserted pavements. "The loneliest hour of the day!" said Nance with a relaxing sigh.

Dinner passed as dinners do. After dinner young Philip went up to his room to do his ten-year-old lessons; a sturdy young buccaner with his father's nose, in the eaglet phase, his mother's changing green eyes.

"Come sit in the living-room—I've got something to show you," said Nance.

She seated Philip across the room from the new lamp, sat on the arm of his chair, tipped her charming blonde head on one side and demanded triumphantly, "Well—what do you think of it?"

"Is it new?" asked Philip. He seemed never able to recognize at first glance if a thing were of recent or ancient vintage, a trick which recurrently annoyed Nance and baffled her. She nodded at him brightly.

"Just came home today. I've been saving it for a surprise. How do you like it?" It grew upon her reluctantly that at least he wasn't as thrilled by it as she was, as she had wanted him to be.

"Oh—I suppose it's all right," he said at length.

"Philip—you suppose! Don't you *know* it's good? That wrought-iron stand is the loveliest thing, and the orange and silver brocade."

"How much do you pay for it?" Nance told him with a touch of helplessness—"and it was a bargain, too, reduced for the spring sales."

Philip whistled maddeningly. Added, lest his meaning be not quite clear, "Good Lord! For *that*?"

"Philip—please don't be stubborn—that's beautiful material. It will last for years."

Philip said, his mouth twitching at the corners: "Kind of an appalling prospect, I'd say. This room's meant to live in, isn't it? Why didn't you ask me before you bought that thing? I could have told you it's absolutely impractical."

"Impractical?" echoed Nance with the ghost of a sneer. "That word is the bane of my existence. It's your fetish."

"It's something you might do with a little more of," said Philip pleasantly.

"I don't want it. I loathe it. I've suffered enough from it—" she caught herself sharply away from dangerous ground—made a desperate effort to be conciliatory. "Philip—really—don't you like it at all? I'm so disappointed—"

"I'll tell you exactly what I feel about it," drawled Philip.

"Whenever I've seen anything like that in another man's house, I've been profoundly grateful it wasn't in mine." He smiled, his whimsical leisurely smile, rather well-pleased with his own repartee. At another moment, any other day, Nance might easily have won him to tolerance if not approval but now she was in no mood to try. And while she wavered darkly Philip drove his final epigrammatic spike: "Talk about hiding your light under a bushel!" Nance turned on her heels and started for the stairs, she was frightened at the wave of bitterness that came flooding back into her heart—half-frightened of what, if she let herself go, she might say. She said, on the threshold, holding her voice to an impersonal calm: "Good night. I'm going upstairs."

"You see?" said Philip, sinking comfortably back behind his newspaper. "Can't even read by the thing, yourself." He didn't call her back. He let her go. He didn't know how hurt and offended and furious she was—or if he knew he didn't care. The room was wasted on him. The house, with its every carefully considered detail was wasted on him. Nance was wasted on him. She put her head in the door of young Philip's room. She said dully: "Mother has a headache and is going to bed, dear. Don't stay up after eight, remember!"

Young Philip answered with vast detachment. "No—I won't," and went on scrawling sums upon a grubby sheet of paper. He was an undemonstrative child—as his father was an undemonstrative man.

Nance didn't kiss him. Already at ten, he hated to be kissed. She went into her own room—her own and Philip's and went to bed. She took a book with her of course and

settled herself against many pillows with the delightful little reading lamp on the table beside her. But she couldn't read. She switched off the light after a little, slipped down beneath the covers and lay there motionless, in the dark, fighting a rising sense of panic.

She hated to quarrel with Philip because when she did this was the thing that always overtook her, this wild passion of regret for what she had left to marry him. So long as they were happy together, so long as nothing arose to mar the comradely charm of their relationship, Nance regretted nothing—or thought she did. Days and weeks and months went by in which the sight of her piano, the sound of a new song, the plaint of violins in a crowded theatre woke nothing in her but happy interest. Directly their eyes first met she had wanted Philip more than anything in the world, and Philip was hers. What she had paid to get him didn't matter—sometimes.

She put her hands up to her eyes in the dark, remembering how sure she had been at eighteen of what lay before her. And not without reason. She had gone with her brother to New York and had sung there for one of the best men in the country, and that man had said . . .

"Give me a couple of years and I'll make you. You've got the voice. You've got the personality. You've got whatever it is that people pay to hear and come back to hear again . . . you're a lucky young woman, if you only knew it!"

And she had thought that she knew it. She had gone home with her brother, full of dazzling plans and dreams, meaning to work alone for six months while she schemed to raise the money for lessons . . . and in that six months she had met Philip. He had loved her, as she had loved him, at first sight—and blindly, Nance clenched her hands together above her heart, remembering. Philip had taken her off her feet. Philip had laughed at denials. He had had the quiet man's one big flare of violent emotion in a lifetime, and he expended it all upon Nance. Sometimes Nance thought he had expended it all within the chaotic two weeks of their engagement. She dared not let him go for fear some other woman might get him and she be left singing in the cold with only audiences to love her. So she had married him. Now she had neither audience nor lover.

The house had helped her. She and Philip had built the little gray house the year they were married, and all of Nance's muted songs went into the walls and the floors of it. With a love of color and fabric that was really music finding another channel, she had collected chairs and hangings and pictures. To Philip, the house was his home and a very attractive one. It was meant to be lived in, not merely to be looked at. With lamps that could be used to read by—not merely to sit under.

Nance, lying straight and slim among her pillows, felt her heart beat hard and dully. She was wondering, as she had wondered before, if you could betray the creature that struggled within you—and not, some day, be brought to book for it. If you could deliberately cripple the hand that yearned for a brush or pen, silence the throat that ached to sing . . . and not, some day, lie behind bars for it. Prison bars—of your own welding. If you could give beauty to the world—and didn't—wasn't there punishment somewhere waiting for you?

Philip came upstairs to bed about ten. Nance was still awake, but she gave no sign; lay silent when he inquired casually: "Gone, old girl?" She suffered the nearness of him, rigidly. Without a betraying sigh. Philip snapped off the light and himself fell fast asleep as swiftly and thoroughly as a healthy boy. Beside him in the dark, Nance wrestled with despair. Alone. Blackly and hopelessly alone for the rest of the time. Toward midnight, physically tired out by the soundless strain, she slept and dreamed, over and over again, the same bright dream. . . .

She was singing to a clamoring, breathless crowd—in a theatre hushed to hear her. There were lights . . . foot-lights, warm on her face and throat. . . . someone sat at a great shining piano and played the chords that ran beneath her song. Faces, thousands of faces swimming up to her out of the palpitant shadow of the house, faces that she made glad and warm and soft, as rain makes glad and warm and soft, the earth, in spring. . . .

Next morning, Philip was as friendly as if the little matter of the lamp had not occurred. Nance tried to be reasonable. She said to herself that after all, it was the only sensible way to behave. That the lamp wasn't, in any case, worth a fuss. She got young Philip dressed and off to school quite as usual. She poured out his father's coffee and poured her own in the politest sort of way with only a wistful touch of languor for reminder of last night's complications. She might have evaded trouble altogether if Philip himself hadn't re-opened the wound quite casually.

"Well," he said, folding his paper and laying it down as he rose to leave the breakfast table, "got over your grouch, old dear?"

Nance said, struggling to smile, "I didn't have a grouch."

"No?" said Philip, "then what was it all about, last night? Nothing at all."

"Philip—that isn't fair. You know very well what it was all about—I wanted to surprise you—with that abominable lamp. . . ." her nerves began to quiver once more.

"Lamp's all right, I daresay, if you like that kind of thing," Philip conceded largely. "All I say is—I don't like it—and I think I might have been consulted before you bought it. You never can learn to be partners."

"Oh-h!" cried Nance aghast, staring as if he had struck her.

"After all," said Philip, logically, "we've both got to live in the house. We ought both to decide what goes into it." He added, a trifle flippantly on his way to the door. "Cheer up, Nance! You look like Hamlet with the play left out."

"You never can learn to be partners." If Philip and Nance weren't partners, then Nance wasn't anything. Her birthright was gone, and she hadn't even a mess of pottage to show for it. Philip could throw that at her as coolly as yesterday's news. As a wife, she was a failure—as a mother, no less. And the thing in which she need *not* have failed, she had given up, put away for Philip's sake—who didn't even thank her for it. It was true if you betrayed your secret self, you were punished.

Nance was being punished for it now. She went about the little house, blind with tears. She saw, now, that the very things which would have made her song, *unmade* her home. Too much love of beauty—over-sensitive emotions—a too-responsive heart—an all-too-eager brain. The world was full of women who might have been to Philip a better wife, to little Philip a better mother, than Nance would ever be. But there was only Nance with Nance's especial song in her throat, and now it would never be sung. Love had betrayed Nance, as Nance had betrayed herself.

The floors of the little house echoed to her feet like prison floors. She had built herself in with her own hands; locked herself in and given the key through the bars, to a stranger, for jailer. The larkspur and the marigolds, the books, the pictures, even the beloved blue rug were like so many tawdry shapes, chalked up on prison walls. She shrank from them with fear and abhorrence. She felt the ground sinking beneath her feet and the things she touched crumbling within her hands. Nothing was real but despair. She went to a luncheon that day, because she had promised someone to go, and in her numbed isolation there didn't seem any easy way out of it. Afterwards, she played bridge all afternoon, because it afforded a certain amount of forced relief from her own thoughts. But always, in the back of her mind, persisted the dark, cold vapor of her unhappiness. Drifting into dreadful shapes. . .

She went home at last between four and five o'clock, reluctantly, almost fearfully, hating to cross her own threshold, shrinking from the sight of that ivory panelled room with the flowers—with the lamp. Young Philip, busy with his eternal ball-playing in the little park shouted at her shrilly. "Oh, Mother! Father's waitin' for you to come home! He's inside the house." The jailer, with the key in his hand, waiting, for a returned prisoner. A stranger, a stranger who had her in his power!

Nance opened the door and went in, hands cold, feet tired, face cold and set. Philip was standing beside the new lamp, fingering the fringe. He turned when she entered. He came to meet her and swept her off her feet in a school-boy hug. "Hello!" he said. "Where have you been? I got home early—thought you might like to drive out to the Bluff and have a look at the sunset."

The ice about Nance's heart began to thaw. Her set lips trembled. "Brought you a present," said Philip. "Better not open it before dinner." He showed her an elaborately ribboned box of her favorite chocolates, reposing conspicuously upon the table beside the lamp.

"Oh, Philip!" said Nance unsteadily.

"What's the matter—don't you care for them? I'll give the box to the kid if you don't want it."

"Silly! Of course I want it, I adore them. Thank you, Phil!"

"Then come along," said Philip cheerfully. The absurd boyishness of him . . . his ridiculous, adorable fashion of saying he was sorry without saying it. Nance, still within the circle of his arm, suddenly lifted up her face. Philip stooped his head. Their lips met, met and clung, with an odd touch of passion. As if she had been away somewhere and just come back to him. As if he had wanted her terribly all the time she was away.

Then he said: "I guess that lamp's not so bad, after all. I've been looking at it. Well, let's go!"

"One minute!" said Nance. "I want my scarf. . . ."

He kissed her hard, half a dozen times, on cheek and mouth and chin. She kissed him back, she broke away and ran to the stairs. He called after her, with a deep possessive tenderness in his voice. "Make it snappy, old dear!"

Nance stood before the mirrors in her pretty rose and ivory bedroom powdering her nose, settling her hat that Philip's rough caresses had loosened. She shook with happiness. The world settled back into place about her like crazily colored fragments in a kaleidoscope falling all at once into their right and balanced pattern. Nance sang to herself in a gay, unsteady little whisper. She felt as if chains were dropping away from her wrists, from her ankles—all at once, gloriously and forever—because Philip loved her!

She knew that though whatever dark they wandered, they would always find their way back to each other.

Love, that was the answer to everything! If you didn't love, if you weren't loved, you'd better be dead.

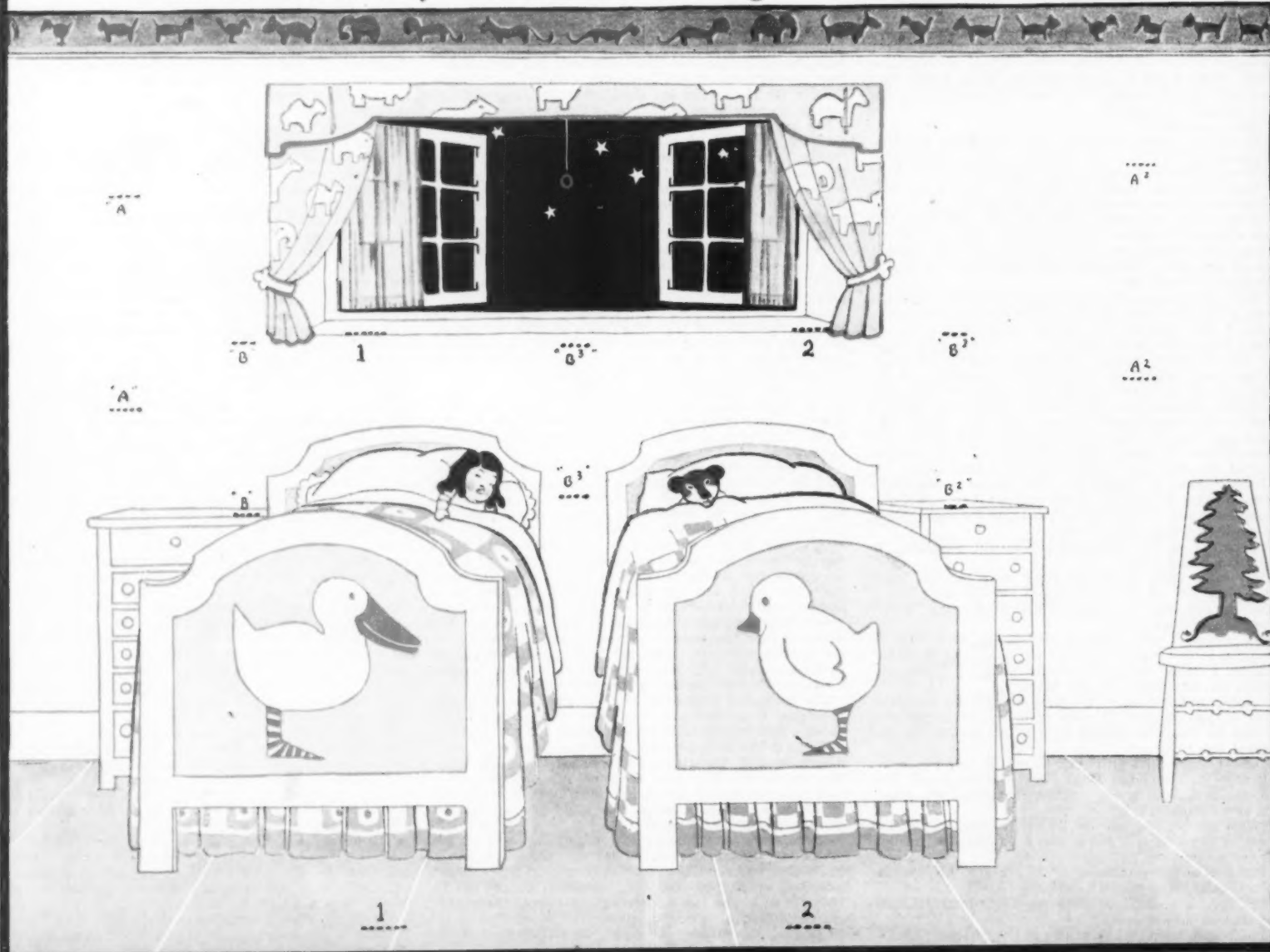
The little house was the setting of it all—her love made visible. Anything else was make-believe—ashes and dust—counterfeit gold. Love was worth anything in the world you might have to pay for it.

As for last night's dark anguish, gone as it had come—out of nothing, into nothing—a nightmare and a dream!

Flushed with life, aching with love, thrilled to the tips of her fingers and toes with the wine of spring, Nance leaned forward to stare into her own soft eyes, mirrored there starrily. Philip waited, life waited. What was it within her that asked in that moment, faint but clear: "Last night—or today? Then or now? Which, which is the dream?"

The Bedroom of Sunshine Cottage

By Berta and Elmer Hader



THE HAPPY-HOUSE SERIES

SUNSHINE Cottage is growing fast. In April we showed the outside, in May, the living-room, in June, the dining-room. And now you have the children's bedroom. Be sure to save the cut out every month and you will find that the figures can be used over and over again.

Cut around the bedroom carefully. Then cut out the rest of the figures on the page paying particular attention NOT to cut off the lettered tabs. Cut the slots marked with dotted lines and slip into them the tabs marked with corresponding letters and you will have Gertrude and Toby ready for their bedtime pillow battle. The page will be stronger if mounted on another piece of paper before cutting it out.

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Elmer Stanley Hader
Patent Pending



Meet Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks

[Continued from page 5]

the earth. It exceeds the interest bestowed upon any public character in history. They are better known than Napoleon, the former Kaiser, or Buddha. The estimate may seem preposterous but close to half a billion people have heard of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Now it is a strange paradox that about people so extraordinarily well known, we know almost nothing at all. Fame instead of illumining public personages and bringing them closer into the common view, wraps them in concealment and mystery.

So long as the illusion persists that one is merely a pretty actress with golden curls and the other an athlete with a cheerful smile, it will defeat all attempts to understand them. I would like to search out, not the qualities that they share in common with the rest of mankind, but those that make them different.

Douglas Fairbanks is a thoughtful man of serious mien whose reaction to life rarely shows itself in an amiable grin. He is only a fair athlete and athletics play but a minor part in his life. I have never known a man of such quick mental reactions, such a fluid quality of mind, such a continual effervescence of ideas. Some of these ideas are good, some bad, some so fragile that they break to pieces in words, but he sets them forth with such enthusiasm, plays with them with such agility, tosses them into the air and juggles with them so prettily that one watches him spellbound.

This almost hypnotic spell that he can cast over a listener is his most striking trait. You are like an audience watching a plant grow into full flower under the magic of an eastern conjuror. When the performance is over, you rub your eyes, find the stage empty and look in a shamefaced way at your neighbors. But you have been vastly diverted.

As I am writing, this exponent of perpetual motion is seated in the train beside me en route from California to New York. In the last twenty minutes, he has given a short history of the state of Kansas, discussed quite intelligently some of the pre-Shakespearean dramatists, made lightning excursions into religion and philosophy, told one of Will Rogers' latest stories, responded from the train platform to an ovation from some boy scouts and made frequent calls upon his secretary who is ill in the car ahead.

There are two sorts of people in this world. One acts according to precedent and the teachings of the past, the other reaches for the promise of the future. The personal and professional career of Douglas Fairbanks sounds like a sermon on what youth should not do in order to succeed. As a very young man, when according to the best traditions, he should have been leading a frugal life and saving money, he went heavily into debt, allowed himself the luxury of a valet and took a pleasure trip to Europe on borrowed money. When he began his screen career, he broke and violated every accepted canon of the screen art and looked for new ones to conquer. When he was told that his movements must be slow for the motion picture camera, he made himself famous for his whirlwind activity. Each one of his last pictures has been a daring experiment, an adventure into the unknown, and in each he has invested practically all his capital. While most producers are making pictures for 1923, Fairbanks is making pictures for 1925.

But this is only a snap shot of Douglas Fairbanks. He will do his own talking later. I am discourteously giving Mary Pickford second place in this discussion only because she is more difficult to deal with and I wanted to get a running start. It is easier to describe a cat-a-ract than a gently flowing stream. The public response to her as we journey through the middle west is in an entirely different key. There is no noisy acclamation, there are no loud cheers. She seems to hit some deeper, inarticulate emotion in people's hearts. Every time I

see her in public, I am amazed to find that the attitude towards her is not so much one of curiosity as reverence.

I am quite willing to admit that the association of a quality of spirituality with a motion picture actress is a rare one, but I am reporting impressions and that is the ruling one about Mary Pickford. The physical beauty, the fresh radiant charm which the screen has revealed is eclipsed by a gleam of the spirit. Life has apparently confided in her some secret, some gentle philosophy, a rare gift of mental serenity that reaches out to more turbulent minds like a caress. She is the kind of person who would cause the man who is always misunderstood to say, "I have now found someone who understands me." People do not meet her without borrowing a little of her peace of mind. I do not wish to give the impression that there is about her anything evangelical, anything of the professional optimist handing out packages of cheer to disconsolate people. She has no message that I know of to proclaim to the world. She is simply a kindly and sympathetic person more interested in other people than herself.

She is not the brilliant showman that her husband is. Her wares do not glitter and beckon in the show window. If you want them you will have to go after them yourself. She has not learned, as one says these days, how to "sell herself."

Perhaps the sharp contrast between these two people is one reason why their married life has been such a success. But in spite of this contrast, they possess one rare gift in common. If in attempting to describe their effect on other people, I have not hinted at it, I have missed the most important thing about them,—a vivid, flame-like quality that kindles a glow in other minds, that imparts faith and confidence to those who have lost them. It is something very simple and elemental. It is the gift of happiness.

I think that most of us are growing conscious of the fact that somehow or other civilization is cheating us. Somewhere in the mad rush of our complicated lives, in the scramble after reward and pleasure, we have mislaid or forgotten some secret that was once precious,—something fresh and verdant like the memory of our first Christmas tree.

What makes Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks especially interesting to me is their complete emancipation from this serfdom of pleasure. If life is a stage, and we are merely players, which I have on the best authority, they at least are writing their own lines and acting their own parts without outside direction. They are happy and interesting people because they are living exactly as they want to live, doing exactly what they want to do, seeing the people they want to see. A study of their manner of living makes one feel like voicing without the slightest shame, one of the most ancient and hoary of all platitudes. I will voice it: happiness is found in the homely pleasures, in simple living, in elimination rather than acquisition, in the foundation and elements of life, rather than the superstructure which civilization has reared.

The life of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks is so simple that one's first inclination is to ask what is the use of wealth and fame, of being internationally known motion picture stars, if that is all you get out of it. During the last year they have attended just three social functions outside their own home. In the last four years they have not missed a single dinner together. And during all this time I have never seen them for a single moment bored or dispirited. I am not prescribing their program of life either for myself or others. The main thing is that they like it, and find happiness that way. Even their daily ride home from the studio takes one back to conditions a little more primitive and adventurous than our own. Southern California has become a pleasant winter resort for the more [Turn to page 59]

a Revelation

New Oil Stove

The Improved Blue Chimney New Perfection astonishes women with faster, more economical and trouble-proof cook stove service at a moderate price.

Even women who for years have used the world-famous Blue Chimney New Perfection with utmost satisfaction are delighted with the improvements offered by this new 1924 model.

Faster cooking than ever before, yet 17% less fuel used. That makes it the most economical oil stove in the world.

And it has the new conveniences a woman wants! Roomy cooking top—comfortable working height—extra shelf space—and other devices for saving steps and effort.

Altogether it gives you the greatest advantages obtainable at moderate price!

At your dealers you will find styles and sizes ranging from \$7.00 to \$145.00, to suit every requirement—each one the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.

NEW COOK BOOK—Send ten cents for the 1924 New Perfection Cook Book—forty-four pages of recipes, menus for all occasions and invaluable cookery suggestions.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
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New Blue Chimney Burner Faster—More Economical

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The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.



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The same nickel that keeps an electric fan running all day will operate an electric vacuum cleaner 3½ hours, or a washing machine for an hour and a half. On the motors of these modern servants look for the General Electric Company monogram. The letters are a symbol of service, the initials of a friend.

You can buy an ice-cream cone for a nickel; it is cooling for a minute.

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"For the home well run and work well done"



SAPOLIO

Science Advises Young Homemakers

[Continued from page 45]

sufficient calcium, one of the minerals so essential for building teeth and bones, and in the absence of eggs, it would be deficient in at least two or three of the vitamins as well. The only foods which contain much calcium are milk and the green vegetables. By the term green vegetables we mean such things as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, turnip and beet tops, brussels sprouts, chard, endive, collards and a few others. It is immaterial whether milk be separated into its constituents and used as skim milk in cookery, cream, butter, cheese and so forth, or as whole milk as a beverage. The important point is to ensure the consumption of a sufficient amount of all the constituents of milk.

It may seem discouraging to the girl who has had no experience along the lines of dietetics or home economics to undertake to balance the day's menus with respect to these seemingly formidable food principles but fortunately, in the light of modern research, the problem has been simplified for her. Here are a few "don't's," which every bride should become familiar with:

Don't think it is necessary to I am fancy cookery in order to prepare pleasing menus. There are many more profitable ways for the young homemaker to spend her time and although she should try to serve meals which are pleasing to the eye, well cooked and complete, nutritionally, they need not be "fussy" or complicated in service.

Don't depend on the ready-made things to eat to the extent of giving no thought to how they should be served and in what combinations they are most wholesome and attractive. Properly plan your meals ahead, whether they require much or little preparation. As a rule meals which require some simple cooking are more appealing, more wholesome, more economical than those which are put on the table at the last minute without thought having been given them.

Don't think it is necessary to serve a never-ending series of surprises. The surprise should come in the way in which you serve a few, wholesome dishes which you have learned to prepare well.

Within the short space of this article it is not possible to give full details of the proper planning of menus for the different seasons. Although this part of the homemaker's duties seems to be the one ever-present question which presses each day anew for a decision, it need not be a problem which must be solved every day. It can be solved once and for all and kept at hand for reference.

Believing, as we do, that women would welcome relief from this task of planning breakfast, lunch and dinner every day, having to consider as they do it, the completeness of the diet, the avoidance of monotony, the inclusion of fruits and vegetables which are in season, palatability, the avoidance of waste, economy of expenditure, suitability of combinations and all the other things which are necessary to the proper service of food, we prepared for the readers of McCall's Magazine a leaflet "Menus for Two Weeks" in which we took into consideration all these points. More recently we have published a book of model menus called "The American Home Diet," which contains lunches and dinners for every day in the year, and many examples of suitable breakfasts. We know this book has solved the problem of feeding the family for a great many homemakers.

In conclusion, when the bride of 1924 sets out to market, she may well consider what a priceless treasure she has been given to safeguard; the health of her husband and herself and her family-to-be. She should rejoice that nutrition has become a science in her own day and has placed at her disposal knowledge which her own mother and her husband's mother did not possess, and which will enable her to succeed better than they did. This science of nutrition will help her to prolong the best part of life—the years in which she and her husband look and feel and are young. Nothing will do more to preserve youth than right living. There are many today who are far older at forty than they would have been had they considered while they were young the fact that it is much easier and more effective to preserve health than to try to recover it after it is gone.

When It's a Hot Sunday!

[Continued from page 47]

Drain very dry and serve in cream sauce made as follows: Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper, and mix well. Add 1 cup milk, stirring until smooth. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Pour over Kohl-rabi and serve hot.

SOUTHERN LOBSTER

1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup cream
1½ cups lobster meat, cut fine
1 cup hot rice
2 tablespoons tomato catsup
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
Dash of cayenne

Sauté (brown) onion in butter, add cream and cook 3 minutes. Add lobster, rice, and lastly catsup and seasonings. Serve on toasted crackers or rounds of bread, toasted.

FROZEN PINEAPPLE SALAD

Remove label from a can of crushed pineapple. Pack can in equal parts ice and salt. Let stand 3 hours.

Mash 1 cream cheese, moistening with a little milk or cream if necessary. Season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Make into small balls, and roll in chopped nuts.

Remove top from can of pineapple when it has stood for 3 hours, cutting below rim. Let cold water run over sides for a few seconds, then slip pineapple from can onto a bed of lettuce. Place cheese balls around the edges of the platter for a garnish and serve with mayonnaise or the following:

SOUR CREAM DRESSING

1 cup thick sour cream
5 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of cayenne

Whip cream very stiff, adding lemon juice a little at a time. Add sugar and seasonings. This dressing is good to serve on any fruit salads or with cold slaw.

CARAMEL MOUSSE

1¼ tablespoons gelatin
½ cup caramel
1 quart cream
¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cold water
3 tablespoons hot water

Soak gelatin in cold water. Add hot water to dissolve. Strain, chill, add caramel made as follows: melt ½ cup sugar in a saucepan, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. When all melted and light brown, pour in (from a long-handled utensil) ¼ cup hot water. Move sugar mixture about in water until it dissolves. Let boil slowly for 5 minutes. Remove from fire, cool, add to gelatin, mixing well. Set aside until mixture begins to thicken, then add cream, whipped, to which sugar has been added. Pour into mold. Pack in equal parts ice and salt. Let stand 3 hours to harden.

EASY FRUIT SHERBET

1 quart milk
½ cup acid fruit juice
2 cups sugar

Chill milk. Dissolve sugar in fruit juice, add to milk. Freeze, using 8 parts ice to 1 part rock salt.

Use standard measuring cups and spoons. All measurements should be level.

One of the Ten

[Continued from page 26]

the starlight: "What are you and I doing here together?—a man unhappily married—never really married—and a girl who tries to believe she is not ill? Do you think we belong together?"

"Yes, as long as you choose to make me welcome."

After a time he said: "This apartment is healthier than the boarding house. But it's getting very warm in town. I have a place in the mountains. I've told you about it. I sent up a housekeeper and some servants last week. I want you to go there. I want you to stay there until you are—cured." Her grasp on the hammock edge relaxed. In the reaction her face flushed hot. Suddenly her eyes smarted with tears—for some reason or other—or for none.

"I want you to go," he repeated.

"Will you come with me?"

"Yes, if you can stand the situation."

"Will there be scandal?" she asked.

"Probably."

"Would it injure you?"

"Oh, no. But if you have any fear of it perhaps I had better not go up with you. You can ask friends. You may find it monotonous—but I think it important that you go, Rosalind. If there really is any slight trouble with your lungs I want you to remain there until it is cleared up."

After a silence: "Will you do this because I ask you?" he added.

"Yes."

Presently she rose, stood looking at the fountain for a moment: "I think—I'm tired—if you don't mind—"

They walked into the little lamp-lit living-room together; from there, in silence, to the door. He opened it, offered his hand. "When will you be ready to leave?" he asked.

"Will you go, too?"

"Do you care to risk it?" She waited to recover her self-possession.

She had grown very pale. She said: "Once—a long time ago—you told me

you were—in love with me."

He reddened: "I had no business to say that."

"Wasn't it true?"

"Yes, it's true enough. It need not disturb you, Rosalind."

"Well, then," she said, "shall we go together? Because I am very much in love with you. You knew that, didn't you?"

"I didn't know what you were going to do about it," he muttered.

"I don't know, either." There was a silence. She was still pale and rather scared. After a while fear subsided. She placed both slender hands on her cheeks which were very hot now.

"I don't know what to do about it," she said, partly to herself.

"And after all," she thought, "I shan't live very long. Nobody does who has what I have."

Looking up at him: "Will you come back? It isn't late."

He hesitated; gave her a sombre glance. "I want you to—to forget those dreadful years," she faltered. "And I want you to—to remember that I never have had—even those."

At that he looked up sharply; came back into the room; took her fingers from the knob; closed the door.

Her hand still lay in his, very soft and blond of skin, but the palm was burning. Inarticulate, she lifted her blue eyes to his. Ghostly her face; her smile a tremor. In their wordless way they seemed to understand each other. They went back, very slowly, into the lamp-lit room.

ALL night long the lamp in the living-room burned where he lay, alone in the flowered arm-chair. There was no other light in the apartment save for a rose glow from a partly open door. Behind this door she lay, in her simple evening dress, very still. Thus punctiliously did they observe the Decalogue—even in death.

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks

[Continued from page 57]

enterprising criminals of the country. A completely baffled police force reports every morning the new quota of burglaries, hold-ups and assaults. Mr. Fairbanks carries on his knees a sawed-off two-barrelled shot gun, which has sometimes bothered me since I usually find myself in a seat directly in front of him. In the front seat of the car sits an armed watchman as an added protection. There is one picturesque malefactor known as the "foot-hill bandit" who has more than fifty hold-ups to his credit. He is one of the numerous out-laws who have honored Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks with a special notice that he is "out to get them."

It is New Year's Eve,—or rather was when I last visited them at their home, and it was a most informal and casual New Year's party. Douglas was without a tie and Mary still wore her make up. The presence of two correct butlers gave the only touch of ceremony. The light from a wood fire at one end of the dining room mingled pleasantly with the glow of candles. There was no effort to keep the ball of conversation rolling. It ran lightly over a number of subjects,—the new books and plays, Los Angeles real estate, the philosophy of Bertrand Russell, the charm of Paris, French cooking and flappers.

When dinner was half over, Charlie Chaplin, who is a frequent caller, appeared. His entrance is usually the signal for great merriment, for the intellectuals have never quite succeeded in corrupting him and turning him into a self-conscious philosopher brooding on radical ideas. He still remains the most amiable and diverting of all buffoons. In response to an introduction of mock solemnity by Mr. Fairbanks, he rose and admitted in a burst of great oratory that he was the world's greatest artist. Upon

all this clowning, Mary Pickford bends an amused but somewhat puzzled glance. She seems to be saying to herself, "I wish I could behave like that. It seems to be great fun but I don't know how to do it."

At midnight, the party had reached its most feverish pitch. Mary Pickford had wantonly abandoned herself to Wells' "Outline of History." Douglas Fairbanks had fallen asleep on the davenport. Charlie Chaplin was addressing a purely imaginary audience in a corner of the room on the subject of Karl Marx, interrupting himself every now and then with some dimly remembered old coster songs.

A brisk wind from the Pacific, bearing on its wings perhaps a surprised New Year's spirit, chagrined that human beings should take his advent so indifferently, blew open one of the French windows with a clatter, that brought everyone to his feet. We walked out on the dew-soaked lawn and looked up at the stars. They seemed to be behaving in the usual manner. From distant Los Angeles came the faint fanfare of whistles and automobile horns, screeching the birth of the New Year. At that very moment, I might, of course, have been sitting in a bright Hollywood cafe, with someone stuffing confetti down my neck. But my regret, if any, was short-lived. For I came to the profound conclusion that there is after all no direct connection between confetti and human happiness.

Several articles by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks themselves will follow in subsequent issues of McCall's. These articles will be the first jointly done by these famous stars, and have been written to tell the world their real personalities and what they hope to accomplish. They reveal a new and fascinating Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.



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Remember, "The Finest Aluminum" is *finest for preserving!* That is the magic formula that will make your 1924 preserving a grand and satisfying triumph.

A Mirro preserving kettle has added lustre to more than one housewife's reputation for jellies and preserves of marvelous color and flavor. The even-heating metal, unaffected by acids, supplies perfect conditions for perfect results.

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Only One in Five escapes Pyorrhea

Will that one be you?
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Dental statistics tell the story. Four out of five over forty years of age—and thousands younger—are victims of Pyorrhea.

Apply the "ounce of prevention" before Nature warns with bleeding gums. Go to your dentist regularly. And brush your teeth at least twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

If used in time and used consistently, this safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your mouth clean and fresh, preserve your teeth and safeguard your health. Ask your dentist.

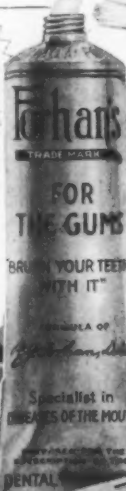
There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R.J. Forhan DDS
Forhan Company
New York, N.Y.



The Ship of Souls

[Continued from page 19]

"All I hope is that the juice isn't gone in my batteries. Well, let's string our aerial from the staff to that stub on the bank, right near the bench there—we'll put the machine on the bench itself. That'll give us over a hundred feet in the clear for our air wire. Of course, we've got to get on cleats for the antenna wire. Porcelain." In spite of himself Barnes was interested.

Churchill unlocked and flung open the black case which held so much; drew out wires, bits of appliances, a few simple tools. As he had said, the entire outfit did not weigh much over sixty pounds.

"I'll get the ladder our friends were using at the fur loft, the other day," he resumed. "Please run this wire across on the ground, between the uprights, from the staff to the bare tree trunk yonder. Back in a jiffy." He did return with the short ladder, which he leaned against the flag staff.

"Steady her, please," said he. "I'll go up and screw on our insulators—those white cleats, porcelain—right-o. They hold the wire safe from shooting up the shop, you know. Thanks." Working at arm's length above his head, he rapidly fastened the porcelain cleat in place against the staff; reached down, and looped through it the antenna wire which Barnes passed up to him.

"Now, the cleat on the other end," he chattered on excitedly, nervously. "Please bring the box. I'll carry the ladder." They repeated the process at the bare stub near the lookout bench at the edge of the bluff; so that presently the horizontal antenna wire reached across well nigh half the open space. Potentially, it reached half around the world.

"Of course, we've got to have our lead wire, from our antenna to the receiving set," said Churchill. "That shorter piece, copper, please. Will she run the end of the antenna to the box on the bench? Yes? That's fine!"

"Now we'll rig on," he added, when he had come down the ladder after fastening the last insulator and attaching the lead wire.

"We'll take out the set now. She's just a box, ten by eight inches, couple of feet long; doesn't weigh over ten pounds."

"Now, we've got our lead wire attached to the set. Of course, we've got to have our ground wire. See here—I brought along an old malleable iron tent peg for that. A bolt of any sort would do. Drive her down in the ground to the top. Now wrap on the ground wire. Thanks."

"She's set, now, as for the main things. Please hand me,—there in the case,—the ear muffs for the telephone lady. 'Num,' please! That's the head phone, down on each ear. Have to take a fellow's cap off. Ears may freeze, but cheap at that if she goes . . . And that's that. You get it all?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Langley Barnes. "Will it work?"

"The only place where our magic may fall down is in the batteries. Heavy things. That's about all there is to it. Except, of course, the attunement."

He cast rather a swift glance at Barnes, whose face remained immobile.

"The tuning is done altogether by twisting these dials?"

"Yes."

He had been turning the dials rapidly. Now, carelessly, he laid the head piece on the bench, and began thrashing his arms. Barnes turned up the collar of his coat. Something seemed curious to him, some vague suspicion which he by no means could formulate.

There was something sinister in Churchill's absorption in this strange contrivance with its miraculous powers—something demonic.

"Fact is," Churchill grinned—standing now, his hands in his sleeves, but looking now and again at his dials, unconsciously; "I'm maybe a little ahead of the game. I just brought this to see if we couldn't put in radio for the service.

Ankitcook? Werewolves? Chasse Galères? Tut! Child's play to this. And this thing's sure. At least, it's sure if my battery's not gone dead by now."

Barnes put a hand on his shoulder, excited. "What do you mean to say!" he demanded. "With no more plant than that, you can talk with—with—well, anywhere out of here? Gravel River's the nearest possibility. That's hundreds of miles!"

"Four hundred sixty-two miles. Easy, if the battery's alive, and if we don't get a lot of static in the air—some of these mysterious Chasse Galères larking about!"

"I didn't know you were an expert in such matters as these," began Barnes. Still he wondered why the man did not go on with his work.

Barnes distinctly saw him turn two of the panel dials, apparently absent-mindedly. Then he faced Barnes again, composedly. "Show you a thing or two, maybe. I don't care if you listen in. Take the first shot, if you like. I'll watch the battery. If she peters, we're done. Call 'Gravel! Gravel!' Of course, I don't know they've any set, at all." Barnes put the head phones in place. His eye was on the dial. He began to call.

"What? You get nothing?" said Churchill, after a considerable time of futile effort. "It's easy as any other telephone, if all's right. Here, let me show you. Maybe the receivers weren't full down on your ears."

"Static!" he murmured, after a time. "Ripping and cracking. Take her for a while. I'm going to the house to get warmed up. If anything shows, hold up your hand."

Barnes clamped the ear pieces down to place and approached his lips to the mouthpiece in readiness to speak. Arthur Churchill, looking back over his shoulder, saw him do that. But what Arthur Churchill did not see was that, just as he heard the door of the log building close, Barnes, in an agony of doubt, in a desperate attempt at memory of two swift changes on two dials, had put his unformulated suspicion to the test. Focusing his mind till the sweat stood on his forehead in the cold, he turned back the dials precisely to the places they had had previously, as nearly as he could tell by memory. He had no reason for this except that Churchill's conduct somehow did not seem natural. The first radio-phone in the Great Mackenzie basin—the first phone along the Circle—and the installer had walked away from it! Why?

He got nothing. He turned one dial one degree.

Crack! Crackle! Crrr—acch, click—click—click. Brrr—snap! Snap! Much like the average of the old product back home, he fancied, irritated. He would pitch the thing over the bluff. But what had caused it to crackle and snap and blur?

Barnes felt, even in the cold, a slight sweat start on his body. What a thought—what a thought! What would it mean, if space now were annihilated, the earth shut up like a scroll? Was man about to solve all the ancient enigmas? Was there a world beyond after all? And indeed, no "manifestation" from a spirit world could have jarred Langley Barnes more than that which was now to transpire. Ten minutes of strained futility. He touched the dials no more. But at last, suddenly, spasmodically, Langley Barnes froze into immobility, his body rigid as marble, his face as white. Tailing on at the end of a long string of incoherence; as though it had come out of the ravings of Gehenna, was *Sound!* Measured, articulated utterance was here—voice—voice—voice!

Yes, it had been a word! There was a voice. There was thought, intelligence, a soul, a person, an identity, somewhere out there in chaos and the void. Faint. Small. Fine. Thin. Gone! Oh, if only it would come back—once more! He had not dared to speak.

It did come back again, yet again, wearily, automatically, [Turn to page 63]



HE found her at last! She was sitting in the garden—just where she belonged. She quickly raised her little mask up to her eyes as he approached. "Oh, never mind, Fair Stranger—I know who you are. You are a rose disguised as a Beautiful Lady."

Do you know how to use powder most effectively? • • •

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder.

It is of first importance to select the shade of powder for your particular skin. In selecting your shade of powder you should, of course, first consider the shade of your skin.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades, each one carefully compounded to most nearly match each of the four typical shades of the American woman's skin. These shades are called Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White.

Select the shade that matches your skin

Naturelle is the shade that most American women should use. Women with the warm little rose and ivory tones in their skin find this a shade of powder that can be used successfully both day and night.

Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a slightly darker tone of powder than Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is designed for the Spanish type of beauty. Yet, often women who have not such a definite tint of brunette in their general appearance should use Rachel shade. It gives a lovely tone of rich beauty to the skin, and I would advise more women to try it.

Flesh Pompeian Beauty Powder is quite a decided pink—the "pink and gold" blonde women should wear this shade. If your skin is inclined to flush, you will do well to use this powder, for it tones down a too-active coloring. Sometimes it has been avoided and white powder used in its stead, with the mis-

taken idea that the white powder would subdue the heightened coloring. This is not true. The pink powder over the pink skin tones down the too-high coloring, and forms a natural little finish that takes away the shine.

Few women have a skin white enough to justify the use of white powder—yet many women make the mistake of using it and are always conscious that their powder "shows."

Do not be stingy with your powder

The most effective way to use your own shade of powder is to use it generously. Cover the skin lavishly, then go over it again with a clean cloth or a bit of clean cotton and smooth off all superfluous particles. This will give your skin a uniform covering, and will form the correct background for your rouge. Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rarely fine powder, with a delicate perfume and an exceptional quality of adhering for a long period of time.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

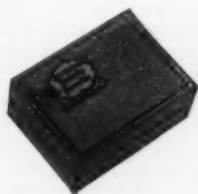
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For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon and mail today.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
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Pompeian Beauty Powder

THE FLOWER-LIKE BEAUTY OF A LOVELY SKIN

Many of us select the late summer for our most interesting vacations, if we can arrange matters to our liking. It is our "final fling" to the joys of summer, and we have the perfectly natural desire to "look our best" at this time.

Women realize that one of the most important elements in the general effect of loveliness or beauty is the clearness and smoothness of the complexion! This has been true in woman-wisdom since the earliest records of feminine vanity—and every woman strives to keep her fine skin if she has one naturally, or to attain one if she feels that hers needs improvement.

The first essential of a good skin is good health, and the second is no less important—it is cleanliness. A neglected skin cannot stay beautiful over a period of years. Sometimes youth is negligent, but unless the young girl learns how to cleanse her skin, she will not keep its natural beauty when she becomes a woman. This cleanliness of skin is not merely a matter of daily bathing—there must be a deeper cleansing to remove the dirt accumulated by the skin.

Pompeian Night Cream has proved itself to be a most valuable method of accomplishing this "deeper cleansing," for it softens and loosens dirt that has not yielded to the urge of soap and water.

Give a Dry Skin Plenty of Cream

Most young skins have a good deal of natural oil, and this is one reason why young skins are generally smooth and radiant in appearance. But after we begin to grow up, we live under such conditions that we frequently lose much of this valuable natural oil, and it is wise to supply a substitute for it, some good, greasy cream. Pompeian Night Cream contains oils that have been scientifically proved to best benefit the skin. A dry skin will improve rapidly under the systematic use of this cream. The cream should be used as a cleanser at least twice a day, and as a powder base for any skin that has not its quota of natural oil.

An Oily Skin Needs Two Creams

Yes—by all means "cleanse an oily skin with Pompeian Night Cream." Even though this type of skin can stand the generous use of soap and water, it requires the additional cleansing power of an oily cream to soften and loosen the dirt that is often actually "clogged" in the skin by too much natural oil and extraneous dirt. But Pompeian Day Cream should be used on this type of skin as a powder base.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2009 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

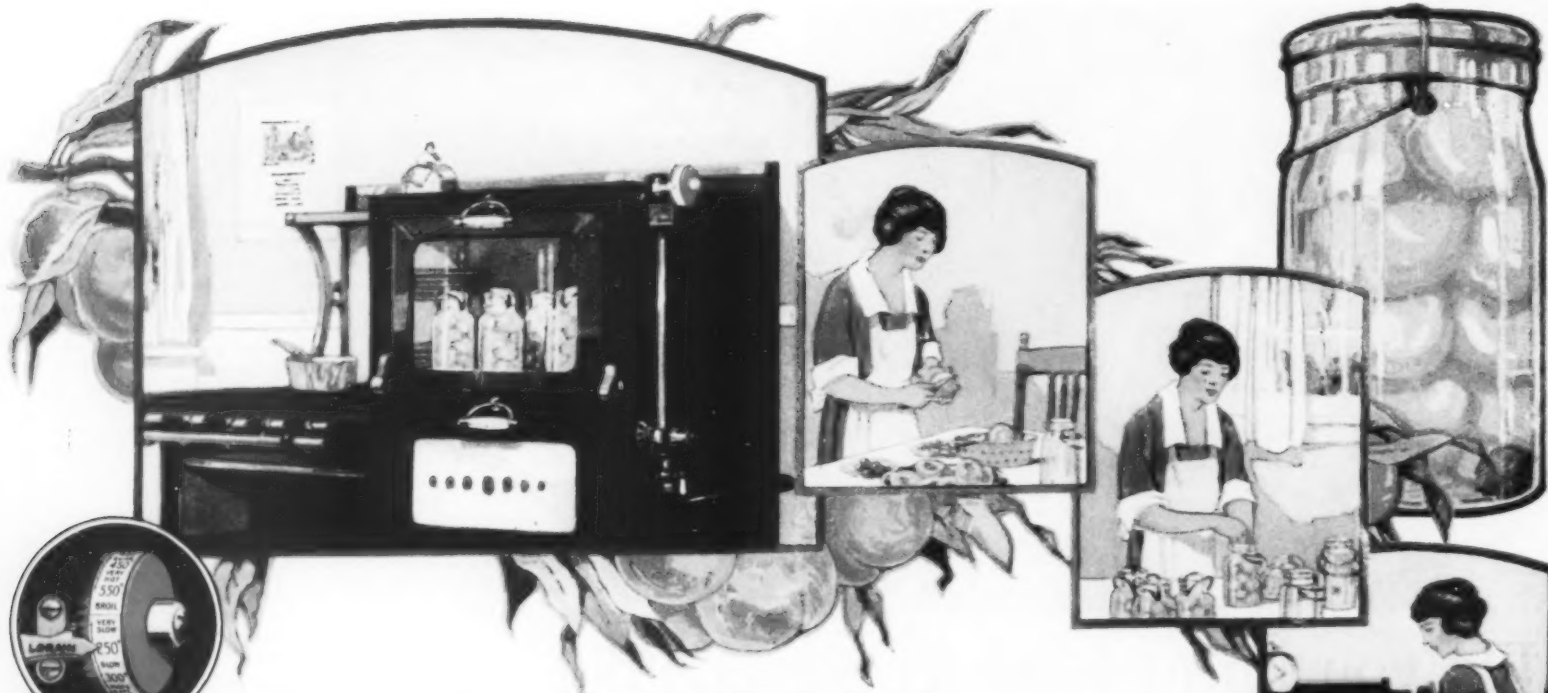
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

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What shade of face powder wanted? _____



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking. In this magic oven you can roast meats and bake the most delicious desserts without ever a failure; can fruits and vegetables perfectly; or cook whole meals at one time while you're miles away.

How the Red Wheel makes Canning Easy

THERE are six famous makes of gas ranges that have a small Red Wheel at the front or side of the oven. This Red Wheel indicates that the gas range is equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator—a wonderful device that measures and automatically controls the heat of the oven.

Now let us see how this Red Wheel makes canning easy. We'll take peaches, for example. First you skin and stone them in the usual manner. Then you pack the halves in ordinary glass jars. You add boiling water or syrup, place the jar-rubbers in position, and adjust the lids loosely.

Next, you place the jars on the oven rack, setting the Red Wheel at the temperature recommended for peaches in the Lorain Oven Canning Chart. The chart also tells the length of time to leave the jars in the oven. (See the coupon). While the jars are in the oven, you need not stay in the kitchen. There is no chance of anything going wrong. When the prescribed time is up you remove the jars from the oven, tighten the lids, invert the jars, and your canning is done. These various operations are illustrated at the right.

Fruits and vegetables canned in this manner retain their fresh-from-the-garden flavor and color, remain firm, and keep indefinitely. And the process involves no lifting of heavy kettles or wash boilers, no standing over a hot stove, no stirring, testing, tasting. It's simple, quick, easy and economical.

The Lorain Oven Canning Method has been used nearly five years by thousands upon thousands of happy owners of Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges—and used with universal success.

But canning isn't the only cooking process that the Red Wheel makes easy. Because the Red Wheel automatically maintains the heat of the oven at any one of 44 different temperatures that you may select, you can bake every cake, pie, roast, etc., perfectly—every time.

And, by setting the Red Wheel at a very low temperature you can leave a Whole Meal cooking in the oven for an entire afternoon, going where you please, knowing that a delicious, hot dinner will be ready to serve when you return.

Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges are sold by Gas Companies and good dealers everywhere. Those who sell them can tell you all about them and the wonderful things that the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator makes possible.

We'll be very glad to send you, free of charge, a copy of our latest 8-page folder on Lorain Oven Canning. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR



Look for the RED WHEEL.
When Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, efficient, intense heat directly against the cooking vessel.
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AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of the Lorain Oven Canning Chart.
I have checked my favorite stove.

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These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

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- ☐ NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
- ☐ QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
- ☐ RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, O.

MC 7-24

thinner than the pipe of a humming bird just free of the shell—Mac T Mac T Mac T Mac T. It came again and again questingly.

"McTavish McTavish McTavish speaking! This is McTavish. This is McTavish. Northwest Territory. McTavish!"

"Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!—is it you?" Something very fine, attenuated, delicate, was out yonder. His credulity was overtaken. This simply could not be:

"McTavish speaking. Is this Gravel Gravel? Gravel River? Gravel? Who'd you want—who'd you want—who'd you want? McTavish speaking. Just up. Just in. McTavish, McTavish! This Gravel River?" He by no means would believe what his mind told him he had heard.

He gasped. *It was a woman's voice! He knew whose voice.*

"Arthur? At McTavish? You told me to call now. We've been calling a month, five times a day."

"Yes—yes—yes." "You did get through! You are alive! Oh, Arthur, you are not lost! It is you! Where—McTavish, McTavish, McTavish. New York New York speaking New York U. S. A. U. S. A. You told me to try for you. Is it you?"

"Yes, New York! New York. Who's speaking. Who wants Fort McTavish North West Territory H. B. Company who wants H. B. McTavish."

"But Arthur! You said . . . CRACK CRACK CRACK SNAP . . . Why don't you tell me! I'm Alicia Alicia Alicia Don't you hear?" Now the voice was a wail, a shriek. It came like a hot needle point, eight thousand miles.

"Why you took it in, you said—You would put it up for me, for me! That we'd not be separated, Arthur! That we'd talk no matter what! It was for me. It's wonderful. It's a marvel. Arthur Arthur Arthur. Is it you, Arthur Churchill Major Arthur Churchill Major Arthur Churchill wanted! WHO'S SPEAKING THERE?"

Can suspicion carry eight thousand miles? Is a woman's intuition wireless? Is guilt a thing that can not be hid either in the positive or the subjective world? The voice went on, finally, weakly. "Arthur Churchill wanted! Major Arthur Churchill!" He could hear a sob, of a woman overstrained.

"Mrs. Alicia Barnes, New York U. S. A. is it you, is it you Alicia. Alicia Barnes, New York! Alicia? Alicia? Alicia?" asked Barnes.

"Yes, Yes! Oh God! Arthur! Is it you! Speak! Quick—WHO ARE YOU?" The energy of high strung query came through. And over eight thousand miles of land and water which once it took two years to cross, came back to her now, within the seconds: "I AM LANGLEY BARNES."

The figure on Angus Garth's observation bench at Fort McTavish, under the Arctic Circle, still sat rigid. It was several moments before he tore off the headpiece. He flung up an arm in signal.

The transmission had ceased abruptly. Barnes looked at the box on the bench. He had time to think, as he saw Churchill come out of the door and hurry across the open space, his face eager. Obviously he had been watching Barnes comfortably in the warm room.

"Anything? Get anything? Does she work?" he demanded. At once he had off his cap, the clamps on his ears.

He knelt in the wet snow, his lips to the transmission cone. "Hello! Hello! Hello! Gravel River. New York. Who? Hello! Hello!"

He turned. Langley Barnes sat astride the bench. In his hand, the butt steadied on the plank, was the heavy automatic whose muzzle covered Churchill's breast. Barnes saw the flicker of his eyelids.

"Go on!" cried Barnes. "I've heard enough to satisfy me. Talk! Tell the truth to her and to me. I'm your judge now. There's no law but this between us. Go on."

Desperately, his eyes on the cold steel of that menacing pistol barrel, Churchill fumbled with the transmission cone.

"Yes, New York. New York, New York. Who is it, is it, is it?" His voice trailed off. Almost sobbing with despair, Churchill rose to his feet.

The Ship of Souls

[Continued from page 60]

"Dead!" said he. "There's nothing in on this attunement. You must have been mistaken. Nothing doing."

The pistol muzzle kept him covered as he stood. The cold eye of Barnes looked into his own, and he stared back, trying to guess—with his life depending on it—what had been heard here just now before he came.

"Oh well," he said, presently. "I suppose one ought not to expect miracles. You are sure you have heard a voice?"

"I got New York! I don't think. I know!"

"What do you know?" asked Churchill, after a time. "Why did they cut off? It's impossible!"

"Yes, you meant it to be. I saw you turn the dials. I turned them back!"

"I'll stand watch a time," said Churchill, coolly, with a courage, at least, magnificent. "Who was it, in New York?" This quite calmly.

"I see. You had let them know of what you intended to do with the radio experiment. It was only a tentative date? Well, in another month we may get on again!" Barnes spoke quietly enough.

"Seven-Two-Three—A. B. C. A. B. C. A. B. C. Transatlantic Radio . . . Atlantic Radio New York New York New York?"

Churchill had picked up the headpiece once more, and now was speaking, calling, using code.

"You were right. We've had New York, Barnes. It was the central office of the Transatlantic Radiophone Company!"

"Yes. I know that."

"Their manager was, well, you know?"

"Yes. B. D. Ogden, a brother of my wife. You knew him?"

"Oh yes."

"You arranged with him?"

"I did. You see, we wanted to try out the thing. Sake of the Mounted Service, you know."

"I wouldn't lie."

Churchill drew a long breath. "Well then, what did you hear? What do you want to do?"

"I heard New York. I'm rather sure the Transatlantic will call again. You are to listen here, until they do."

"By God! you've heard through! No use my trying to shield her. She called through!"

But Barnes' cold, haggard face gave no sign of assent or dissent. Shrugging in a sudden resolve, Churchill picked up the headpiece once more.

The minutes passed. Suddenly Churchill threw up his arm, caught off the headpiece, kept calling, "Wait! Wait! Minute, please! Coming. Wait!"

"New York," said he, quietly, coldly; and handed over the headpiece. Barnes motioned him to the far end of the bench.

"Yes? Yes. New York. McTavish. H. B. Northwest. Langley Barnes speaking. In charge here. Yes? What is it?"

Then Churchill saw his face go rigid, frowning, grave, all in a few seconds. He heard him say into the mouthpiece, "Yes, Major Arthur Churchill's here. You wish to speak to him? I'll call him. Repeat what you told me to him, absolutely. Yes, he's here. Wait!"

He handed the head phone to Churchill. "It seems faint," said he. "Not so clear."

"Yes?" began Churchill. "Seven-two-three. A. B. C. Is A. B. C. there? What? What's that? Not there—She was calling just now—She's—what? What's that? Wait, something wrong! Don't get you. This blamed static! What? Great Lord, it's the battery! It's dying. No, no, no other battery here. Wait!" "Crack. Crack. Burr." A purring, fading blur of vague sound. Then silence, absolute silence. He might as well have held a gourd to his ear.

He put down the headpiece, pushed back the receiver, jerked off the ends of the battery wires, tested for spark, took the chance on his wetted finger tip. It all was cold, silent, in the white cold silence.

"Dead!" said Churchill, savagely. "What was it got through when you were on?" he demanded now of the silent man who sat opposite him. "Who was it? What did you hear?"

"At first I heard my wife, Alicia Barnes, calling eight thousand miles to keep an appointment with a man whom she called Arthur. I gather that you had planned to try this, that you brought the outfit on that chance, that you had a code. Yes?"

"I did! But what did she say? On my honor I'd not ask, if there were any other chance," Churchill added. "Indeed, it was to me she spoke! Tell me, man! This last time—it was not her voice?"

"No, it was the voice of her brother, Ogden, New York, general manager of the Transatlantic Radio. He was talking to me. He told me—what we both may hear."

"Tell me—what do you mean! You said it was her own voice."

"Just this," for the first time something like a break came into Langley Barnes' voice; something akin to pity—pity for the man who faced him, and for the woman whose love had followed that man across more than eight thousand miles—dawned in his eyes.

"This, sir: The shock of hearing her husband's voice, from the ends of the earth, where for a month she had tried to hear her lover's voice, seriously startled my wife. She sprang back from the chair in the manager's private booth in the general offices, in New York. In doing so, she flung out her hands. In some way—I do not know how—she must have touched some part of the great central sending set. In any case, in an instant she was dead. I do not know how. I wanted you to hear the news yourself, with your own ears, to help us both get it all straight."

"My God! man, this can't be!" Arthur Churchill pitched forward, his face buried in his hands.

THE double season of the North began its annual apology for spring. Hours of still brooding came in the lengthening day, premonitory of the swift leap into life of full fledged summer. Dark spots showed on the ice of the river. Always the sun became more confident, the night lessening, the day in waxing ascendancy, until the reversal was accomplished and both snow and ice were gone and the swift green came. The strange colony at McTavish, shaken down perforce into some sort of adjustment not much above that of the native villages, moved on, dully, half apathetically, waiting for the spring. Two figures daily occupied the look-out bench on McTavish bluff front—Christine and Langley Barnes.

They were seated so one day when the returning tide of spring brought healing to the man's tortured soul. "Christine," he whispered. The girl was reading, as was her wont, her book flat on her lap. She turned her eyes upon him tranquilly, gravely, not asking him any questions at all. A sudden, unaccountable feeling of weariness of longing for peace, came to the troubled soul of the man who hesitated, while she remained quite silent.

"What are you reading, Christine?" he asked. She had not yet spoken at all; given to long silences, as all persons who live in silent lands.

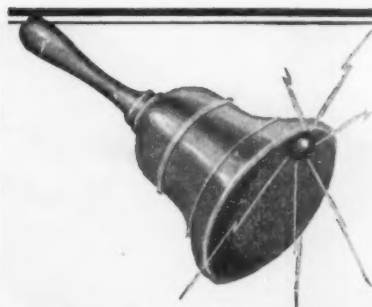
"It is an old and very strange book my father got for me two years ago," she answered. "It is 'The High History of the Holy Grail.' It is a story of knights of chivalry, and of fighting, and of faith."

She paused, turned a page. "It is strange reading," said she, "but still it means something. I am not sure what."

They were both silent. Then she began to tell him of the story.

"That must have been a ship of souls! Do you not think so? And why should my father buy this book for me? None but a Perceval could rescue damsel like me, on my island—on my island in the unknown sea! And far away the ship—ay, it was hae far to gae, frae this island!" Unconsciously, she was falling into the intimate Scotch.

And then, Langley Barnes told her of all that had happened. [Turn to page 79]



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It will lengthen the life of your teeth

THE IMPORTANCE of healthy gums in the preservation of your teeth cannot be over-estimated. The threat that the "pink toothbrush" brings cannot be made too clear.

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All for 25¢! You will find this adorable package convenient for the office, too. Fill in the attached coupon, send 25¢ and yours will start on its way to you immediately. Address

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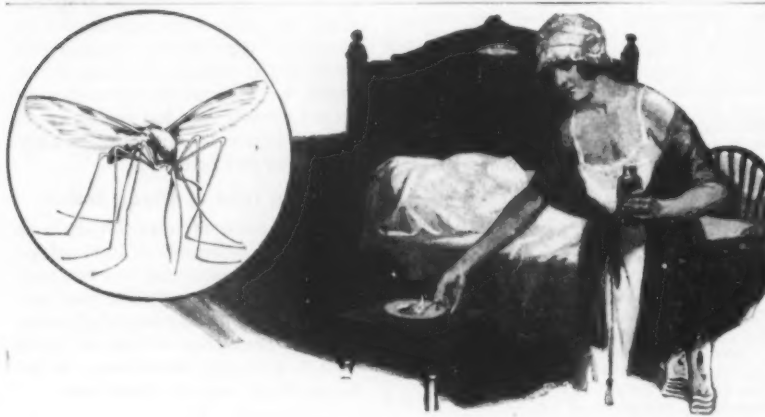
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Liquid (4 Sizes)
25c, 45c, 85c,
\$2.50. Except west
of Denver and
foreign countries



Unknown Quantity

[Continued from page 15]

"We won't talk any more about it," said Lady Varleigh. "There is plenty of time in any case. Just let it all go by and rest till you feel better. Whatever happens, God will provide."

"Do you really believe that?" said Jeannette.

"Yes. If we will let Him!"

"I SHALL find work," Jeannette had said on the day after her father's funeral. Six weeks later she paced the terrace at Varleigh Park when the first nip of winter was in the air, and asked herself desperately what there was in all the wide world that she could find to do.

Sir Philip and Lady Varleigh were leaving at length for the South of France, having already deferred their departure on her account.

She had applied for various posts and considered many others, but to each one of them there was invariably some circumstance attached that disqualified her.

The bare thought that she was at present living upon the bounty of friends was like a poison in her veins. She thought suddenly of her father, sitting by the study-fire over at Starfields waiting for her as he had so often waited, and sharply a sob rose in her throat. Oh for the sight of him again! To put her arms about him—to draw the silvery head to her breast—to know his need of her—to answer it with all her heart's quick love!

She felt the hot tears welling up, and she could not stay them. Perhaps it did not matter for once, for there were none to see. And she was tired—O God, how tired she was!—of life with its bitter grief and disappointment and failure.

She turned and ran along the terrace. She stopped at the further end, and sinking down upon the low stone balustrade she sobbed out her agony alone.

Many minutes later, when she could weep no more, she lifted her head and stared blindly into the night.

What was that? The creak of a boot on the grass below her—yes, undoubtedly, the creak of a boot! Her heart gave a curious throb. The last time she had seen Buck she had wondered irritably how he could endure that creaking boot.

She knew that in a moment he was bound to discover her, so she rose quickly and said: "Good evening, Buck!"

"Good evening, Jeannette!" he said in his pleasant unsuspecting fashion. "Taking the air before the rain comes? We're in for a wet night by the look of it." If he had been aware of her distress, he would most certainly have come blundering forward with foolish offers of help.

"I've come to see Sir Philip," he said. "Off first thing to-morrow, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Jeannette.

"Pity you're not going too!" said Buck. It was the last thing he ought to have said. Something in her desolate heart caught at the words and passionately echoed them. If only she had consented to go too! But she would never admit that regret to Buck.

"I have come to tell Sir Philip that he can buy the old Hall," he said.

The news shocked her in a way she could not explain. The old Hall and Buck had always seemed such imperishable landmarks.

"What shall you do?" she said abruptly.

"I?" said Buck. "Oh, I shall find work of some kind. Bandy is rather keen on leaving the Army and the two of us going to South Africa to try our hands at farming," he said.

That startled Jeannette in earnest. "You couldn't—surely—contemplate doing anything so utterly idiotic! Let Bandy go if he wants, but you—" she stopped.

"Why not me?" said Buck.

She could not answer him very adequately. She hesitated, face to face with the undoubted fact that she did not want him to go. This awful sense of being forsaken was making a coward of her, who till now had always been so self-reliant.

"You're acting upon impulse," she said. "You haven't thought it properly over."

[Turn to page 78]

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1924.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. D. Hartman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Asst. Treasurer of The McCall Co., publisher of McCall's Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor: Henry P. Burton, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None; Business Managers: None.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y.; The McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (owner of The McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: Oliver B. Capen, 225 W. 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Henry J. Fisher, 22 William St., New York, N. Y.; John P. Munn, 105 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; J. K. Rice, Jr., & Co., 36 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; Daniel W. Streeter, 770 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Wm. B. Warner, 236 West 37th St., New York, N. Y.; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; Howard P. Whitney, 15 Broad St., New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Ada Bell Wilson, 683 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J.; Robert Cade Wilson, 683 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J.; J. J. Piper Bros., Inc., 129 1st National Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.; Lucetta Gilbert Otley, Henry W. Sackett & Guaranty Trust Co., of New York, as Trustees under sub. div. 7 of article 19th of the last will and testament of James H. Otley, dec'd—Frances E. Otley Trust; Lucetta Gilbert Otley, Henry W. Sackett & Guaranty Trust Co., of N. Y., as trustees under sub. div. 6 of article 19th of the last will & testament of James H. Otley, dec'd—Gilbert Otley Trust; Lucetta Gilbert Otley, Henry W. Sackett & Guaranty Trust Co., of N. Y., as trustees under sub. div. 5 of article 19th of the last will and testament of James H. Otley, dec'd—James H. Otley, Jr., Trust; Lucetta Gilbert Otley, Henry W. Sackett & Guaranty Trust Co., of N. Y., as trustees under sub. div. 1 of article 19th of the last will and testament of James H. Otley, dec'd—Lucetta G. Otley, Trust; Lucetta Gilbert Otley, Henry W. Sackett & Guaranty Trust Co., of N. Y., as trustees under sub. div. 4 of article 19th of the last will and testament of James H. Otley, dec'd—Martha Otley Trust.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said bonds, mortgages, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. D. HARTMAN, Asst. Treasurer.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1924, Grace A. Finn, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 247, New York County Register's No. 5237, Bronx County Clerk's No. 12, Bronx County Register's No. 223. My commission expires March 30, 1925.

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No. 3737, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of $3\frac{3}{4}$ -inch ribbon. Width, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 3743, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; chemisette, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3738, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 27-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A small motif in outline-stitch from Embroidery No. 1377 may be placed below the pocket.



3745 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42
Emb. No. 1375

No. 3745, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Lazy-daisy flowers, and French knots, Embroidery No. 1375, would be dainty trimming.



3737 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

3743 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

3738 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Emb. No. 1377

The Outlook

By
Anne Rittenhouse

DOWN in Cuba during the American occupation, far off in Manilla where khaki coats still swarm, in the plains of the Western States where the heat rolls in like fog on a coast, and blowing sand bites like fleas, there is an Army woman whom soldiers praise, whom they hold as an example to others, whom many of them love and others admire. And just why? Ask them. Here's the answer: "She looks lovely and cool in the hottest weather. She's the only woman who can beat the thermometer."

Every woman has a chance to try that game now. The season that lets loose our fretfulness upon a suffering world, that makes all sigh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers and makes all pray to be free from the pin pricks of irritation, is the season that often finds women utterly unable to appear either cool or lovely. She who achieves the well-nigh impossible not only deserves the praise of others, but she gets it.

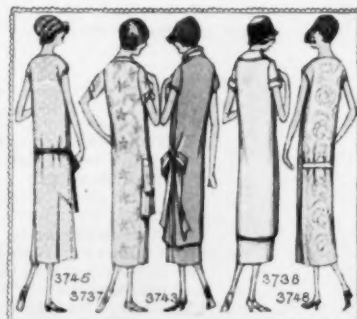
No oasis in a hot and dreary desert is more welcome to man than a woman looking as though heat and humid-

ity had not touched her spirit or her charm. We do not know for a certainty whether in these insurgent days of women working, voting, going about alone, managing their own bank accounts and shingling their locks, that they care in the good old-fashioned way for attracting the men. But if they do, let them see to it that they look lovely in hot weather. Not only lovely, but cool.

There's nothing attractive in a flushed, moist, irritable woman. If she is dressed in clothes intended for frosty days, and has allowed her hair to dangle in damp, straight strands over ears and eyebrows, she is not a sight for weary eyes.

The chief reason for a generally untidy and discomforting appearance in hot weather is self-delusion. Every woman will confess that in the spring she believes she can continue to wear through the summer the clothes of partly light weight. This she wishes to do to save the expense and vitality of assembling a large and varied outfit for the months between the frosts.

[Turn to page 66]



3748 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

No. 3748, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for revers and binding. Width, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

Chic
Tube Frocks
from
Paris



New Lines Enter The Mode



3747 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

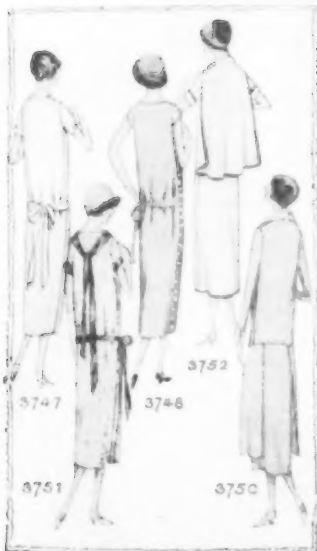
Emb.
No. 982

3748 Dress
7 sizes,
14-16
30-44

3752 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
30-46

3750 Dress
9 sizes 34-50

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



No. 3752, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 3750, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 3748, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The darning-stitch grape design may be effectively worked from Embroidery No. 982.

No. 3751, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 21-inch for collar, cuffs and belt. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3747, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. For linen, flannel or crepe de Chine, this model is recommended.

[Continued from page 65]

Rarely will she let experience be her guide. When any person, male or female, tries to triumph over experience, the result is fatal.

Why not accept the outstanding fact, without argument, that the American climate produces four months that demand the thinnest clothes? Why not build up a wardrobe to meet such conditions? Why not stop self-delusion about the climate and about one's endurance and philosophy carrying one through months of torture in the wrong garments? It is better to do this. It is better to put the warm clothes into moth balls, and try to make them serve next autumn. Otherwise, one may be saying as did an old colored woman down in Georgia, whenever the hot weather arrived: "I wish I was a chicken-coop a-sitting in the shade of a China-berry tree with the wind blowing through my slats."

The Circular-Front Movement

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3733 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50



3744 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1377



3735 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46



3736 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46



3735

No. 3733, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; two-piece circular tunic. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 3735, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, 7/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 3744, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1 3/4 yards. The shield motif in outline-stitch, Embroidery No. 1377, is the latest trimming idea.

No. 3736, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch material, 1 3/4 yards of 18-inch for band, belt, cuffs and pocket. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/4 yards.

No. 3746, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 4 7/8 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards. Spray from Embroidery No. 1376, in single and lazy-daisy stitches, is suggested to trim.

Clothes and The Climate

Well, it's hot. And it is going to be hot. So what is the best assortment of clothes, and what is the best method of dressing in order to do what the lady of the U. S. A. did: "Beat the thermometer?"

The first thing is to adopt her philosophy which is the philosophy of the women of our Southern States. The second is to accumulate a multitude of frocks, blouses, underthings, wraps, hats, shoes and parasols that can go forth to meet the sun at noonday and the sultry darkness.

Don't be stingy. Let economy rest quiescent until autumn. Don't depend on a curling iron to keep the hair in place. Have a permanent wave, and wear a net. Control straggling hair. Use powder. Plenty of it, even if it is against your creed. Go warily on paint on lips or cheeks if it is your

[Turn to page 74]



3746 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
Emb. No. 1376

The Tailored Note In Sport Frocks

3747 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

3744 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3751 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
Emb. No. 1352

3745 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

3737 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
Emb. No. 1350

3677 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

3739 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

No. 3751, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A pretty chain-stitch design from Embroidery No. 1352 would be smart outlining the front panel.

No. 3744, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3747, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3739, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch for collar, cuffs and belt. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3745, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3677, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3737, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; vest, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Button-holed flowers from Embroidery No. 1350 would be effective trimming.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Straight and simple But Always Varied

3735 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3689 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3737 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

3739 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

3738 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Emb. No. 1377

3733 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50
Emb. No. 1186

3750 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3738, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A motif in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1377, furnishes a smart finish.

No. 3737, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch for vest. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3739, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3689, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material; chemisette and belt, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Figured crepe de Chine will make a decidedly smart frock.

No. 3733, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16, waist, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The cross-stitch border, Embroidery No. 1186, is suggested to trim.

No. 3735, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3750, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

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No. 3508, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. Size 3 requires 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3730, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 6 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 3310, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for trousers and belt.

No. 3754, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 27-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3755, GIRL'S COAT. Size 10 requires 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.



No. 3728, GIRL'S BLOOMERS; with inset. Size 10 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3510, GIRL'S COSTUME SLIP. Size 12 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32- or 36-inch material. A dainty scallop edge, such as Embroidery No. 369, would be charming for a finish.

No. 3663, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 14, 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1375 would furnish a lazy-daisy design for trimming.

No. 3732, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; dropped shoulders. Size 12 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Voile or gingham would make up nicely.

No. 3674, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch; skirt, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch.

No. 3662, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch. A satin-stitch monogram, Embroidery No. 1267, would be pleasing.



3310 3508 3730 3754 3755 3510 3728 3663 3732 3662 3674

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we wear —
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3734 Dress
4 sizes, 2-8
Emb. No. 1373



3754 Romper 3 sizes, 2-6
3529 Romper 3 sizes, 2-6
Emb. No. 1072



3726 Coat
1 size, infant's
Emb. No. 1047



3755 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14
View A



No. 3755, GIRL'S COAT.
Size 12, View A, requires
2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material;
size 10, View B,
1 7/8 yards of 54-inch;
contrasting, 3/8 yard of
36-inch, View A or B.



3755 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14
View B



3472 Suit
4 sizes, 2-6
Emb. No. 1310



3732 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3729 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1288



3684 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1374

For other descriptions, see
page 75

No. 3684, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting. On the box-pleats, lazy-daisy flowers may be worked from Embroidery No. 1374.

No. 3754, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 6 requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material, 1/2 yard of 36-inch.

No. 3730, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 3732, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Flowered silk would be charming for the little "best" dress.



3734 3754 3529 3726 3730 3755 3732 3729 3755 3472 3684

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Favored Blouses and Skirts



3693 Vest
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3693, LADIES' VEST. Size 36 requires, View A, 1½ yards of 36-inch; View B, 1¾ yards of 32-inch.

No. 3658, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. Eyelet sprays from Embroidery No. 848 are suggested to trim.



3658 Chemise
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
Emb. No. 848

3398 Slip
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1261

No. 3398, LADIES' AND MISSES' COSTUME SLIP. Size 36, 3 yards of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1261 may be used for eyelet motif.

No. 3537, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36, 3 yards of 36-inch; camisole, 1½ yards of 36-inch. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36, 1 yard of 54-inch; camisole, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3575, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 36-inch; camisole, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width, 1¾ yards.



3688 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

3671 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

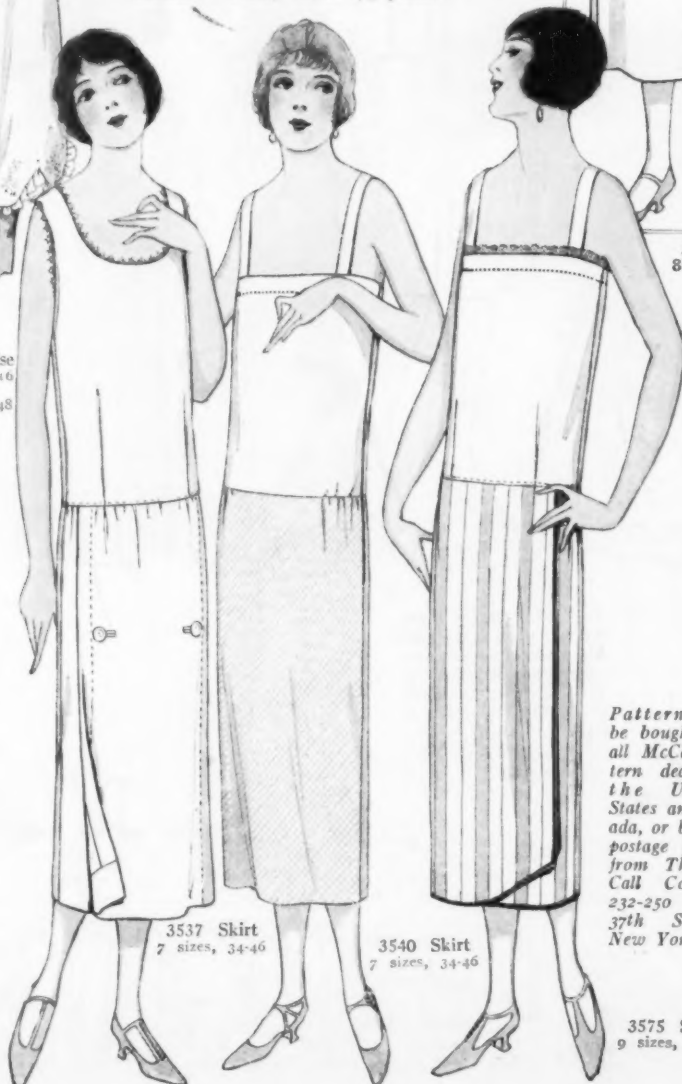
3668 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3668, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 32- or 40-inch material.

No. 3671, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.

No. 3688, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36, sides and back 1½ yards of 36-inch material, 1¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3740, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2¾ yards of 36- or 48-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards.



3740 Skirt
8 sizes, 24-38

3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3575 Skirt
9 sizes, 34-50

Cool Things for Midsummer



3642 Undergarment
9 sizes, 34-50
Emb. No. 1072

3749 Undergarment
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3642, LADIES' COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. A dainty way of monogramming this garment is to use Embroidery No. 1072 in satin-stitch.

No. 3749, LADIES' COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.



3731 Sacque
7 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1019
View A



3731 Sacque
7 sizes, 34-46
View B

3618 Negligee
Small, medium, large
Emb. No. 1376



3753 Nightgown
Small, medium, large

3727 Pajamas
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3511, LADIES' PRINCESS SLIP. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 17½ yards.

No. 3618, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGENCE. Small size requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. On front and sleeves sprays from Embroidery No. 1376, in outline- and satin-stitch, would be effective.

No. 3727, LADIES' PAJAMAS. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3753, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN. Small size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1338 may be used for the eyelet and satin-stitch motifs.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



3659 Set of Vests
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3659, LADIES' SET OF VESTS. Size 36, View A or B, requires 1½ yards of 36-inch.

No. 3656, LADIES' AND MISSES' VEST AND STEP-IN DRAWERS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. A charming design in cross-stitch and French knots, Embroidery No. 1361, is suggested to trim.



3656 Vest and Drawers
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1361

No. 3731, LADIES' DRESSING SACCUE. Size 36, View A, requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch material; View B, 1¾ yards of 40-inch, ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting. For a scalloped edge and butterfly motifs, Embroidery No. 1019 may be used.

3511 Slip
10 sizes, 34-52

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New Modes in Embroidered Motifs

By Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1377. DESIGN FOR BLOUSE MOTIFS. Includes 2 shield designs $4\frac{1}{8} \times 6\frac{1}{8}$ and $6\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{8}$ inches (smaller shield is illustrated on Ladies' Blouse No. 3629, in 7 sizes, 34 to 36 ins. bust; price, 35 cents); 1 red dragon motif $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches long; 1 fob $1\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inches; 2 pocket motifs $1\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 5 smaller motifs suitable for neckties as illustrated. For satin-stitch, etc. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



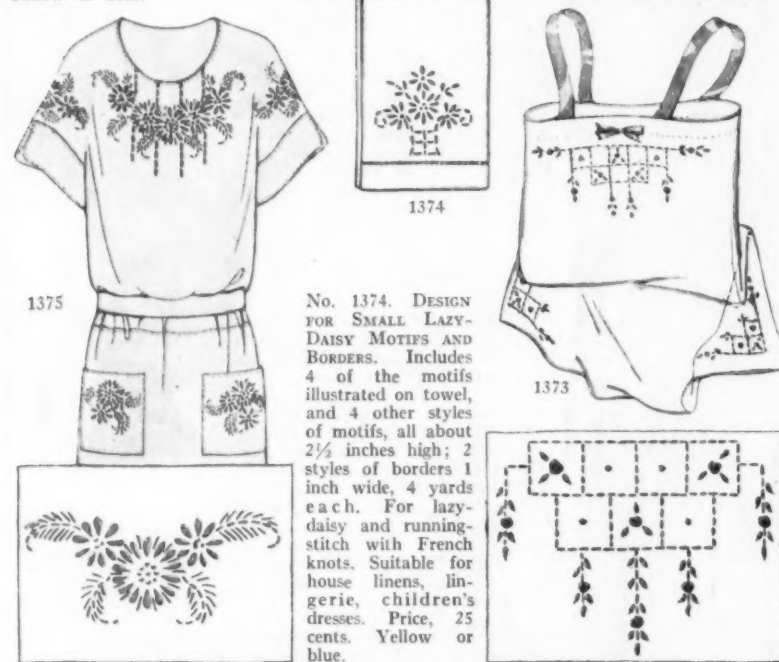
No. 1376. DESIGN FOR DRESS TRIMMING MOTIFS. Includes 1 each of the long motifs illustrated below, bow-knot measuring $8 \times 19\frac{1}{2}$ inches, bouquet motif 5×25 inches; 2 of the poppy motif, 8×9 inches (illustrated in center of page) with patch designs; and a number of small wreaths and bouquets. For satin-, outline- and running-stitch; ribbon may also be used for long bow-knot. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



No. 1375. DESIGN FOR HOUSE DRESS MOTIFS. Includes 1 motif for front of neck, 1 for back of neck (illustrated in detail below), 2 sleeve motifs $2\frac{1}{4} \times 6$ inches, 2 pocket motifs $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches (illustrated on Ladies' House Dress No. 2889, in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust; 30 cents). For lazy-daisy, French knots, etc. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



No. 1373. DESIGN FOR SMALL ROSE MOTIFS. Includes 2 motifs $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches across, and 4 corners $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches (illustrated below on Step-In Chemise No. 2616, in 3 sizes, small, medium, large; price, 25 cents); also 2 of the motif shown below, and 8 yards of a narrow border. Full directions given. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.



No. 1374. DESIGN FOR SMALL LAZY-DAISY MOTIFS AND BORDERS. Includes 4 of the motifs illustrated on towel, and 4 other styles of motifs, all about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches high; 2 styles of borders 1 inch wide, 4 yards each. For lazy-daisy and running-stitch with French knots. Suitable for house linens, lingerie, children's dresses. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 212-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

The Outlook

[Continued from page 67]

custom to so enliven your complexion. In summer a pale face is more pleasing than a highly colored one.

Wear white, and then again white, and shut your eyes to the cost of cleanliness. Let your clothes go into the tub as often as you do. Don't depend on unwashable silks and foulards to see you through the four months, but include them in the outfit for they are the coolest clothes to be found. Look askance at linen unless you are willing to keep it fresh every day. A hot iron is its best friend, its necessary companion.

Do not wear dark brown or black. Do not wear frocks that are lined with satin or heavy silk. If you do not know the comfort of one-piece slips such as children wear, try them. Suspend them from shoulders by wider straps than lingerie ones.

The accepted trick of holding all lingerie shoulder straps together under a narrow barette of soft ribbon sewn at one end to the shoulder seam and snapped at the other, eliminates one of the irritations of women. We have struggled for several years to hide recalcitrant ribbon over the shoulders from which our underwear was suspended without trying the French barette method. Today, even the dressmakers take the trouble to include these accessories in every frock. Never has such a mite lifted such a load off women's shoulders.

The Colors of Coolness

Back to colors to be chosen to help one beat the thermometer. Green is admirable, in which connection it is banal to say that Nature leads the way, but sometimes it is well to keep truthful banalities in mind. The tone of green should be that of a new leaf, a new apple, a piece of royal jade, of a wave of sea water under the sun and near the sand. Dark green should be avoided.

Blue is good. Bright dark blue has sufficient sparkle for summer and does not expose dust as midnight and navy blue do. French blue, Madonna, cornflower, even turquoise, serve well. What are known as confetti foulards have a gay, cool look that chimes in with the leisure of summer life. And foulard is always a good choice in fabrics for the play season. White and black, the background in the first color, has much merit. Pink is not good, flame is too suggestive, red is barred, so is purple, although mauve, orchid, wisteria are aids to a cool appearance.

It is wise to remember that one must aim to look cool to others as well as feel cool. Therein lies the secret of an attractive appearance. Summer is a season when you are taken at your face value.

Eliminate as many clothes as you can without sacrificing modesty or dignity. Probably it is necessary to urge that dictum upon women of this epoch. They have decided for themselves that the irreducible minimum of body covering is wise, comfortable and proper. Yet there still remain women who put on far too many petticoats and corset covers, too many collars and girdles. They should learn to eliminate in hot weather even if they return to their ancient ways in winter.

Under the irreducible minimum creed, which has come into practice through women's desire to save time for important things, and the necessity for millions of women to be at work early in the morning, plus the insistence of doctors that heavy clothes are injurious to health, plus athletic and open-air life women take up to keep thin if no other reason prompts, this summer gives every one a fighting chance to look lovely and defy the mercury bulb.

It is to be a Historic Summer in Raiment

Corsets are practically eliminated. Their place is taken by easy girdles. Garters are revived for those who roll their own. They are worn below the knee because doctors warn that varicose veins will come if garters tighten the legs above the knees.

Youngsters and fashionable women wear but one undergarment cut to incorporate chemise, bloomers and petticoat. It is often of jersey silk or crepe de Chine.

Girdles of elastic, especially of the surgical knitted kind, are worn next to the skin. Yes. Don't be shocked. It's a trick for reducing flesh over the abdomen. The girdle can be cleaned without destroying it.

Sleeveless frocks have returned to common usage, day and night. Sensible summer fashion, this. The bateau neckline, the rolling V-shaped collar, the deep rounded décolletage are universal.

In the minimum of clothing which fashion and usage permit; with neat coiffure, netted and smooth; with fabrics that wash and those that are translucent if not transparent; in colors that suggest the flowers of warm weather, the new foilage of spring, the wash of waters, women so appa- relled can drive other women to envy and men to praise.

Descriptions for Page 71

No. 3734, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 6 requires 1 7/8 yards of 36-inch material. Pink roses in long French knots and green lazy-daisy leaves would be gay adornment following Embroidery No. 1373.

No. 3529, CHILD'S ROMPER; dropped back. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards of 27-inch material, 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. To mark the small boy's romper, a satin-stitch monogram from Embroidery No. 1072 is suggested.

No. 3726, INFANT'S COAT; kimono sleeves. The coat requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Collar and cuffs would be dainty finished with a scalloped edge from Embroidery No. 1047.

No. 3472, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 1 5/8 yards of 36-inch material, 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Small seahorses in outline-stitch, Embroidery No. 1310, are suggested for motif trimming.

No. 3729, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. A rose motif worked in buttonhole-stitch from Embroidery No. 1288 would add much smartness.

Description of McCall Hat Patterns Illustrated on Page 76

These hats are made from McCall Printed Patterns which give not only the cutting pattern with printed directions, but also provide comprehensive millinery instruction in an entirely new and interesting way. A series of large photographic pictures showing, one by one, all the steps actually taken in making a hat, guide the beginner with increasing interest from the detailed preliminaries of willow and crinoline foundation, wiring, basting, interlining, etc., to the final stages of crown making, trimming and lining. Different ways of finishing and trimming each hat are suggested by additional pictures which present the finished hat either embroidered, trimmed with ribbon cordages, or in lace effect. For the embroidered hats a special transfer in yellow is included with directions for working the design in wool or silk floss, etc. For ribbon trimming, pictures show exactly how to make the ornament.

The kind of materials to use and the amounts required are told in each pattern, measurements being carefully and exactly made.

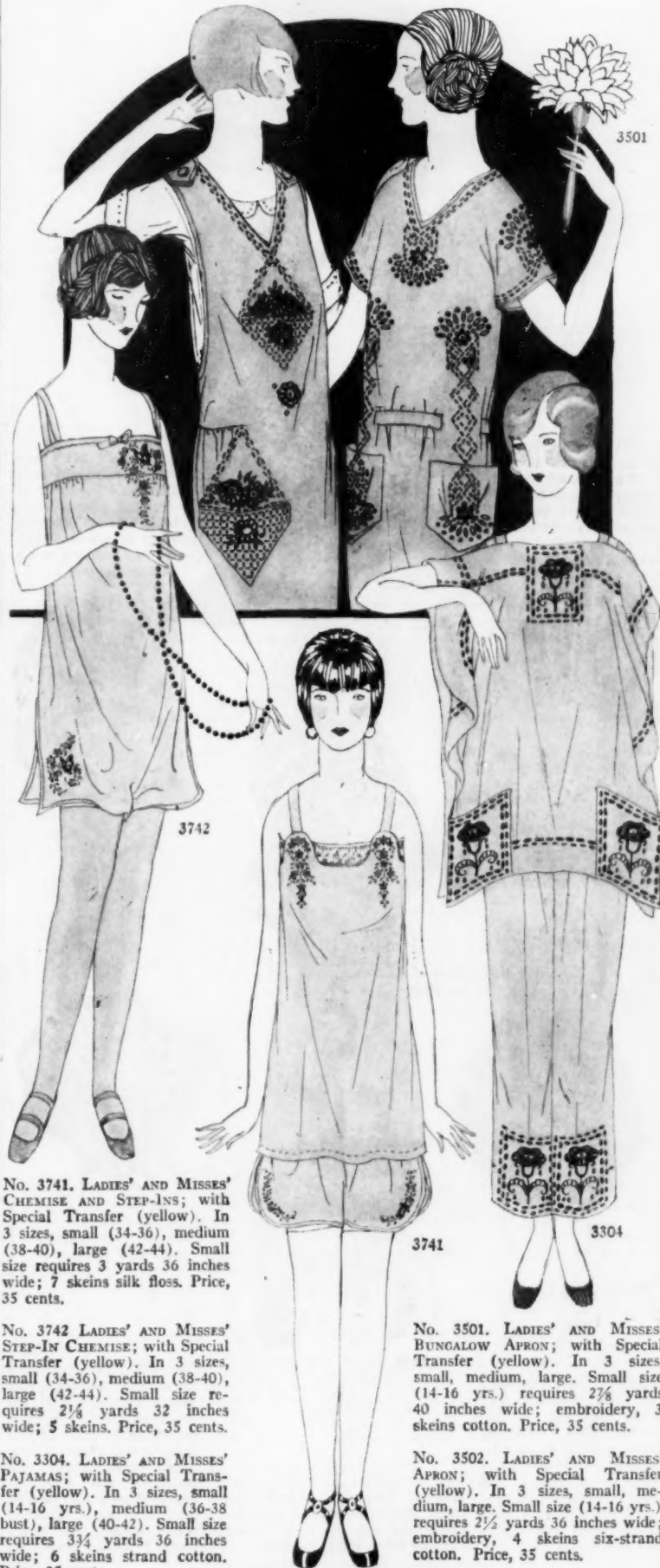
On the envelope which contains the pattern, the hat is brilliantly illustrated in a smart combination of colors.

This new method of instruction in the important matter of headgear facilitates the problem for every woman who wants to look smart without being extravagant.

It brings the millinery proposition within as easy reach as that of dress-making to the average woman. One of the convenient features of the hat patterns is that the hats may be made of materials that are serviceable for any season—straw, organdie, taffeta silk, lace, duvetyne, velvet, etc. Each pattern suggests two or three of the possibilities. See illustrations on page 76.

Special Patterns for Ladies' Embroidered Aprons and Underwear

By Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 3741, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHEMISE AND STEP-INS; with Special Transfer (yellow). In 3 sizes, small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44). Small size requires 3 yards 36 inches wide; 7 skeins silk floss. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3742, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE; with Special Transfer (yellow). In 3 sizes, small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44). Small size requires 2 1/4 yards 32 inches wide; 5 skeins. Price, 35 cents.

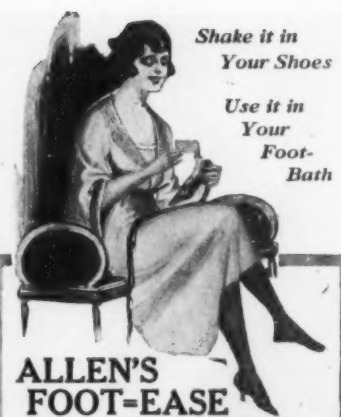
No. 3304, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS; with Special Transfer (yellow). In 3 sizes, small (14-16 yrs.), medium (36-38 bust), large (40-42). Small size requires 3 3/4 yards 36 inches wide; 6 skeins strand cotton. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3501, LADIES' AND MISSES' BUNGALOW APRON; with Special Transfer (yellow). In 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Small size (14-16 yrs.) requires 2 1/4 yards 40 inches wide; embroidery, 3 skeins cotton. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3502, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON; with Special Transfer (yellow). In 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Small size (14-16 yrs.) requires 2 1/4 yards 36 inches wide; embroidery, 4 skeins six-strand cotton. Price, 35 cents.

How to Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



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Large Pictures in Each Pattern Show How to
Make Hat Step-by-Step



No. 1371, McCall PAT-
TERN FOR LADIES' HAT.
In 23-inch head size.
Requires 3 yards black
Chantilly lace 6 inches
wide, wisteria ornament
for trimming. Full di-
rections. Price, 35 cents.

No. 1362, McCall PAT-
TERN FOR LADIES' HAT.
In 23 1/4-inch head
size. For narrow straw
braid or bias silk folds,
roses of silk with cen-
ters of wooden beads.
Price, 35 cents.



See description of Hat
Patterns on page 75.



1354

No. 1363, McCall PAT-
TERN FOR LADIES' HAT
WITH TRANSFER. In 24-
inch head size. Two styles
shown, narrow black rib-
bon embroidered with white
wool, sewed round and
round foundation; or nar-
row braid trimmed with
ribbon. Full directions.
Price, 35 cents.

No. 1354, McCall PAT-
TERN FOR LADIES' HAT.
In 23-inch head
size. Requires 1 yard brocade
or plain silk 36 inches wide,
maline brim. Price, 35 cents.

No. 1372, McCall PAT-
TERN FOR LADIES' HAT
WITH TRANSFER. In 23-
inch head size. Three styles
shown, to be made of taf-
feta, faille, satin or du-
vetyn, with either em-
broidered side tabs, or
trimmed with lace or rib-
bon. Amount of material
stated, embroidery di-
rections. Price, 35 cents.

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Be sure to mention color or colors
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Liquid Face and
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75 Years Wonder-
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How easily we detect this annoyance on others and how seldom we consider our own short-comings. With AB-SCENT you can be sure of yourself, for it not only remedies excessive perspiration, but destroys odors harmlessly.

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Tell me how I can get an extra \$5.00.

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Educating Mother

[Continued from page 41]

The boys fled in terror when the flames leaped past their control, with the exception of the youngest, he of the seductive eyes who pled so pathetically for the preservation of the "treasure house." He ran to the back door and told my housekeeper to call the fire department.

The point I am getting at is this: I was told before the evening was over that the father of this youngster had punished him severely, and I was dumfounded to be informed that he had been punished for "telling the truth," the truth in question being that he had told my housekeeper of the fire, that he had admitted that he and the other boys had been smoking cigarettes and had started the fire with the matches they were using. The opinion was repeatedly expressed in my hearing that he had been punished for "telling the truth," and that he probably "never would tell the truth again as long as he lived." This idea so prevailed that it was written to a girl in my care at college, and in one of her letters to me she expressed the wish that I would find the boy and make an effort to console him, and her letter also informed me that he had been punished "for telling the truth." So far I am unable to reconcile this statement with the facts. I will need considerable more "education" before I will be able to see by what possibility the thing that occurred could be stretched into any such interpretation.

I AM compelled to say that in my opinion the youngster was not punished for telling the truth. I think his father very rightly felt exactly as I did—that he was punished for spending his money for things which he was not allowed to have; that he was punished for telling the untruth which caused me to leave the "robbers' den," when it really was a hiding place for breaking the rules of a family which very properly objected to children under ten years of age smoking cigarettes, for imperilling health and other people's property. It will take considerable "education" on my part before I can be brought to a point of view where I feel that my neighbor did anything but exactly the right thing, the thing which my father would have done, or which I would have done myself, in the same circumstances.

I know that there is a modern theory that children must be reared by love; they must be allowed to follow their natural trend, and for the greater part, their personal inclinations; but I cannot see that it is evolving a race of children who have the physical and the mental stamina that their fathers and mothers had before them.

I had another personal experience a few days ago when I looked from an upstairs window and saw a youngster turn on the water at a faucet on my lawn in order to get a drink on his way home from school. This happens daily, but when this boy had taken his drink, he arose and started away, leaving the water running full force. Our weather statisticians tell us that the present season is the driest California has experienced in forty years. Everywhere

we are hearing voiced the caution that we should all save our water supply. So I opened the window and called down: "Won't you please turn off the water?"

The reply was: "No, I won't! Shut your mouth and attend to your own business!" and the youngster, a beautiful boy, beautifully dressed, ran down the street. I could either have every passerby see the water being ruthlessly wasted, or I could leave my work, go downstairs, wade across the sodden lawn, and turn off the water if I wanted to live up to my ideas of conservation or to keep the respect of my neighbors. I do not know who this child was or in what kind of a home he belonged, but I would guarantee to draw a fairly accurate picture. He set the water running on my premises for his own benefit. If he had been reared with even the slightest idea concerning the rights and property of other people, he could not have done less than to turn off the water when I asked him in a polite manner to do so. He was not a child whom I knew and there is not a child in my immediate neighborhood with whom I am acquainted who would not have turned off the water, or if he forgot to do so, would not have done it cheerfully when he was reminded. But there are enough children of the same brand as this strange child to set people who are thinking about the future to wondering exactly what the future is going to have in store for us.

An article in a recent weekly magazine proves rather conclusively, by an elaborate series of pre-arranged tests, that the children of the present hour have very hazy notions concerning religion; that a large majority of them are not honest in money transactions; that they cheat in school examinations; that they have small sense of the property rights of others; that their ideas of right and wrong are often as strangely perverted as was the idea that any parent would punish a child "for telling the truth." It is my personal opinion that parents need to get back to such control of their children as will prevent them from lying, from stealing, from disregarding the rights of other people concerning their own property, from false and sentimental ideas of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood.

IMAGINE if the records of the penitentiaries of the country were searched, it would be found that one half the men who have committed forgeries were good men who wanted the money for their wives and daughters quite as frequently as they wanted it for dissipation. And this comes back again to the proposition of "educating mother." It will take at least considerable argument and experience to convince this mother that a good many of the things which are being done today as an established custom are the right things, things which will tend toward better health, better morals, toward the strengthening and the upbuilding of our nation. It brings every mother who reads these lines face to face with the proposition: "Am I going to educate my children, or are they going to educate me?"

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3310...25	3540...30	3663...30	3693...30	3733...45	3741...35	3749...25
3398...25	3575...30	3668...30	3726...15	3734...25	3742...35	3750...45
3472...25	3618...30	3671...35	3727...30	3735...45	3743...45	3751...45
3508...25	3642...35	3674...25	3728...25	3736...45	3744...45	3752...45
3510...20	3656...35	3677...45	3729...30	3737...45	3745...45	3753...25
3511...25	3658...15	3684...30	3730...30	3738...45	3746...45	3754...25
3529...20	3659...30	3686...35	3731...25	3739...45	3747...45	3755...30
3537...30	3662...30	3689...45	3733...30	3740...30	3748...45	

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
369...20	1019...20	1186...30	1288...30	1350...30	1373...25	1376...30
848...20	1047...25	1261...25	1310...25	1352...40	1374...25	1377...30
982...30	1072...25	1267...30	1338...25	1361...25	1375...30	

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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"I had the fussiest baby that ever was until after I started using the Goddard Nurser, but now she is as good as can be."—Mrs. B., Webster City, Iowa

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If your druggist does not sell Dr. Goddard's Collapsible Nurser, send us his name and \$1.25 for complete nurser, sent postpaid. We will include Dr. Goddard's Baby Book Free.

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Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Make Them Disappear With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in making freckles fade away and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails. Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of OTHINE and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely. Be sure to ask at the druggist or department store for the double-strength OTHINE; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

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quickly relieved, gently
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I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

Mail Today!

Unknown Quantity

[Continued from page 64]

Buck turned fully towards her. "Will you tell me something?" he asked.

"Certainly, if I can," said Jeannette, and the old lofty feeling was with her for the moment.

"Were you acting on impulse," said Buck, "that day you turned me down?"

None but a fool would have asked such a question as that, thought Jeannette. "I was not," she said sharply.

"My decision dates from then," said Buck.

The rain was beginning to patter around them. In a few moments it would be a downpour. Jeannette turned upon her heel. "Shall we go in?" she said, over her shoulder.

"By all means," said Buck, and with humble dignity followed her.

He went then to Sir Philip's study.

MY DEAR!" said Lady Varleigh to Jeannette. "Have you been out in all this wet? You shouldn't, dear! You shouldn't! There, let Marie change your shoes, and come in and have some tea!"

Jeannette dropped wearily into the chair drawn up for her before the fire.

"Well, dear!" Lady Varleigh settled herself with her feet on the fender. "First of all, I have a small confession to make—really a small one, Jeannette, so I hope you will be good and take it nicely."

Jeannette looked at her with faint interest. "You have been doing something I shouldn't want you to do," she said.

Lady Varleigh chuckled to herself. "I'll tell you all about it," she said. "I have been very anxious about you, darling, and I have been trying to think of any possible way in which I could help you. So I broke my vow never to hold any intimate communication with Jervis Kingswold again. He is an old flame of mine, the only man I ever really loved. Twelve years ago I gave him up. Well I wrote and told him all about it. I spread myself, Jeannette. It was so lovely to be writing to him again. I told him just everything, how dear you were to me, how grieved I was about you, how full of anxiety for your future. Will you forgive me for saying that, Jeannette?"

Jeannette leaned to her without words and kissed her.

"Bless you, my dear!" said Lady Varleigh. "Well, the result was a letter which arrived this afternoon—such a precious letter, but I daren't keep it lest other eyes than mine should read it when I am gone. Not that Sir Philip would mind; it isn't that. He is such a dear good man that he would probably laugh at it, and no one must ever laugh, Jeannette. It is too holy for that—the biggest and purest thing of my life, which I have kept free from every stain of earthliness. But it is your affairs we are talking about, isn't it? Well, darling, he has a daughter—Dorothea; a spoiled little creature, rather like her mother, I fear. She had an operation some little time ago, and has had to lead an invalid existence ever since. But she is getting better, and they want to substitute some sort of young society in place of that of the hospital nurse she has had till now. It could scarcely be a permanent post in any case, for the girl is seventeen and will probably come out in another year if her health allows. But it would give you time to look about you, wouldn't it, dear? If you don't like it,—well, you can always come back to me. You would do that of course, Jeannette, for any holiday you might have. That is understood, isn't it, darling? I can't part with you for good."

"You are much too kind to me," said Jeannette.

"You're tired, dear. We won't talk any more, but just tell Marie to pack your things and we shall all go up to town together tomorrow."

AND so it came about that in the morning when the travellers departed, Jeannette went also, pale and quiet and steady, braced for her first experience in the matter of earning her living.

[Continued in August McCall's]

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Has Disease a Fun- damental Cause?

[Continued from page 50]

takes place in the mucous membranes give rise to other so-called diseases, such as chronic thickening, adenoids, polypi and other growths, etc. Hay fever which is a chronic catarrh of the mucous membrane, and the continual elimination of vicarious elimination—is excited into exacerbations in haying seasons by any irritating dust, pollen, bad odors, etc. To declare that the pollen, odors, etc., are the producers of hay fever, asthma, bronchial asthma, seems to me, illogical and unscientific.

In the stomach, after this organ has served for years at vicarious elimination of toxin, presenting meanwhile many forms of indigestion (all the so-called diseases of the stomach), organic changes take place, ranging from irritation, inflammation, ulceration, perforation to cancer. The reader, though a layman, should see how simple and logical my explanation of how one so-called disease evolves into another, and how perfectly natural it is for extension of inflammation to take place because of the continuity of the mucous membrane, and the continual elimination of toxin through the mucous membrane.

In time the catarrh of the stomach extends to the bowels presenting gastro-intestinal catarrh, which means elimination by way of the intestines as well as the stomach. The extension of elimination to a larger area of mucous membrane relieves the stomach stress and checks the intensity of stomach symptoms and no doubt prevents many times fatal changes taking place in that organ.

When gastric catarrh extends to the duodenum, it in time finds a road through the gall-duct to the gall-bladder and liver, and in gouty subjects gall-stones form. A correct treatment will be directed to removing the cause or causes of toxemia. As the toxemia is overcome, its crises are overcome and health restored. When the catarrh of the liver is overcome, secretions become normal, stones disintegrate and pass out through the gall-duct into the bowels and then out of the body. No treatment, no surgery necessary. The habits of life, the physical and mental habits that enervate and bring on toxemia are to be corrected, then secretions and excretions return to the normal and health is restored. Health education and nature do the curing.

The Ship of Souls

[Continued from page 63]

He tried for the first time to explain the radio message that had come. She waved it all aside, her eyes filled with tears for the frail woman who had died in seeking to keep touch with the man she loved.

A long silence: "Ye'll be going awa'?"
"Not for some time. First I shall set your house in order here for you."

"And then?"
"God have mercy on us all!" said Langley Barnes. "I'm sick—sick in my heart, Christine. If only I had not forgotten! If only I could now forget!"

He flung himself, face down, on the tender green of the sprouting grass, ashamed of having given way so much. Here, surely, was a woman who would hate him till the ends of life. And she was the woman whom he loved more than life itself.

Self condemned, he lay motionless—given wholly to despair.

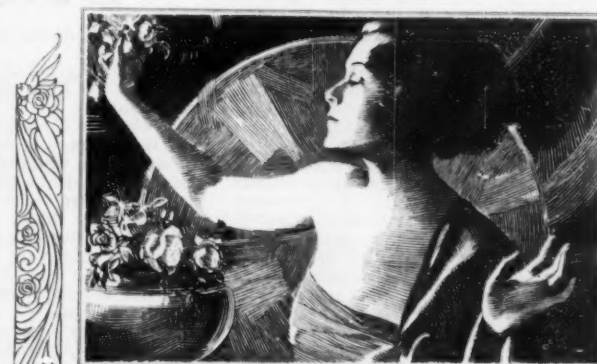
He did not know how long it was before he felt a light hand touch his hair. "Puir boy!" said Christine Garth.

Her fingers sought till they could push back the hair from his brow. "Ah, the puir boy!" . . .

He turned to read the message her eyes held for him. In her sweet face was all tenderness, the love his heart had hungered for. He waited breathless—

"Could ye no sleep, the noo?" he heard her say again. And her arms wooed him to rest.

[The end]



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Nancy put her hands in his, her eyes turning young blue. "Then—who knows?"

After he had gone Nancy sat lost in thought. Her eyes were still young blue. She told herself over and over, "What then—who knows?" It was well that Peter had not happened in upon her in this mood.

The unusual ring of the telephone at this hour prevented further reverie. It was for Nancy. The state hospital wanted her to know that Eva Morse had just died—how could her son be reached? Who would take charge of the body?

THE journalistic attempt at reviving the old sensation regarding Hilary Morse and his first wife's insanity was agreeably unsuccessful. Newspaper correspondents found themselves ordered to cut the story of Eva Morse's death to a mere stickful of facts; the strictly private funeral had been held at the home of Peter Cabot in Brighton, Hilary Morse junior was unable to reach Brighton in time—he was en route from Honolulu. Mention was made of the dead woman's age, ancestry and date of divorce from her famous husband.

In the midst of this verbal dissipation, Hilary returned to listen to details of his mother's death, seemingly unmoved. People whispered he looked older. He was unusually reticent, a new and admirable dignity seemed to have become part of his personality. When he thanked Peter for having seen to everything, there was a new humility in his manner.

"I want to do the book about father. Then I'll move from here. It would be like living with ghosts if I stayed too long. How is Nancy?" Hilary said suddenly, with a snap of his jaw.

"Quite well," Peter heard himself answering. "She was the mainstay of the whole thing. I think you ought to know that she even dressed your mother."

"Maudlin," commented Hilary roughly. "This part of the country warps everyone, some way or other."

"If this is the way you feel," replied Peter, "better write the book, sell Sevenoaks and take to the road. I don't think Madge cares to keep the place."

"Madge? Never. She's more afraid of being haunted than I. The governor always made her afraid—rather a shame she has such a termagant for a sister and vagabond for a stepson. A woman like Madge can't abandon conscience and become vagabond, too. It would be like soiling fine lace."

(Neither Peter nor Hilary would have believed that, at this identical moment, Madge was discussing with Victor her somewhat dismal future. Madge made an appealing study. Victor was quick to call her "Mia" and whisper that she reminded him of a single daffodil left shivering in the wind.)

Later that same evening, Hilary sought out Nancy. With neither apology nor introduction, he asked bluntly: "May I thank you for doing everything—even dressing her? Good of you, Nance. Sometimes, I find myself wondering if—if you thought she was cold."

"Cold?" she repeated, wondering at the question, "what do you mean? She was so tiny, almost shrunken—she looked a tired old child. Oh, for her sake, you must try—"

His thick, white hand was raised in protest. "Your chance to reform me has ended," he reminded. But Nancy's half spoken plea had brought him to his senses. "I don't know just what I did mean," he said, turning away, "I had a rotten nightmare in which I thought she was—in there. And she was suffering from cold but no one believed her. Even you laughed at the idea. It made an absurd impression on me . . . what I meant to ask was if everything that could be done was done for her?"

"Everything strangers could do," Nancy answered, with emphasis on the noun.

ASTONISHING news came from Madge! "I am to marry Victor on Tuesday," the happy letter read. "It is to be very simple, like an elopement, so I am not asking any one. I am too happy to explain. For the first time, I shall live. I shall devote myself to helping Victor with his art. We sail at once for Europe where we will stay indefinitely. Paris, Florence, Barcelona—with my boy able to work as he pleases. No more commissions. Oh, Daphne, be glad for me. Even with Victor's love, the thought of you is terrifying. Do you realize how you have always made me feel? I wonder why? I only wanted love. I can hear you saying I am a silly old party being married for money and I'll find myself with a pack of peasants for my in-laws. That Victor is a designing wretch—but I smile at all of it. One can when one is happy for the first time."

Madge (almost) Strozzi.

For forty-eight hours, there raged and sulked, threatened and ridiculed, by turn, in the pink and white boudoir of Hidden House, a Daphne whose moral censor had abandoned its post completely. That Madge, the shadow sister, had reclaimed romance by legitimate means and declared her independence as well, was a situation irreconcilable to Daphne's self esteem. She would declare her incompetent, she would sue Victor, she would disown her—she was ashamed, then pitifully curious as to how it had come about!

THERE was something so unfair, Nancy told herself, in being forced into meeting Peter at Kiss-me-John's, as the log cabin, a roadhouse near Brighton, was called. Here, one could take possession of more or less secluded stalls, in which to whisper secrets either silly or sinister, while one drank ginger ale or resorted to hip flasks. The cabin, owned and run by old Tim Kismajon, a burly Celt, had always borne an undesirable reputation. Old Kismajon was non-committal as to the reputation of his roadhouse. He neither antagonized nor aided either the lawless or the

Devil's Dust

[Continued from page 22]

law. His stolidity, gained from thirty odd years of residence in the granite hills, acted as an armor to conceal his crafty nature.

So, when, on a Sunday morning during a January blizzard, there stopped in front of the log cabin Peter Cabot's roadster, from which not only Peter but Nancy Odell alighted, Kismajon eyed Nancy with frank curiosity, as she walked down the path. It was his first close at hand view of Barry Odell's fortunate daughter. He had had many close hand views of Barry; he had had the task of setting him outside the door, an undignified heap of beligerent rags, on many a pay night.

"A wild morning," he began, waiting for Peter to slip off his great coat.

"Very," Peter answered as courteously as if he were entering a drawing room. "Miss Odell and I are driving to Brighton. But furs and rugs haven't prevented a chill. Could we have some hot coffee?"

"You can have anything we have," Kismajon announced with majestic generosity. "There is a little red room at the end of the hall—not likely to be disturbed. Has an open fire, too. How would coffee and waffles strike you?" he devoted himself to Nancy.

"Very nice," Peter answered for her. They followed Kismajon's burly figure into the private room—shabby with faded tapestries and two damaged parlor chairs flanking the tiny fireplace. Nancy had not removed her cape of rose colored wool. It seemed to shield her from Kismajon's stares.

"It may take a few minutes," Kismajon added, lingering in spite of himself. "Maybe you've heard of my waffles? I'm not afraid to match them with the cook at Windsor Castle. Remember you are alone here—there's logs in the woodbox."

The annoyed color in Peter's cheeks corresponded to the color of Nancy's cloak. "Cheeky beggar," he snapped, as the door closed. "What in heaven's name have you let us in for? I always detested this man and considered the place a menace. Probably he knows it."

NANCY slipped off her cape and took one of the wobbly ex-parlor chairs. "The whole atmosphere of this place—stale beer, paper roses, the electric piano player, slot machines—it all hints of what you say. Rather a stupid trap in which stupid people are caught."

"Then why, when I came to get you for the day, did you insist we stop at this cabin, make me tell a ridiculous story of being chilled and in need of hot coffee?"

Nancy looked up, hesitating whether or not to tell her great secret. She was thinking how odd it was that a thing like waffles and coffee can punctuate the greatest moment in a woman's life! Peter was openly impatient. "You look unusually lovely today," he admitted passing her, "but you would look even lovelier if we were away from here. Wait a minute—" he felt in a side pocket for coins. "Ah, here we are," stepping to open the door and drop a nickel in the slot of the player piano. Presently, the piano keys were moving as if played by ghost fingers. Horrible discords stabbed the air. "It's the 'Good Old Summer Time,'" said Peter laughing.

Nancy frowned. "You ought not," she hurried to say. She rose to find the fire poker. As she did so, draperies of dull pearl satin fell about her in graceful billows.

"You seem eight feet tall and four thousand miles removed from this dingy spot," Peter praised and complained. "Why did you decoy me here—you, of all glorious creatures? I ought to salaam and address you as princess—but never in the red room of old Kismajon's."

"I know you are cross at coming," she said hurriedly. "I am sorry but it was the only place I could think of that could just—oh, just happen along. Celia was home for the day. It was too cold to drive for long. I refuse to tell my secrets at Hidden House! I thought we could drop in for coffee and you would not mind."

"What is it you want to tell me?" he demanded, the piano slowing down and the harsh melody turning into a whispering sputter, followed by a loud, mechanical thump and then silence.

"Don't play it again . . . please. Oh, I wish he would hurry. Fancy having to wait for waffles before you can tell secrets! I'm beginning to wish I had not come," she said breathlessly. She went back to her chair.

Peter followed. "I would not even kiss you in a place like this," he said, his hand barely touching her firm, fine shoulder. "You know I want to kiss you, don't you? But not here. It would soil our love."

A knock sounded and Kismajon, tray in his arms, pushed open the door with a stout boot. "Lucky we had the batter ready," he said, "well—feel thawed out? These logs throw a lot of heat. Like a nip of something else first? I don't mind saying you can have it. I know when I am dealing with the right sort."

"Nothing else," Peter told him. "Put the tray on the table—thank you," as Kismajon, abashed, obeyed.

"I'll treat you to another tune," he said, pushing some secret lever of the piano until it ground out, "You Are Mine, Mine, Mine." "I feel when folks like music—they are my sort. I hope you feel you can drop in here and have a chat whenever you like—and that ends it as far as I'm concerned."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," Peter interrupted. "Would you mind closing the door? We can't spare an atom of heat."

Gaping with astonishment, Kismajon obeyed, his heavy steps resounding in their retreat down the hall. "Cabot and his starchy airs," he told his helper, "ordered me away—it will cost him just double the berries for doing so. Tries to act as if they really were frozen—with fur robes and woollens fit for an arctic expedition. That girl's a fine looker—Barry Odell would have been proud of her, drunk or sober. Well, I dunno as I blame him—why shouldn't she have her fun?" So saying, Kismajon took a drink in Nancy's honor.

"Wait till that noise stops," proposed Peter, drinking his coffee, "then we can talk—and get out of here without losing any more time."

THE little red room was suddenly very still. Peter's face was almost forbidding as he waited. Clapping her hands over a satin draped knee, Nancy lifted her head and told him. "Peter, I love you too much to go on as we are doing. You can't endure this way, either. We need each other. I want to come to you as your very own—wait," as he broke into protest, "I have thought it all out—what it will mean to me and all it will mean to you. I'll be loser, if you want to term it that. I'll take the censure, ostracism—heartbreak, perhaps. But we are no impulsive girl and boy. In years, you are the older but I am the older in understanding. I had to struggle before I could live. You merely existed—because people before you had done the necessary struggling. Let us talk the thing out clear headedly—before you kiss me. Please don't look like that—it is the right thing to do. There need be neither heart burning nor shame—nor Kismajon atmosphere, guilty hiding. I adored you for saying you would not kiss me while we were here. Any ordinary man merely would have rushed to hold me in his arms."

"What do you mean when you say you want to come to me as my very own?" he asked slowly, as if he disapproved her answer in anticipation and very nearly dreaded it.

"To leave here and go to New York—any place you say. I am willing to stay in the background, do as you say—your time will still be your own. You relinquish nothing of this life, unless you wish. I am not asking you to divorce Daphne or create a scandal—unless she insists on one or both! Only, a woman with my temperament and heredity cannot be starved too long. It is dangerous. I have every right to your love. I do you no harm in claiming it. But you have not the right to torture me in your well bred fashion, asking me to stay for months in your deserted study, cataloging your books, looking at your locked desk, waiting for your return—with her! You have no right to kiss me behind the doors of your house. As I think of it, it has been as wrong as it would be to kiss me in Kismajon's red room! You have only humored your whim in the matter. You say you need me close at hand. I inspire, steady you—what of myself? I need you, if I am to help you. I must have recognition—I cannot bear suspense, halfway measures," her eyes were neither the young or the old-blue but misty gray. Peter flinched from their frank gaze.

"My darling," he said gently, "you have no idea what the world would say—"

"I have listened to what the world—your world—says for so long, I prefer to become socially deaf," was her answer. "I will no longer be party to a clandestine, repressed love. Either you won't or you can't make Daphne change. She will never give you up for another woman—never. It is a deadlock unless I choose to sacrifice and break it. I am young, without ties or background—even conventional duty. I have no one to hurt or worry but myself! What has the future for me unless I have your love?"

"Many times," he took her hands and stroked them nervously. "Many times . . . you know so well what I wish your future could be—"

"Then why refuse me when I offer myself? You would be cruel as well as cowardly. For it is cowardice which makes you refuse. You are spineless—ineffectual—I am tired of fine words and vaguely heroic thoughts—they are not proof enough of your love. Neither is the play! I want to be certain you love me by the fact that you do as I ask."

"But you don't know what it would mean," he insisted. "Spineless, ineffectual cad" that I may seem—I must tell you again that you have not reckoned with the consequences. The most delightful, romantic but irregular love in the world has certain inevitable results no one can foresee or escape. I would not let you subject yourself to them. There are certain conventions under which we chaff and writhe but until we evolve something bigger and more efficient to take their places, we have no right to forego them."

"You sound so self righteous and splendid," Nancy's eyes had darkened, the misty gladness dying away, "but also limited—and afraid. I love you but I am disappointed. I had thought—"

"You darling," he said impulsively. "You actually thought I would say, 'oh, you divine Nancy, how wonderful! A ripping idea—you disappear from town without explanations and we will be the happiest two in the universe! We will go abroad for the spring—and we will be above any ordinary comment or consequences.' And you would have done so! I love you, Nancy, for that rebellious, impulsive heart of yours—but I could never let you make debris of your life. If all the other romantic, hopeless lovers in the world have failed to make a success of what you so innocently propose—why fancy ourselves better equipped, given any divine right to ignore precedent? I am trying to love you so much I will not sacrifice you."

[Continued in August McCall's]



If your Health is threatened—

*You should know the power of
this natural fresh food*

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple,

natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"TRY TWO cakes of fresh yeast every day," said the specialist. My constipation was of 20 years' standing, and I had begun to feel it would always be thus. That yeast treatment was started 15 months ago. Since the end of the first four or five weeks, I have not had the slightest need for purgatives of any kind. The benefits cannot be measured in money. Now I find I can eat any food or combination of foods without fear of a constipating effect; my appetite and digestion are perfect."

(Mr. Frank E. Rice of Ithaca, N. Y.)



"ACNE blotches had covered my face, and as my engagements to sing became frequent I felt more and more sensitive over my disfigured complexion. In desperation I used soaps, ointments, tried dieting, and even a series of 20 X-ray treatments.

"After every other measure had failed, I began eating 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Scarcely two weeks had passed before my complexion began to clear, the blotches fading and no new ones had appeared. At the end of a month my face had regained its youthful texture, and was free from blemishes."

(A letter from Miss Caroline Curtis, a New York concert singer)

"SINCE childhood, I have had to resort to taking salts every two weeks to relieve constipation. It was very seldom that I had a natural, healthy appetite. A night never passed that I would sleep soundly. Then I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. My appetite began to increase, and my constipation gave way gradually to a healthy, regular, daily discharge of waste. Now each morning finds me full of life and vitality."

(Extract from letter of Mr. F. A. Christopherson of Fresno, California)



"ALL my life I have been constantly annoyed with indigestion and a cankered, sore mouth—caused by acidity of the stomach. Fleischmann's Yeast has effected a permanent cure of my stomach and mouth troubles, and I consider Yeast as much a necessity as a tooth-brush or my bath."

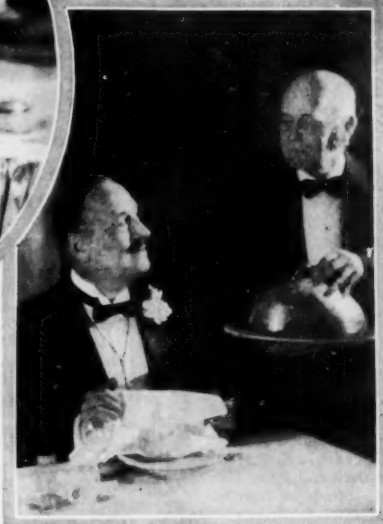
(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Hugo V. Bolin of Ponca City, Oklahoma)



"INNUMERABLE boils on each of the three children. All treatment seemed in vain. Three medicine spoons went down three tiny throats twenty times daily. Boils still came. The little sisters still cried.

"When at last the doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, the household laughed. But soon the boils came less frequently. And when three little girls began to spread Fleischmann's Yeast instead of butter on their bread, the boils disappeared entirely."

(Extract from letter of Mrs. Mary H. Lloyd of New Albany, Ind.)



"IN MARCH, 1920, I read your 'Yeast for Health' advertisement. Frankly, I did not believe it. For years I had been troubled with an acid condition of the stomach: 'heartburn,' constipation, no pep. Merely out of curiosity I tried yeast—and was agreeably astonished. My digestion improved rapidly. That stuffy feeling caused by a heavy meal disappeared. My bowels function without artificial assistance. The acidity has not returned and my daily dose of soda is a thing of the past. In brief, I was not merely relieved—I was cured."

(A letter from Mr. M. M. Glauber, an Oklahoman)

**Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)**

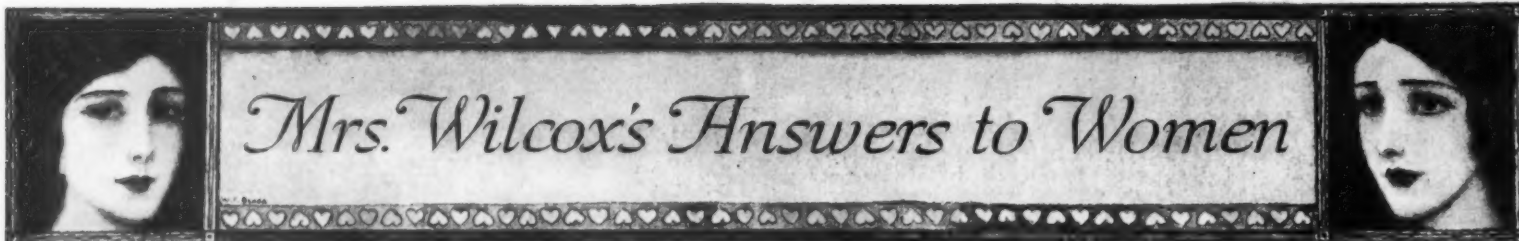
—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet

form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in your ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. F-6 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

IN A decade of rampant emotionalism, most heart-of-woman problems are of a kind that never stay answered a month, so rapidly change our ideas about love.

To be sure, it is said that nothing is so painful as a new idea. The average mind opens reluctantly to the advanced thought of any period, philosophers agree, and therefore humanity lags far behind its leaders in politics, science, religion, art and other vital concerns.

This may be true of many subjects but I think it does not apply to what commonly is called "love," in a time when every flapper considers herself a past-master in sophistication.

Daily I receive many letters lacking addresses. This month's page is given over to a few of them. Necessarily, the letters are cut and the answers are abbreviated. I regret the short form because the replies seem to indicate a positive opinion whereas I intend only to make suggestions which shall bear the mark of modernity with, I hope, some atoms of common sense.

LEAP YEAR LIBERTY

Hasn't a girl as much right to propose to a man she loves as a man to a girl he loves? Today it seems mighty easy for a man to tell a girl he adores her but pretty hard for him to speak of marriage. Isn't leap year a good time for girls to stand for equal rights in proposing?—Carola

It's unwise to do so. You may think that you are a true modernist if you invite a man to be your husband, and that you are courageous as well as honest about your emotions, but you will find that the woman who takes the initiative in a love affair will rue her radicalism.

Cave-man instincts still rule the race. Man delights in pursuing his mate; he values the love he seeks, works for or disputes with another man. The girl who reverses his pet system, offends him, antagonizes him—and loses him.

AN OLD WIFE'S WORRY

My husband, now 63, is perfectly wild about going to the theater. I always have gone with him and I hate to let him go without me but I am bored and irritated by the kind of amusement he now prefers. I simply cannot endure the girl-shows and musical comedies he selects. What shall I do?—S. D.

Catch up with the times, that is, let him go alone to the plays he likes best. Of course you'll have to remake an old habit of mind, but that is far easier than reshaping the man's mind. You can as well combat the winds of heaven as inhibit the instinct which directs his taste in dramatic art.

PETTING PARTED LOVERS

Upon impulse I ventured a little petting which offended the girl I am in love with. Now I like her better than ever and have begged her forgiveness but she is an iceberg. How can I regain her confidence?—Jack D. L.

By wooing her after your original fashion but not by wordy protests. Chatter about love between boys and girls has become so much a fashion that thoughtful girls sometimes mistrust the value of a man's sentimental assertions. Humility and respect are hall marks of genuine devotion and with them you may be able to re-establish the confidence you have shattered.

ONE INALIENABLE RIGHT

My mother insists that I wed a man I do not love. She says she cannot die happy unless I obey her. She is sure I will learn to love him. What would you wish your own daughter to do?—Harriet E. H.

I'd wish her to have sense enough to disobey me. Marriage concerns just two persons and no others, and not even a mother about to die has a right to demand that her daughter marry a man she cannot love.

IDEAL WHICH PERSISTS

Am engaged to a fascinating and adorable man and yet I wonder if it is possible truly to love and still not to trust the loved one?—Dismayed.

The sophisticated girl often is thus confused. Frequently girls write that they love men whom they do not trust while men insist that they love women whom they deceive.

Trust doubtless enters into most definitions of true love, nevertheless, the greatest love probably accepts and overlooks the limitations of the beloved and survives when trust has been destroyed and deceit acknowledged.

COST OF COURTSHIP

As I near the end of my professional training, I find that the high cost of entertaining the girl I want to marry is hampering me. It's about come to the point where I must get a paying job and relinquish my career, or give her up to a chap who has money. Would like some discussion of these alternatives.—X. Y. Z.

The cost of courting is very important to both sexes. More often than girls suspect, it determines whether a man shall sacrifice his ambition for his love. To most men, success in business is not less important than success in marriage. A man may succeed in business without love or with it, but he can't establish a happy home without a degree of material prosperity. It seems foolish for a young man to give up his preferred profession for the sake of a girl. This is a sadly materialistic preachment but one which is supported by many a modern experiment.

CLASSIC CURE FOR BLUES

Serious trouble and great responsibilities have made me blue. A relative suggests that I study the higher thought. Kindly name a few books under that classification.—E. S. M.

I regret my inability to do so. The subject is vast and perplexing. There has been a succession of higher thought planes through the centuries. Persons having troubles and responsibilities generally get aid and comfort from any literature, new or old, which compels them to do their own thinking.

NEGLECT FOR GOSSIPERS

Several girls who may be rather jealous have told me that the man I am engaged to drinks to excess. This is untrue, I see him daily, he could not conceal it from me, but how shall I stop their easy tongues?—Isabel B.

Don't try. Gossip originates and is spread by persons having empty minds and by those who talk and think in superlatives. To take the trouble to deny or explain a malicious statement demotes one to the level of the gossipers. The evil effect of gossip is much over-estimated. To dwell upon it is decidedly old-fashioned. The modern mind treats it with fine scorn.

SACRIFICE NOT HER DUTY

I have kept house for my father and two grown brothers for years. Now I'm engaged but my relatives object to my marriage. Is it selfish to leave them and set up a home of my own?—Roberta.

Of course not! Ask yourself what father or brother would do if in love! Would either postpone his wedding day out of consideration for your future?

EQUAL RIGHTS OF ENGAGED

Have been engaged three years. The girl has been wonderful but I do not love her and do not wish to marry her. It will break her heart if I leave her, so what's a poor man to do?—D. W. E.

Do you fancy that you can keep her heart from breaking by marrying her when you no longer love her? I'm afraid you're wrong, there.

But you can hardly proceed as if the outcome were entirely your own to decide. Put the matter straight to her. She will release you—don't worry. Modern ivy doesn't cling to an unwilling oak.

BETTER FALL OUT OF LOVE

Am seventeen. I fell in love at first sight with a man of twenty-one, and now we are engaged. He said that he never can care for another girl and he promised never to go with one but last week I met him with my best girl friend. What shall I do?—Alys.

Fall out of love as fast as you fell in and break the engagement. But not because the boy broke his promise. You expected that a boy of twenty-one never was going to chat with any girl but yourself! That may be good romance but it isn't true to human nature.

NO GREAT DILEMMA

Once I permitted a married man to make love to me. When it was all over, I hated men and was a mental wreck for months. Now I am engaged to a real man. Ought I to tell him about my former affair?—Hortense.

As a good sport, yes! But do not make a confession in a spirit of humility because the man probably has had some little affairs of his own.

EXPLAINING HIS SILENCE

Am in love with a wonderful man but am not engaged to him. He left town lately and we have corresponded but he has not replied to my two last letters. What am I to think? Shall I write again?—Mona M.

Girls ask questions of this kind over and over. Their letters are evidence that the philanderer's favorite way out of an affair which promises to become serious is to drop his correspondent without making explanations.

WAY OF A MAID'S MIND

The man I like most never has taken me anywhere and he never talks of love to me as other men do. But he is so very polite, his manners are so perfect that I feel sure he loves me. Would it be proper for me to get him to express his feeling?—Helen S.

How marvellous is the imagination of woman when concentrated upon love! It attaches a romantic meaning to ordinary chivalry, it assumes that commonplace courtesies are tributes of devotion, it blinds where it should illuminate! Would it not be well for romantic maidens to remember that a man in love cannot remain dumb?

CAN'T SETTLE DOWN

We've been married six months, we are devoted to each other, but we're both bored to death by the monotony of home life. We've always stepped around with a gay set but now we can't carry our household expenses and keep the old pace. My man has become awfully restless, so what am I to do?—Peggy.

This naive sketch of their "First Year" is one which copies conditions in innumerable newly furnished apartments. It looks as if prenuptial experiences today are such as to unfit a girl and a man for quiet evenings in a tiny flat. And this is a great misfortune because marriage and home make the larger part of the normal span of life.

It's foolish because futile to suggest that the bride and groom cultivate intellectual interest; if they had any such inclination, any resources in books and music, the girl would not ask how to keep her husband happy at home.

But what is there for them to do except to develop mental interests which can be pursued together? It's a tremendous problem, this of settling down contentedly after a period of the social excitements youth picks today.

VARIETIES OF SENSITIVENESS

My sister is too sensitive. She is ruining my life and her own. Unless she receives as much attention as I do, she weeps until she is sick and upsets the whole house. As she is the youngest child, father and mother are for her. I'm practical and popular, she's musical and temperamental. Sometimes I think her sensitiveness is selfishness for she always gets her own way but I don't want to misjudge her.—Mollie A.

Sensitiveness is due to several causes but whether owing to an "inferiority complex" or to an "exalted ego," it produces the same disastrous consequences in a family.

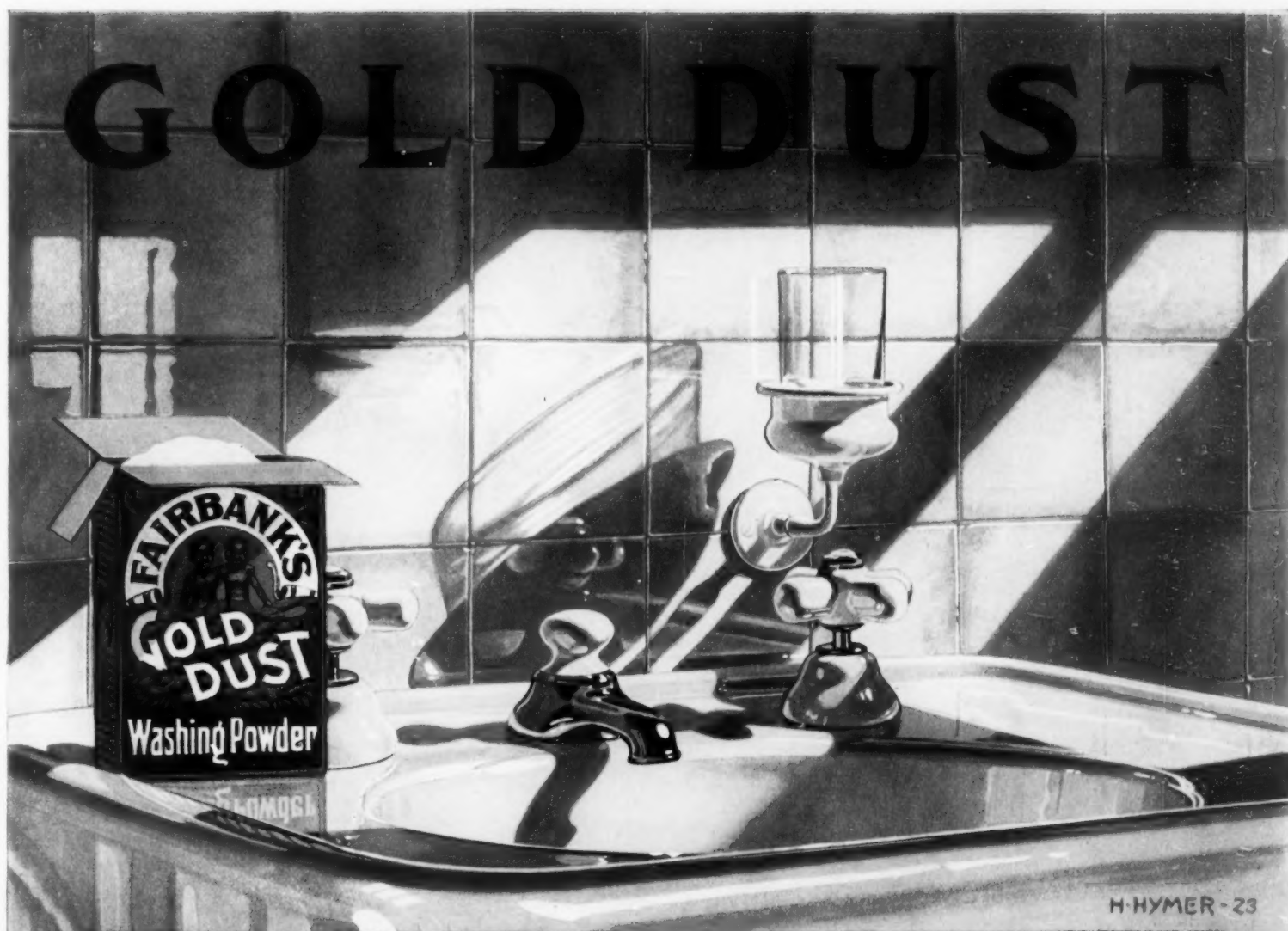
When it is a disease or when it accompanies genius, it is not always paraded by its victim; when it is made an excuse for dominating a household, look out for unadulterated egotism. Members of a family who suffer from the latter kind of sensitiveness accomplish nothing but harm by pitying it and surrendering to it. Better neglect it. But never interfere with another's delight in being miserable. Misery may be his only means of growth.

YOU can improve this page by contributing to it. What problems would you like to see discussed on it?

Questions will be answered by personal letter when stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Write to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

GOLD DUST



Bathes the bathroom in sunshine!

NICKEL and glass, enamel and tile! How they glisten and gleam with renewed life after a Gold Dust bath!

Just a little Gold Dust in water dissolves dirt almost instantly. It's the solution that does it! And so little work—with such magical results!

For Gold Dust is a wizard for household cleansing. It glorifies and purifies everything it touches—keeps the home clean and sanitary.

Gold Dust gives a touch of newness—reflects cheerfulness throughout the house. Use it in the kitchen—for dishes—sinks! Use it in the bathroom—on floors—windows! Use it in the ice box to keep it sweet and insure food against contamination.

Gold Dust is the universal cleaner—the economical cleaner. A little goes a long way!

More users and more uses than any other soap powder on earth—that's Gold Dust!

Gold Dust takes the drudgery out of dishwashing—it dissolves the grease!

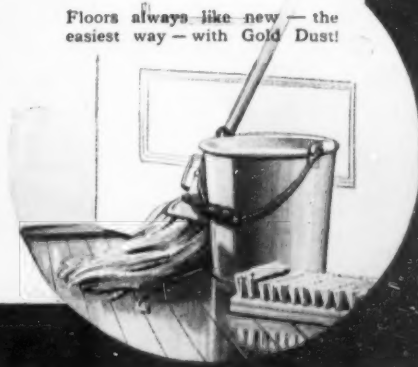
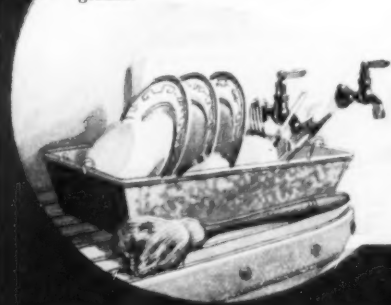
Floors always like new—the easiest way—with Gold Dust!

GOLD DUST CORPORATION
Factories in United States and Canada

Let the Gold Dust



Twins do your work





Fresh~unfaded at the season's end

All your swagger sport things give good service now

They're what your laundress used to call "difficult"—those Chinese blues and lacquer reds that all Paris is wearing; the smart new Rodier kashas and crépellas.

Difficult because it used to take real strategy to keep bright colors from fading—to preserve soft lovely textures.

When you had to depend on cake soap for your fine laundering you just naturally rubbed the bloom off your pretty things. No fine fabric could keep its freshness against the ravages of cake soap or harsh soap chips.

That time is past, thank goodness. Now you use Lux. You wouldn't think of washing your trig silk blouses, your smart manish sweaters, your flannel and silk sport skirts with anything but these pure flakes.

Difficult colors and weaves—they're just as safe in Lux as in pure water alone. Lux won't fade or streak them—won't make them look "muddy." It preserves all their beauty of color and texture; keeps them as fresh as when they were new. All your swagger sports things give good service now. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Important points about silk and wool

Rubbing breaks the delicate fibers. Strong soaps and alkalis spoil their texture.

Concentrated acids disintegrate the fabrics.

Extremes of temperature shrink wool and cause silk to crack.

Heat turns silk yellow and cracks it. It shrinks and mats wool.

Silk and wool are animal fibers—even

more sensitive than the skin itself to the very things that injure your own face and hands. Yet with proper care in washing they give good service.

Even a soap that is safe for your face and hands might not be quite gentle enough to use on these delicate materials that have not the skin's power of renewing itself. Lux is so pure that the filmiest chiffons and softest wools are safe in its rich suds.

How to wash sports silks and woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a wash bowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. If suds die down add more Lux solution. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks and woolens make suds and rinsing water almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running.

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

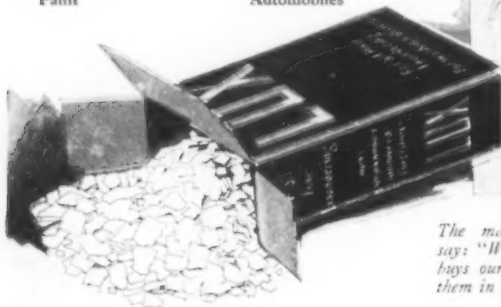
Family Laundry
Dishes
Linoleum
Paint

Porcelain
Shampoo
Rugs
Automobiles



The makers of Fleisher Yarns write: "We knew that Lux was pure but we had no idea that a product which cleanses so thoroughly could be so mild."

H. R. Mallinson & Co., Inc., makers of exquisite silks, say: "Our washable silks do not lose a trace of their original bloom after fifty washings with Lux."



The makers of "Onyx" Hosiery say: "We advise every woman who buys our silk stockings to launder them in Lux."